Crinilogue

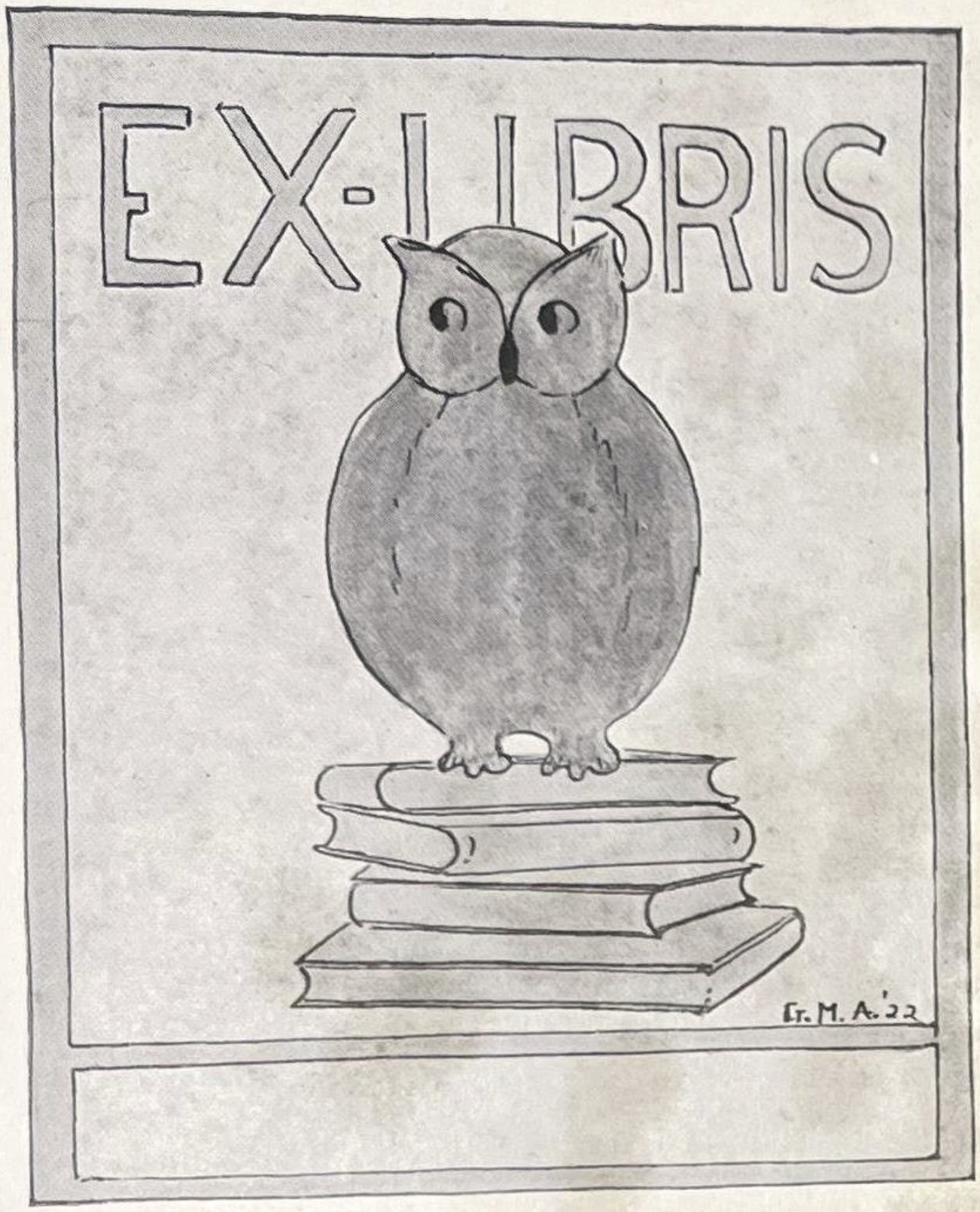
1922



Alice Elizabeth Cradgett

June 8, 1922.

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"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records."

—Ruskin.

THE TRINILOGUE

1922



PUBLISHED BY

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

AT TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Foreword

If in future years this volume of the TRINILOGUE *serves to bring back pleasant memories of happy days at Trinity, we, the editors, shall feel that our work has met with success. We have gathered together some of the seriousness and a little of the nonsense of four years, in the hope that we might give a true picture of our college life. We ask that as you read, you enter into the spirit of college students, knowing that we have done our best.*

To

Sister Mary

Dean of Trinity College from

1903 to 1921

The beloved and faithful friend of the Class of 1922

this volume of the Trinilogue is

affectionately dedicated

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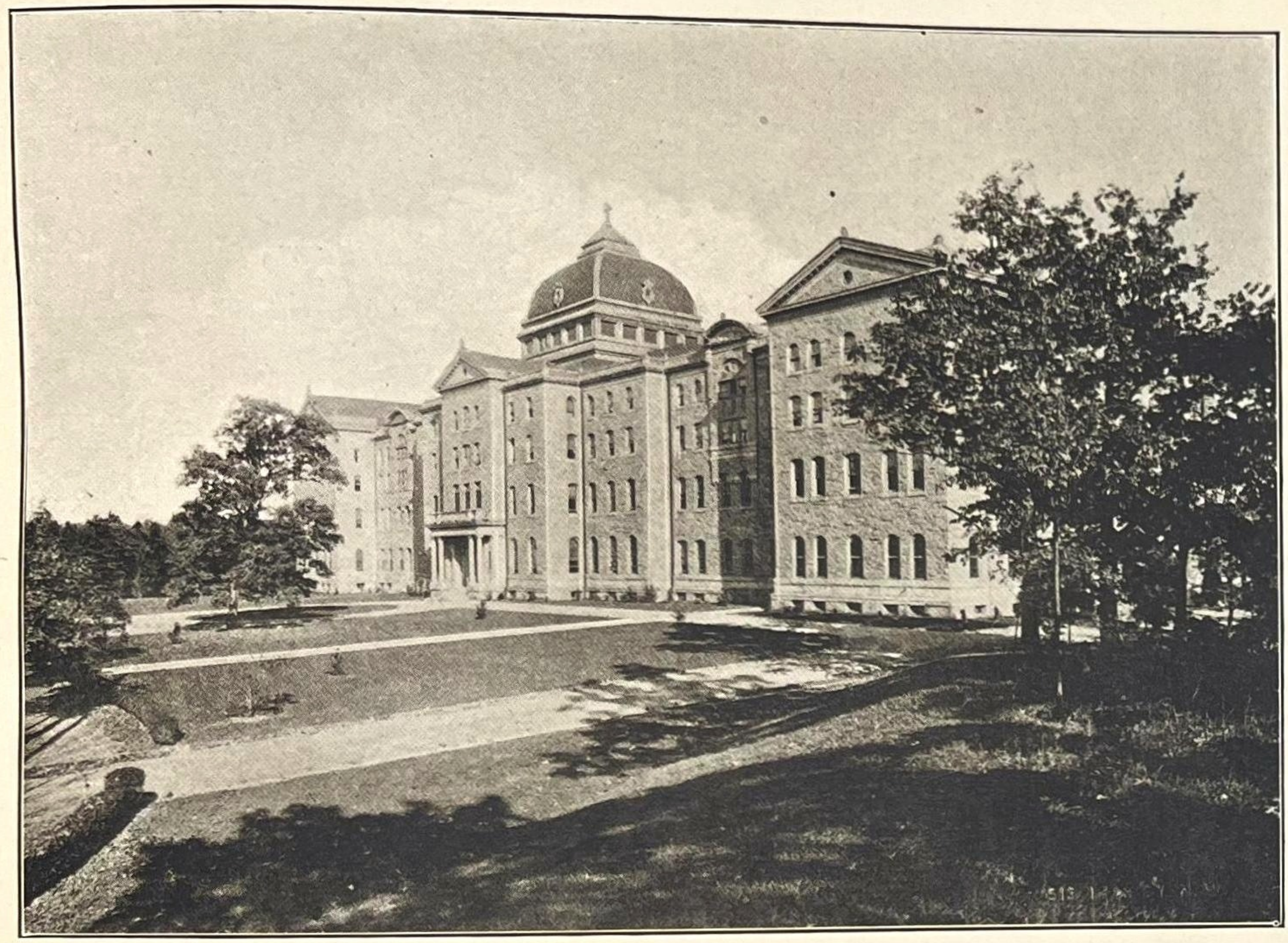
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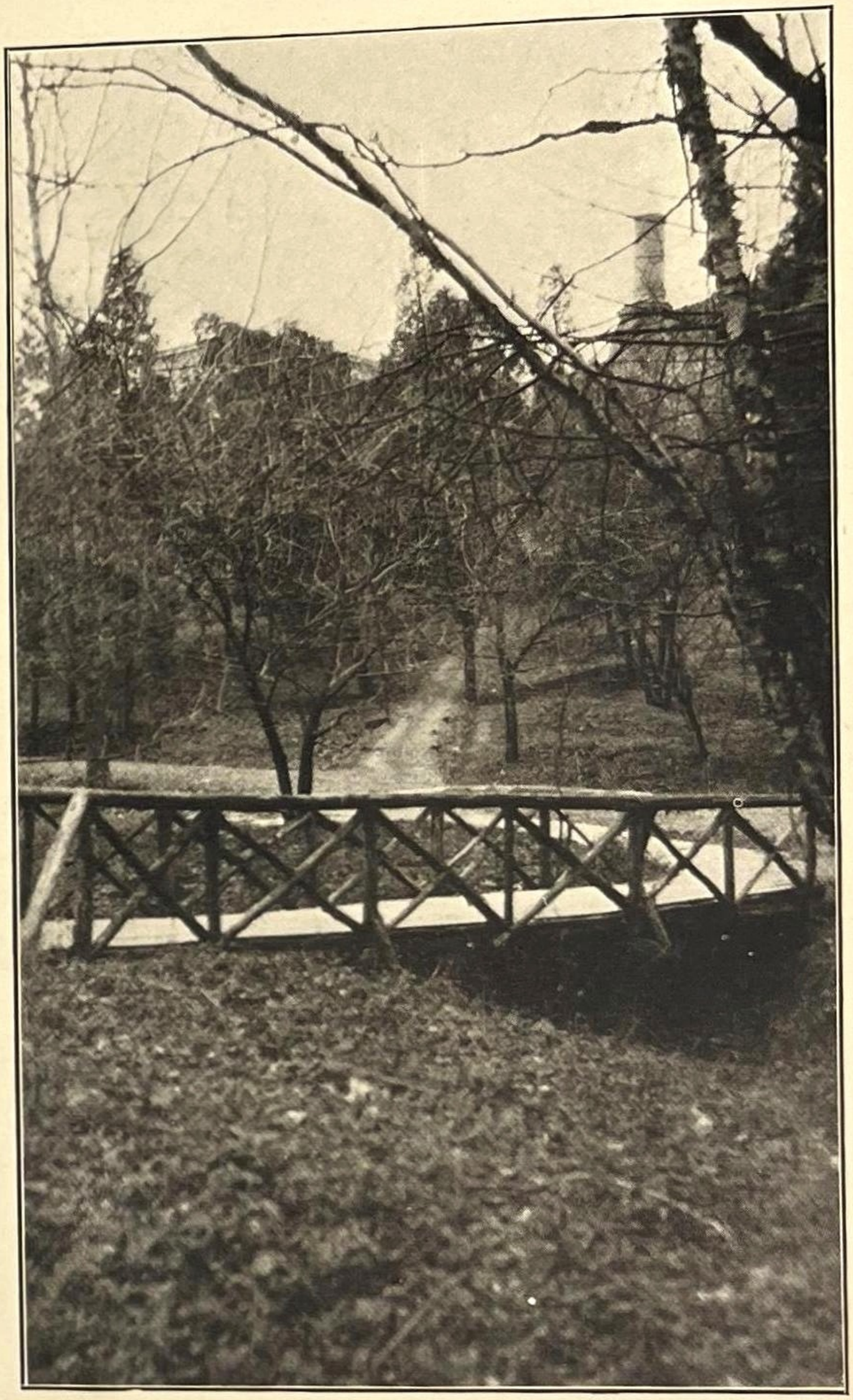
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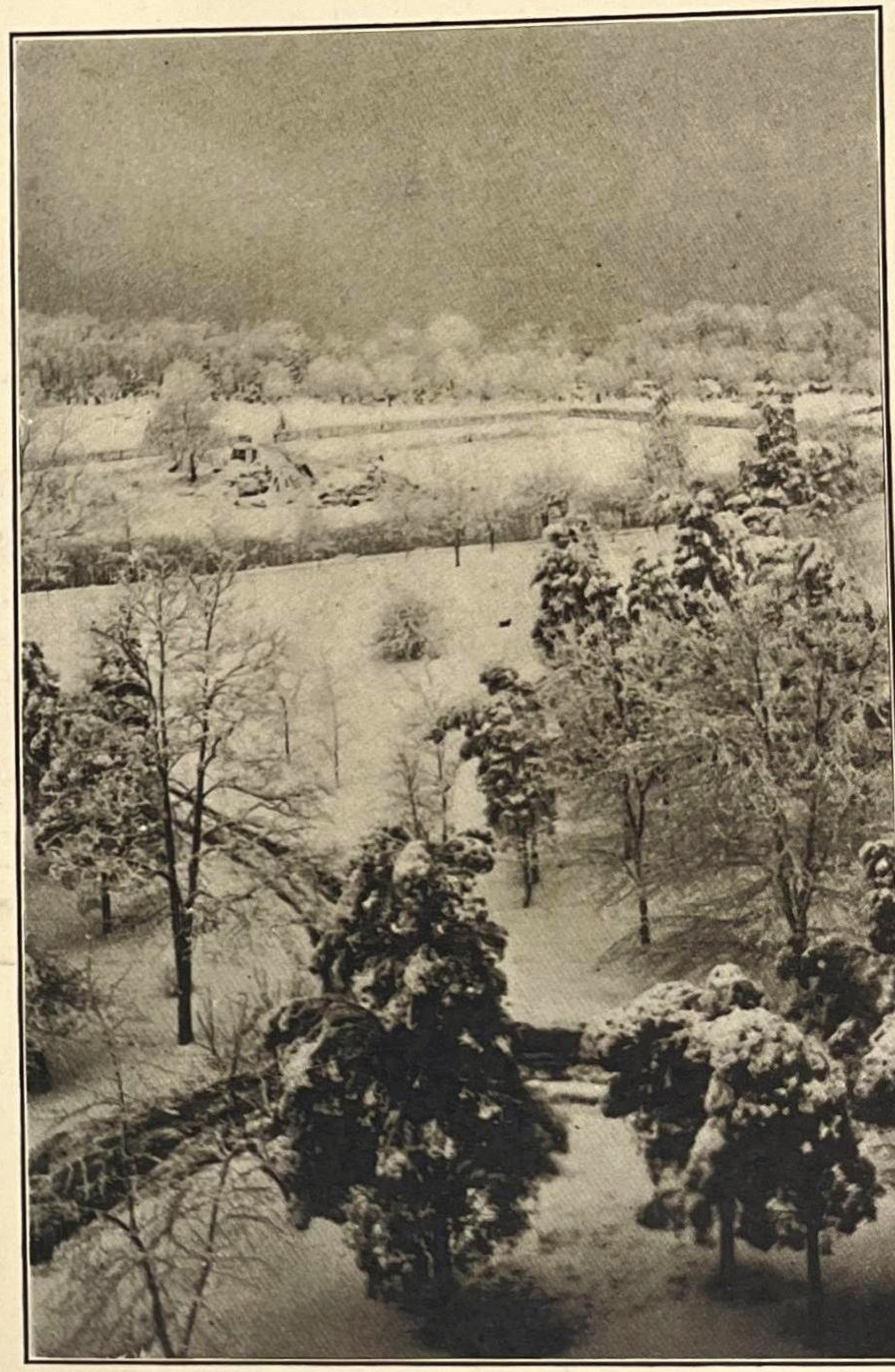
Dear old, red-roofed grey building, hail!
Your walls our glorious girlhood hold;
Dear Trinity, our hearts are yours,
To guard beneath your cross of gold.



The stir of leaves, the song of birds,
  A rustic bridge, a tiny creek;
How many tales the woods would know
  Could rough-hewn logs and mosses speak!



A sun-kissed dome 'neath Southern skies,
When morning smiles on Blue Bird Heights;
And when the evening shadows fall,
A myriad of twinkling lights.



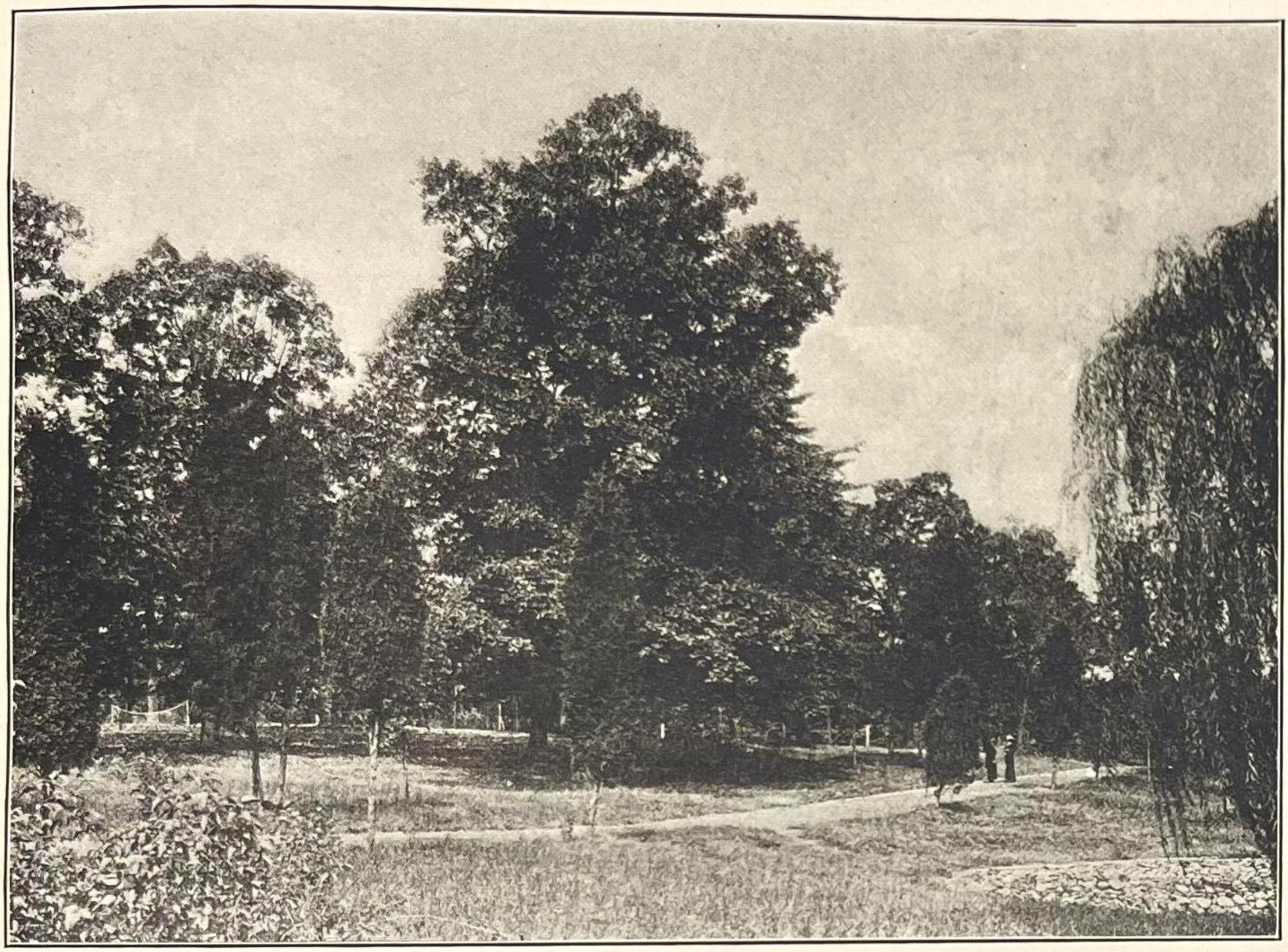
Snowflakes that glitter diamond-like.
A campus wrapped in robe of white.
Reflect your purity of aim—
Oh, Trinity! Your standard bright.



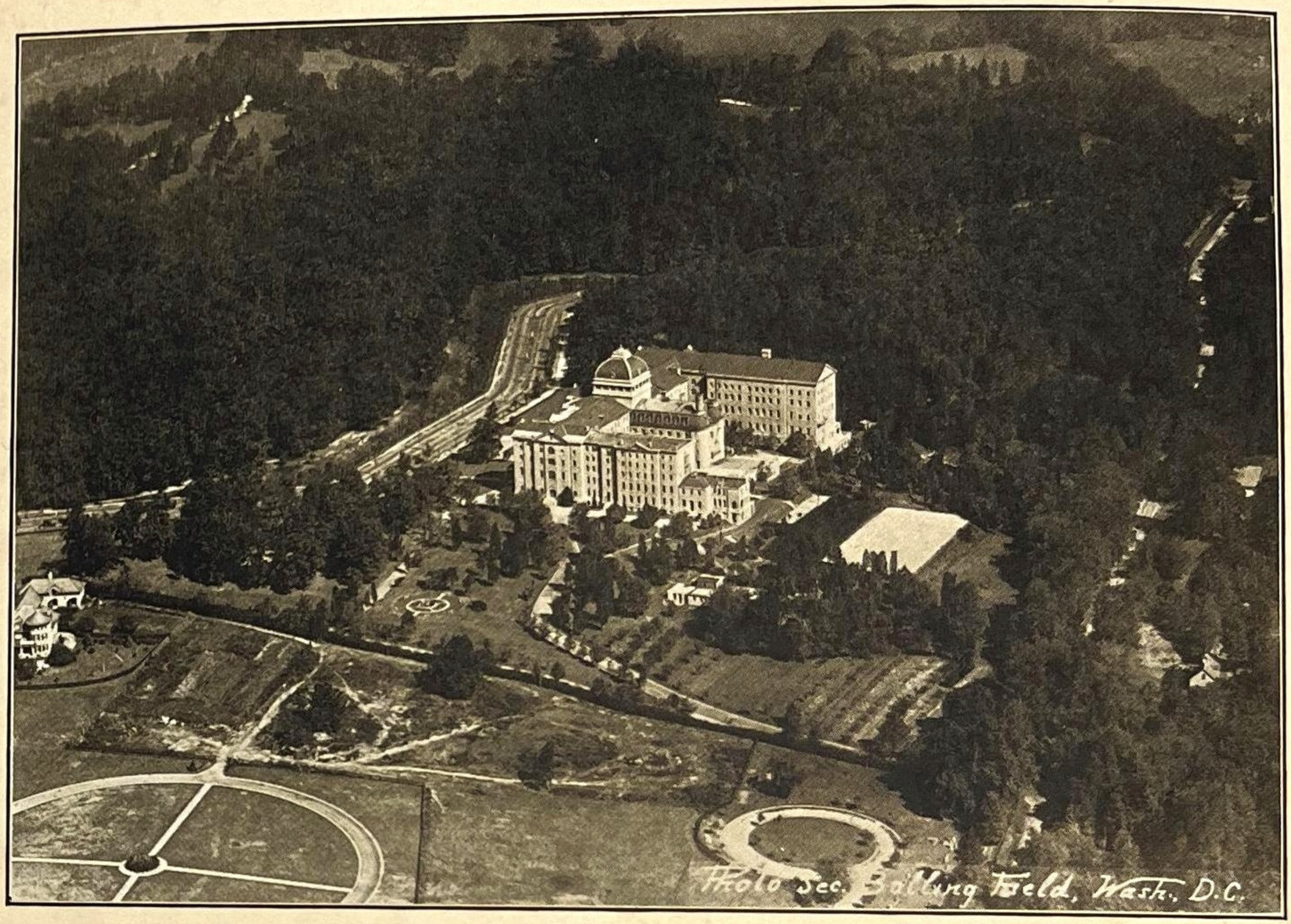
When darkness veils the sleeping earth
And bathes the court in moonlight glow,
While silent stars their vigils keep,
A holy peace your grey walls know.



Fulfillment of the dreams of years,
With hopes and prayers, foundation stones;
Our hearts expectantly await
The sweetly sacred first Mass tones.

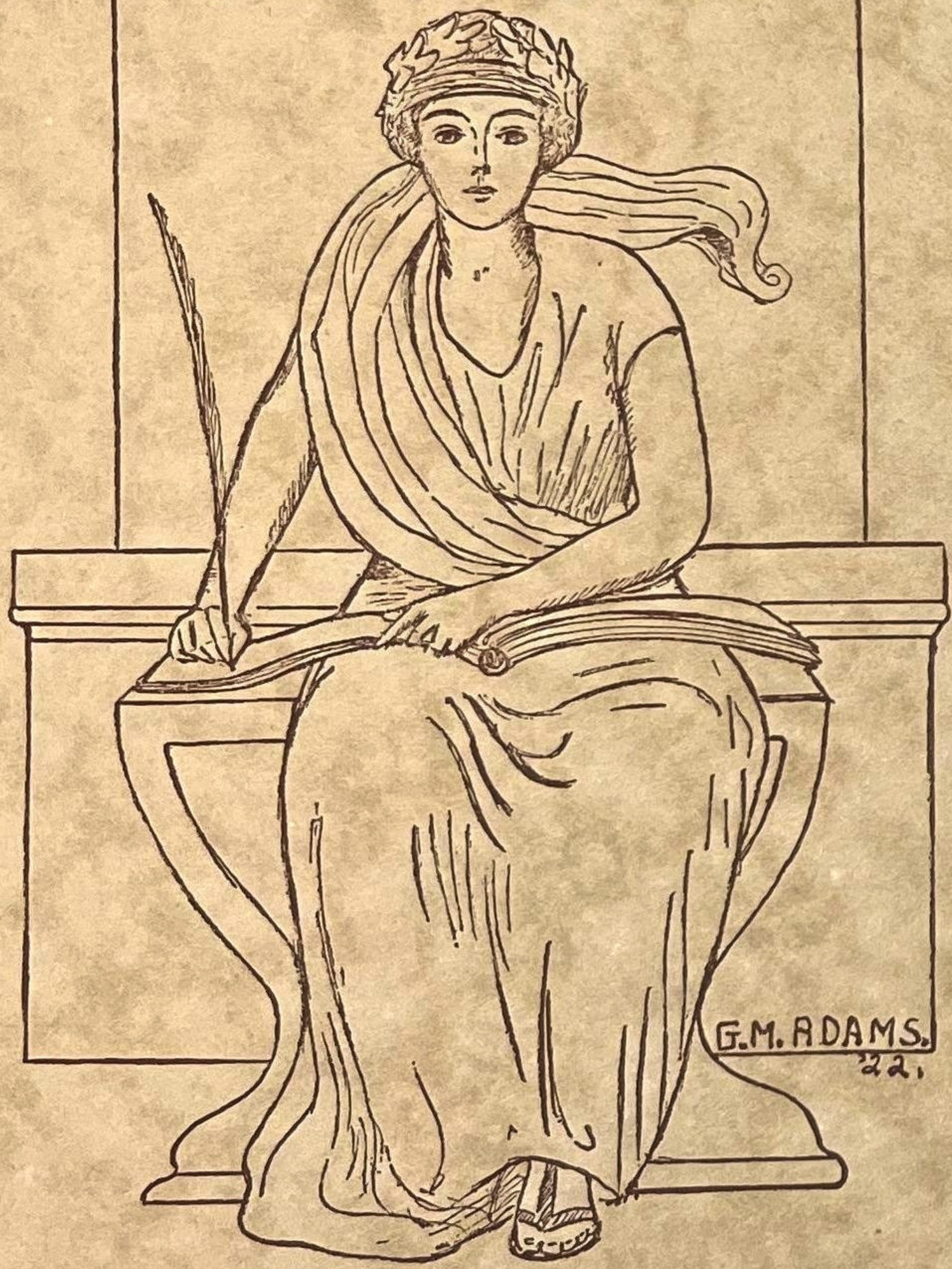


Tall oak trees whisper overhead,
  Wistaria blooms and willows sway,
The voices of the Aventine
  At twilight hour lure us away.



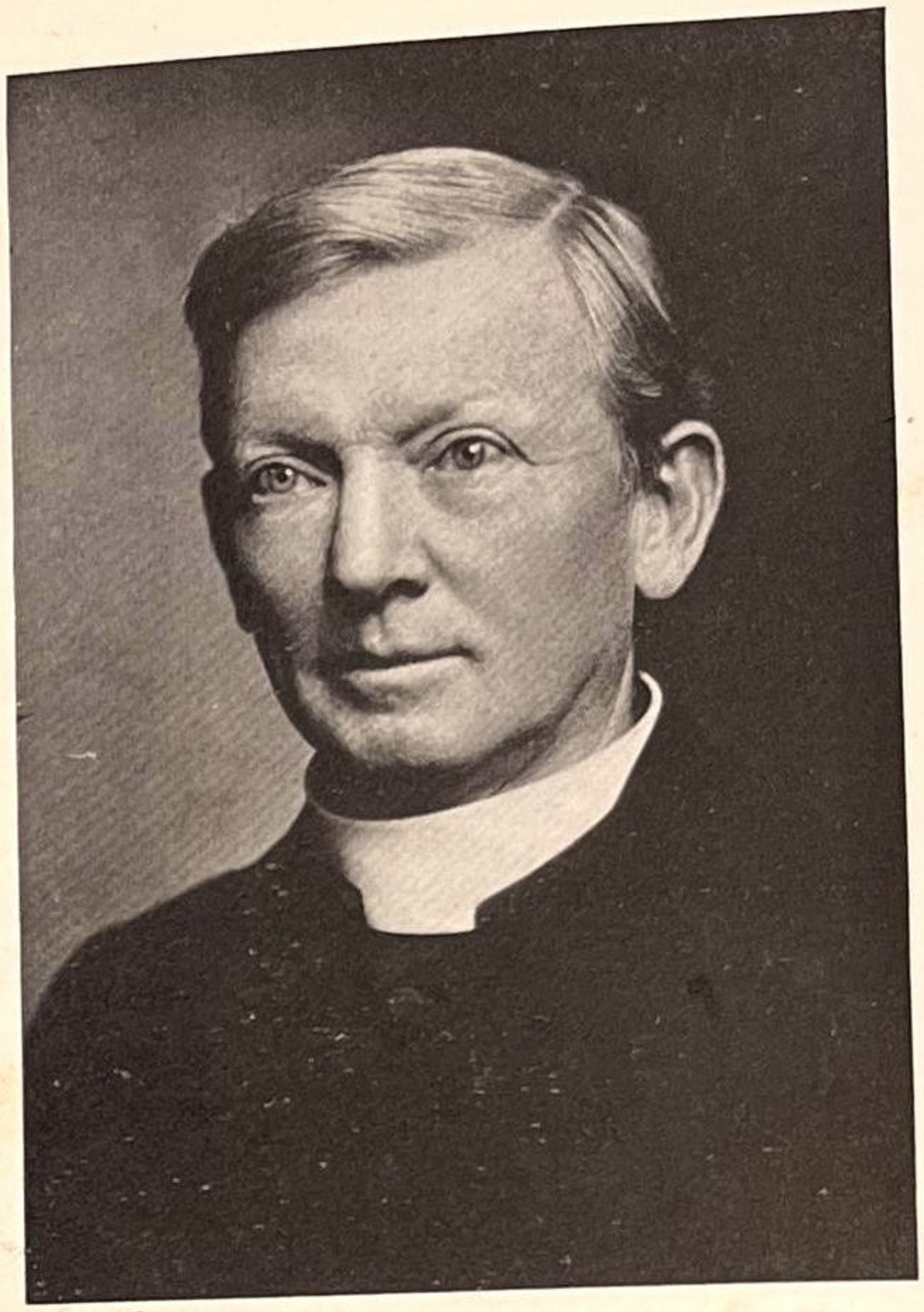
The winding paths of wood and lawn,
The old back road by Graduate Hall,
The courts, the pool, the Aventine,
Oh, Trinity—we love them all!

BOOK ONE
THE FACULTY
ALUMNAE
CLASSES





THE MOST REVEREND MICHAEL J. CURLEY
Archbishop of Baltimore



RT. REV. MGR. EDWARD PACE

PROFESSOR OF ETHICS

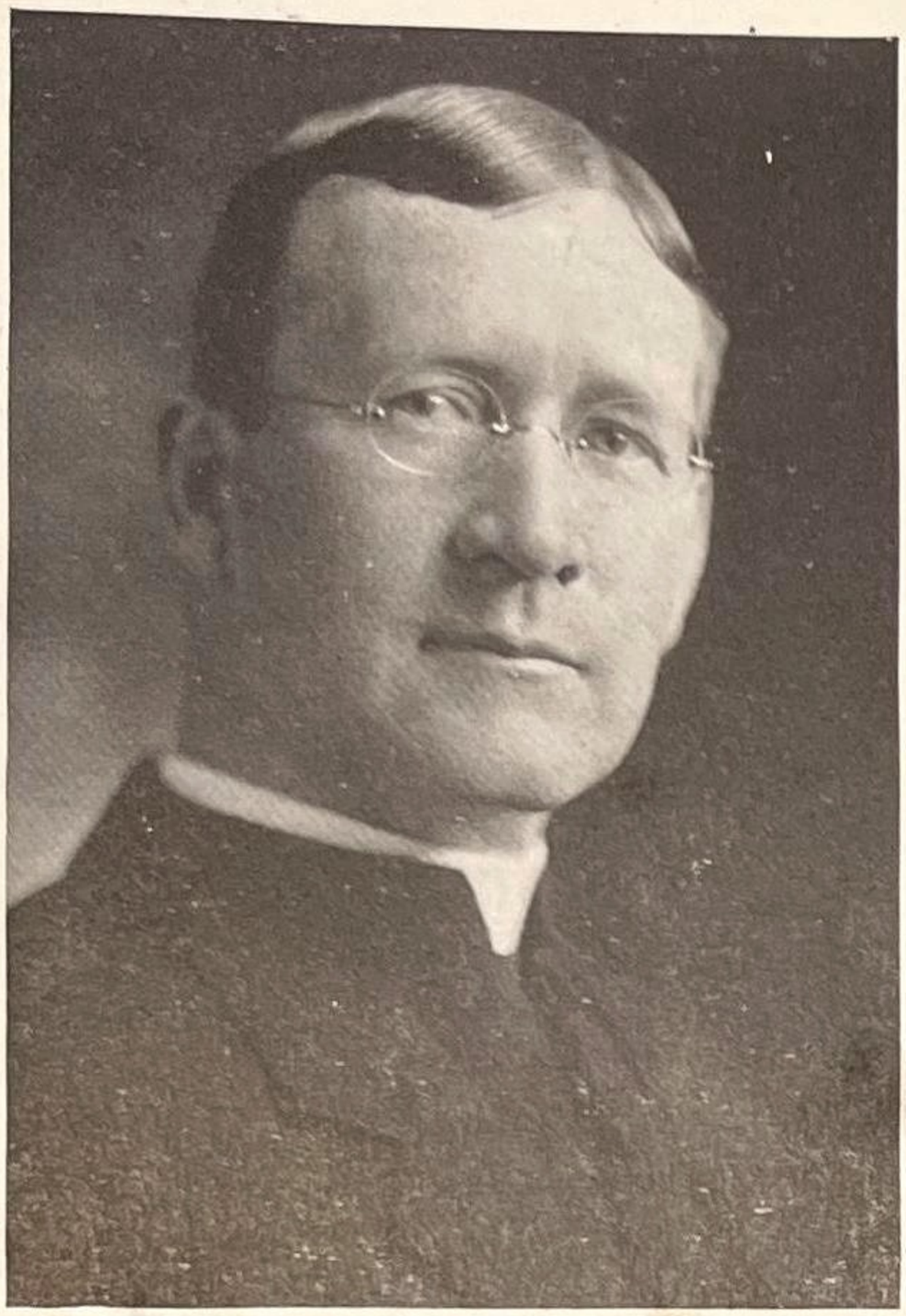
St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., 1876; was graduated 1880; spent the following six years in the American College at Rome, taking the course in Philosophy and Theology given in the Propaganda, receiving the degree of S. T. D., 1886. Subsequently studied at Paris, Louvain, and Leipsic. Received Ph. D., Leipsic, 1891. Appointed professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University, 1891. Associate editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* from March, 1904, to date. Director of Studies, Catholic University. Joint author of *First and Second Book of Religion.*



REV. DR. WILLIAM J. KERBY

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY

Graduate of Saint Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, 1892. S. T. B., Catholic University, 1893; S. T. L., 1894. Professor at Saint Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, 1894; student of Social Sciences, University of Berlin and Bonn, Germany, and Louvain, Belgium, 1895-97. Associate Professor of Sociology, 1897-1906, Catholic University; Professor since 1906. Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, 1910-1920. Contributor of articles on social questions to leading Catholic magazines. Member of Board of Charities of the District of Columbia, appointed by President Wilson. Author of *The Social Mission of Charity.*



VERY REV. DR. CHARLES AIKEN

PROFESSOR OF APOLOGETICS

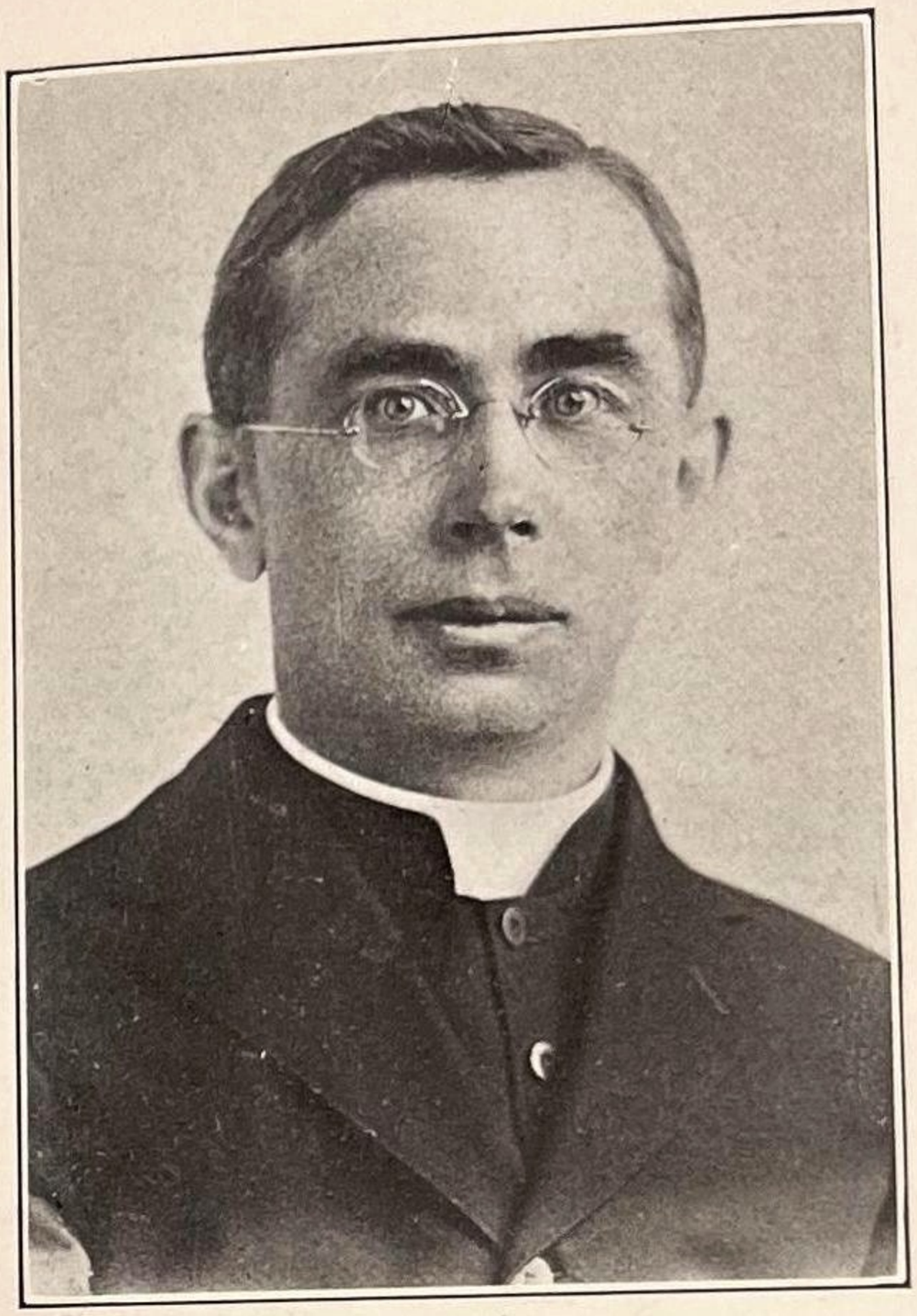
Harvard, A. B., *summa cum laude,* 1884; studied Philosophy and Theology at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., 1886-90. Studied at the Catholic University, 1890-92; S. T. B., 1891; S. T. L., 1897; S. T. D., 1900. Ordained, 1890. Curate of Saint Patrick's Church, Boston, 1892-95; lecturer on Apologetics, 1890-1900; Dean of Faculty of Theology, 1909-1911, 1913-1915, Catholic University of America. Member of Phi Beta Kappa (Harvard), Harvard Catholic Alumni Association, and the Harvard Club, Washington, D. C. Author and translator of works on Theology and Religion.



REV. DR. CHARLES A. DUBRAY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

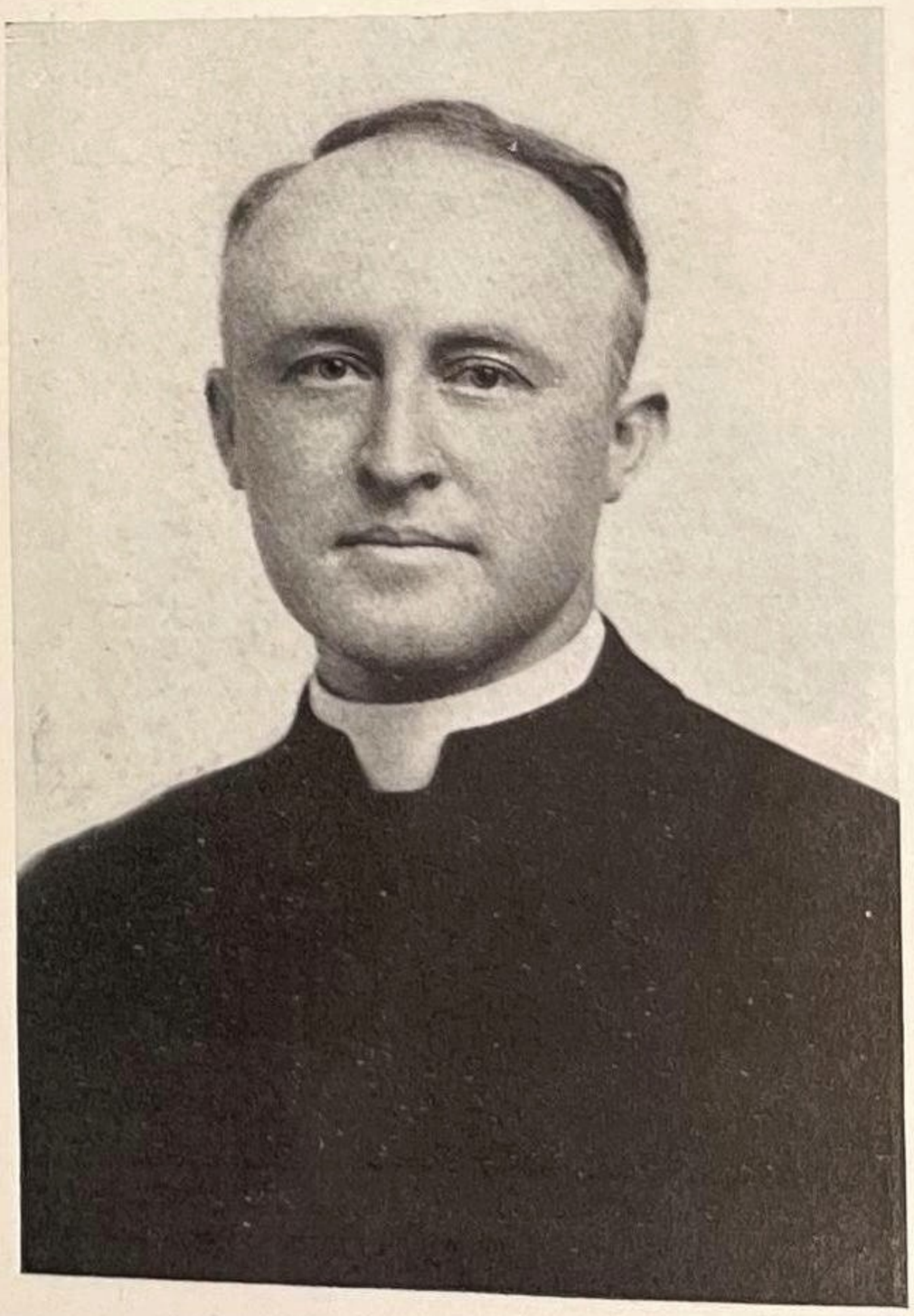
Department of Sarthe, France; came to America in 1894. S. T. B., 1899, and Ph. D., 1903, Catholic University. Professor of Philosophy in Scholasticate of Mary since 1899; instructor in Philosophy, Catholic University, 1912 to date. Author of works on Psychology and Philosophy. Member of the Society for Philosophical Inquiry, Washington, D. C., and the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology. President of the Marist College, Associate Professor of Philosophy, Catholic University, 1915 to date.



REV. DR. NICHOLAS A. WEBER

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

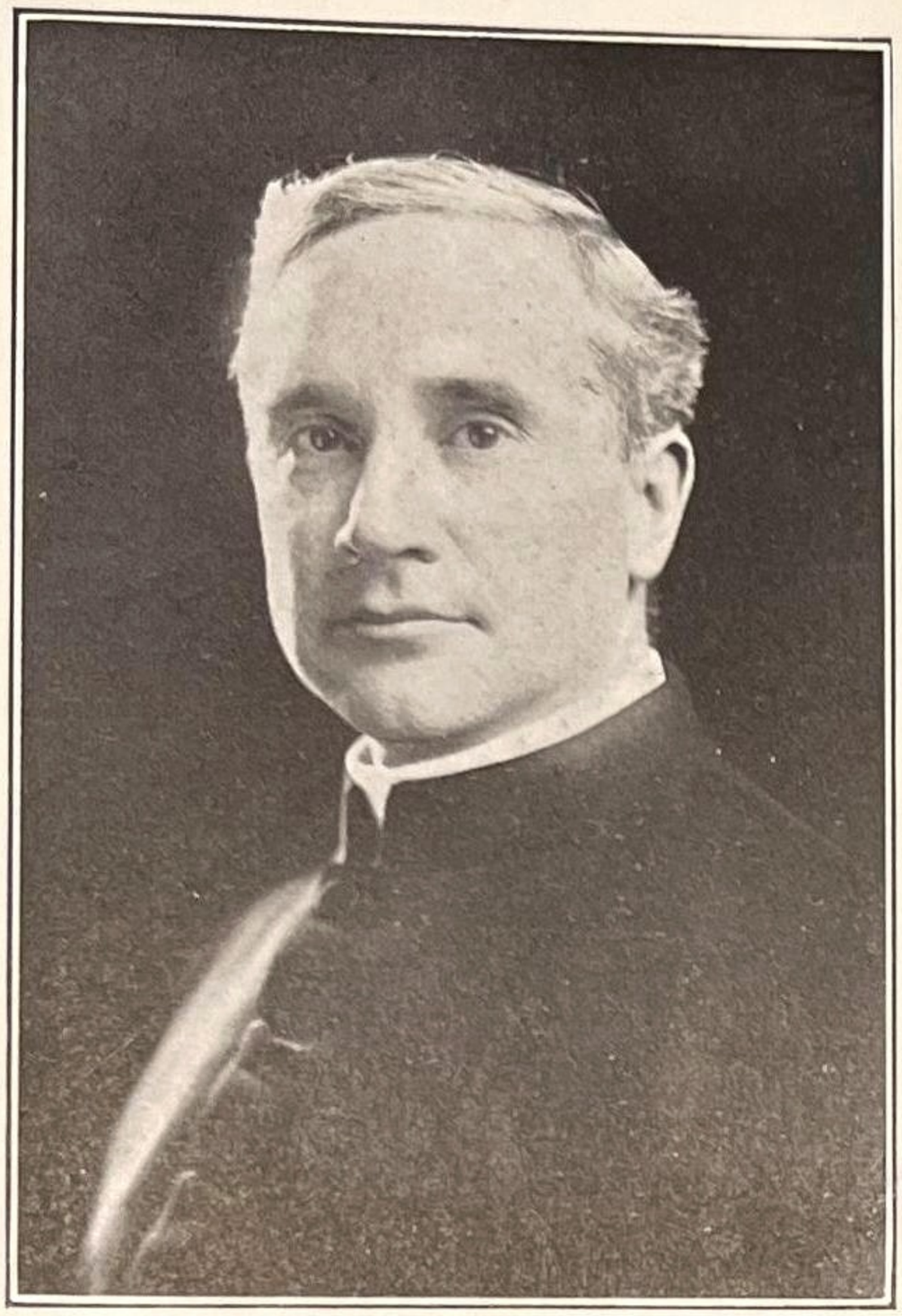
College of Differt, Belgium, 1895; Philosophy at Paignton; Novitiate at Lyons; Theology at Marist College, Washington, D. C.; was graduated S. T. B. from Catholic University, 1901. Teacher at Marist College, Washington, D. C. Studied Church History and Dogma at Catholic University; was graduated 1904, S. T. L. Taught History and Apologetics at Marist College; appointed Professor of Dogma, 1908. Appointed instructor in History at Catholic University, 1909. S. T. D., *ibid.*, 1909. Appointed Associate Professor of History, Catholic University, 1916. Author of *A History of Simony* (Baltimore, 1909), and *A General History of the Christian Era* (Washington, D. C., 1919, second edition, *ibid.*, 1920).



REV. DR. PATRICK J. McCORMICK

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY OF EDUCATION

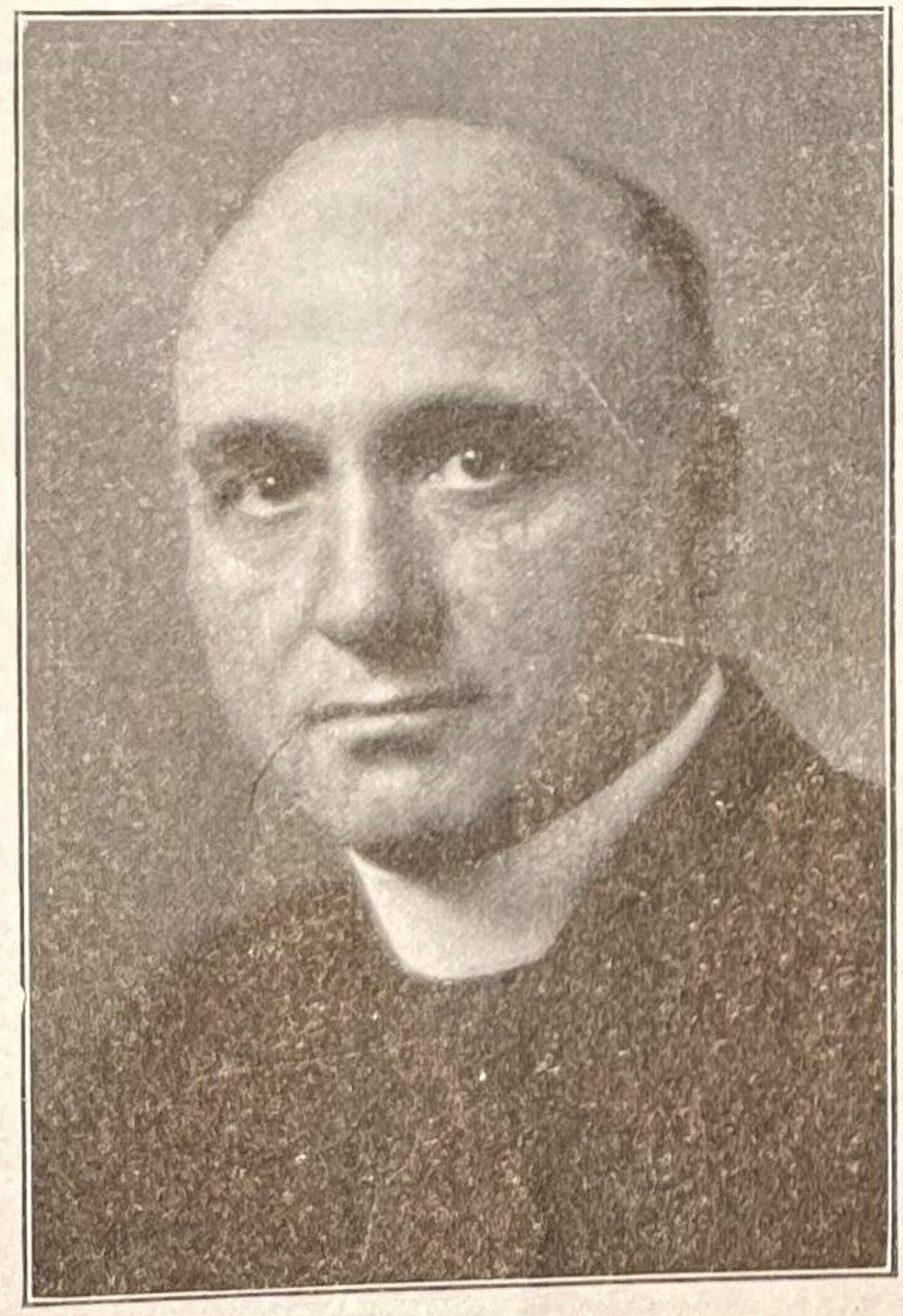
St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. Ordained, 1904. S. T. B., Catholic University, 1905. S. T. L., *ibid.*, 1906; Ph. D., *ibid.*, 1911. Superintendent of Catholic Schools, Diocese of Hartford, Conn., 1906-1910. Instructor in Education, Catholic University, 1911-1914. Dean of Sisters' College, Washington, D. C.



REV. DR. THOMAS V. MOORE

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

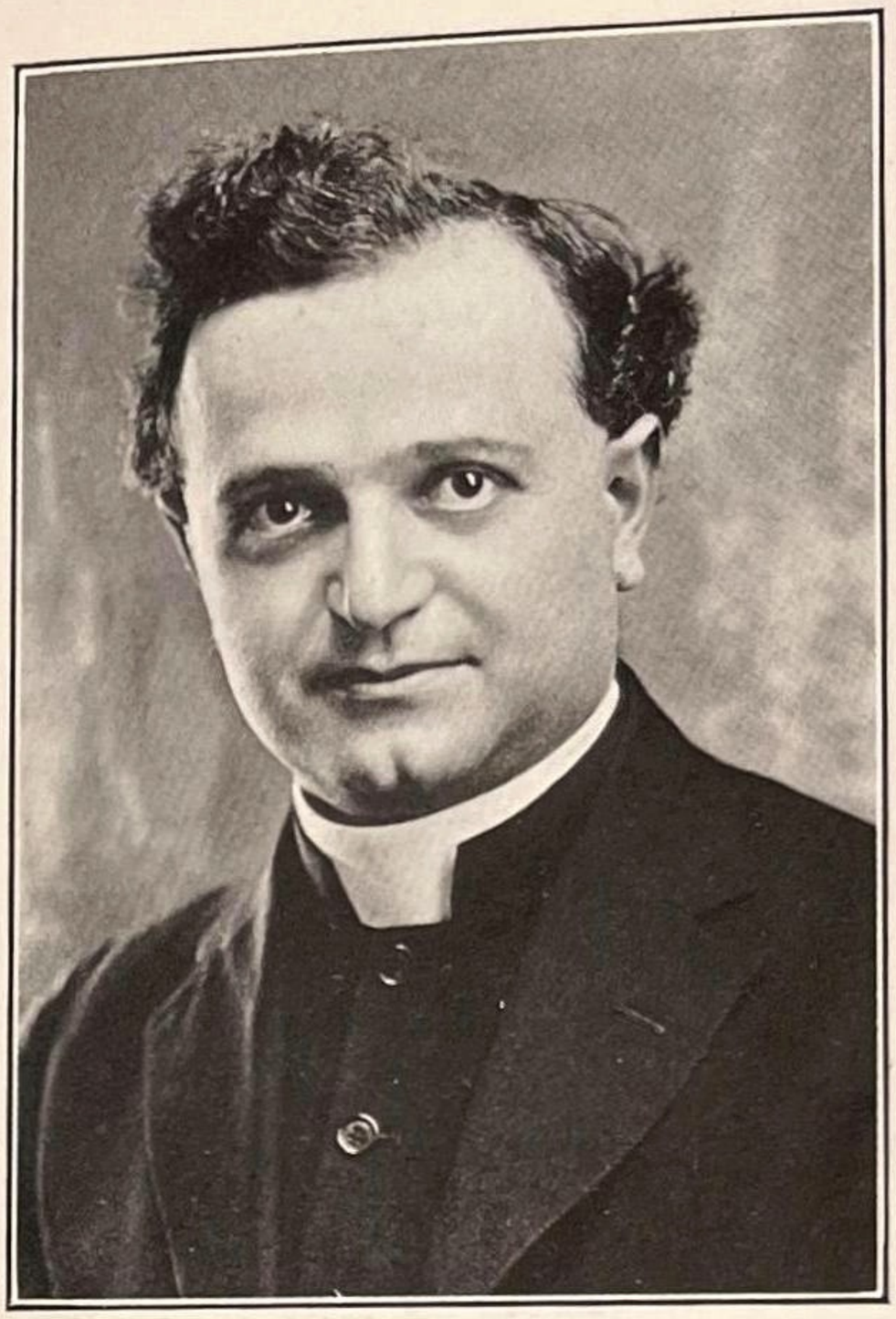
Educated in the public schools of Louisville; St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City; Catholic University, 1896. Ordained, December 21, 1901. Ph. D., Catholic University, 1903. Studied at the University of Leipsic, 1904-1905; University of California, 1909. Instructor in Psychology, Catholic University, 1910. Professor of Philosophy, Trinity College, 1910. Studied at the University of Munich, 1913, 1914; M. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1915. Associate professor of Psychology, Catholic University, 1915 to date.



REV. DR. JOHN A. RYAN

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

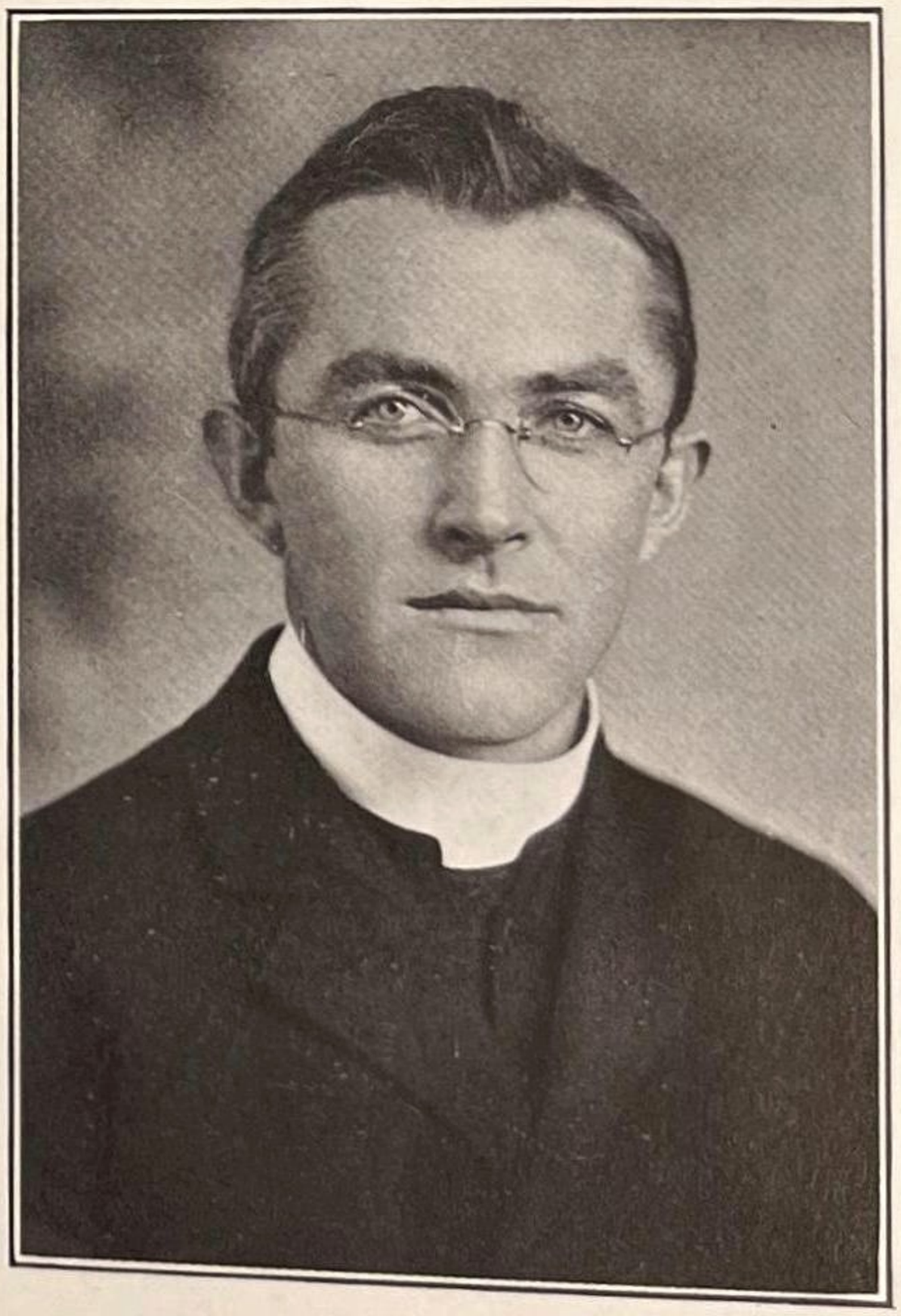
Educated in the schools of the Christian Brothers; St. Thomas College, St. Paul; The St. Paul Seminary; The Catholic University of America, S. T. B., 1899; S. T. L., 1900; S. T. D., 1906, Catholic University; Professor of Moral Theology and Economics, St. Paul Seminary, 1902-1915. Associate Professor of Political Science, Catholic University, 1915. Professor of Moral Theology at Catholic University since 1915. Active in the American Association for promoting labor legislation and in the movement against child labor, and interested in the discussion and study of the ethics of industry. Author of several works on economic subjects.



RT. REV. FILIPPO BERNARDINI

PROFESSOR OF ITALIAN

Rome, Italy; S. T. D., Roman Seminary, 1909; J. U. D., Roman Seminary, 1912. Instructor in Civil Law, Roman Seminary, 1913-14. Instructor in Canon Law, Catholic University of America, 1914-17; associate professor of Canon Law, 1917 to date.



REV. DR. JOHN O'GRADY

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY

Ph. D. at Catholic University. Associate professor of Sociology in the Catholic University of America. Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Managing editor of the *Catholic Charities Review*. Director of the N. C. W. C. Rehabilitation School, Catholic University. Director of the Central Office, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Washington, D. C. Formerly Secretary of the Committee on Reconstruction, N. C. W. C. Special investigator in charge of Old Age Studies, Health and Old Age, Insurance Commission of Ohio. Associate editor of *Omaha True Voice*. Author of *A Legal Minimum Wage, Trade Union and Old Men, Problem of Old Age in Ohio,* and several articles on social and economic problems.



REV. DR. EDWARD B. JORDAN

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

B. S., St. John's College, Washington, D. C., 1903. A. B., Mount St. Mary's College, 1905. A. M., Mount St. Mary's College, 1907. S. T. D. Propaganda, Rome, 1909. Professor of Biology and Psychology, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Vice-President of Mount St. Mary's, 1917-19. Instructor of Education at Catholic University.



REV. DR. C. I. CAPPELLINO

PROFESSOR OF ITALIAN

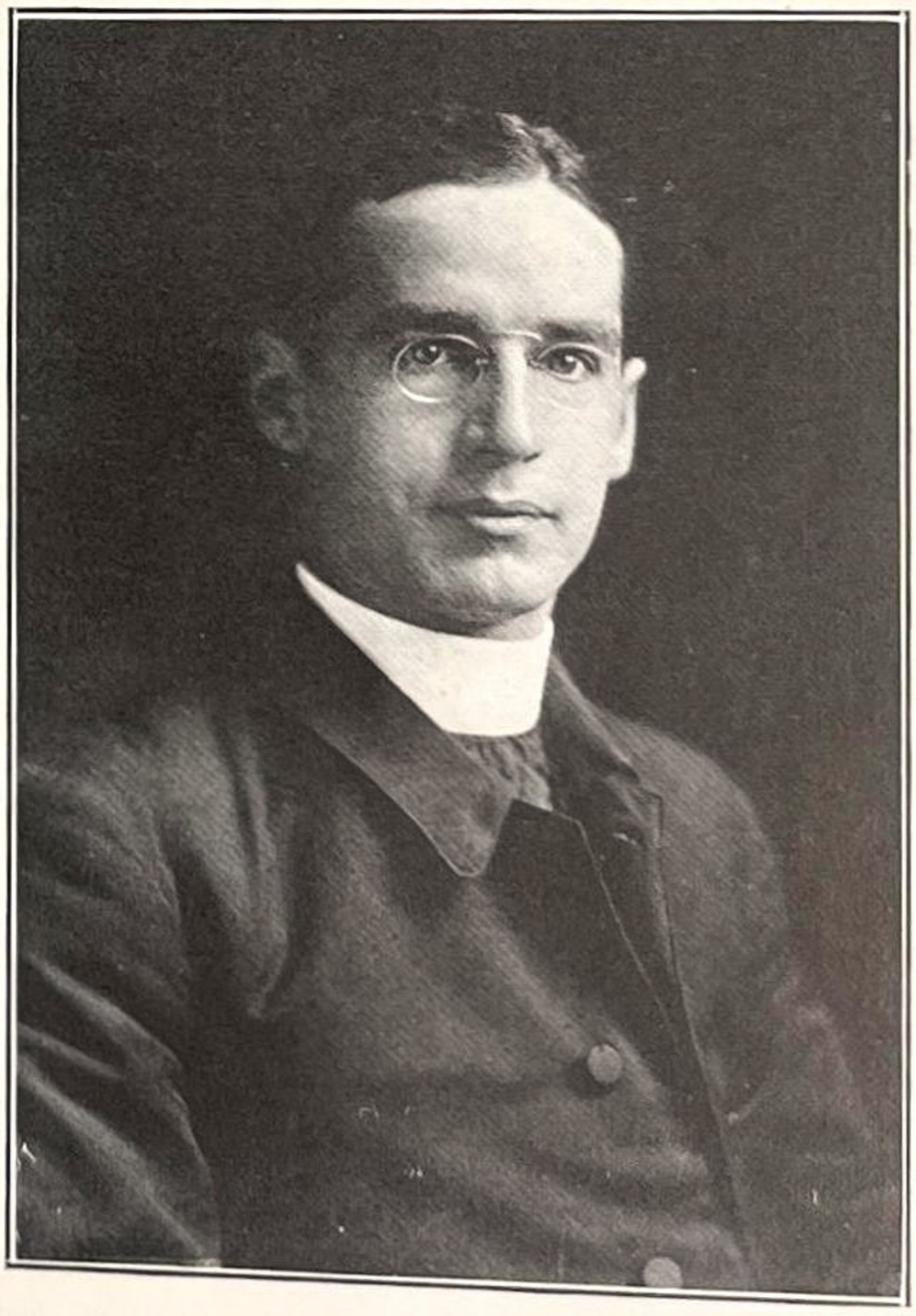
Ph. D., Academy of St. Thomas, Rome, 1899. S. T. D., Roman Seminary, Rome, 1902. J. U. L., Roman Seminary, 1904. Professor of Canon Law and Apologetics at Dominican House of Studies. Professor of Italian at Trinity College.



DR. JOSEPH DUNN

PROFESSOR OF GAELIC

Educated in the public schools of New Haven, Conn. A. B. and Ph. D., Yale University. Student at Harvard University and at the Universities of Freiburg (Germany) and Rennes (France), in Ireland and in Wales. *Officier d'academie.* Successively instructor in Latin, in Romance Languages, and professor of the Celtic Languages and Literatures at Catholic University of America. Editor of *Buez Sant Patrice,* a Breton Mystery Play, Paris, 1908; co-editor of *The Glories of Ireland,* Washington, 1914; translator *Tain Bó Cualnge,* the ancient Irish Epic, London, 1914; author *Gaelophone Irish Texts,* New Haven, 1910; contributor to American and European reviews.



REV. JOHN M. COOPER, PH. D., S. T. D.

Ph. D., Academy of St. Thomas, Rome, 1902; S. T. D., Propaganda, Rome, 1905; Instructor in Religion, the Catholic University of America, 1909; Instructor in Sociology, *ibid.,* 1920. Spiritual Director at Trinity College.

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ALUMNAE



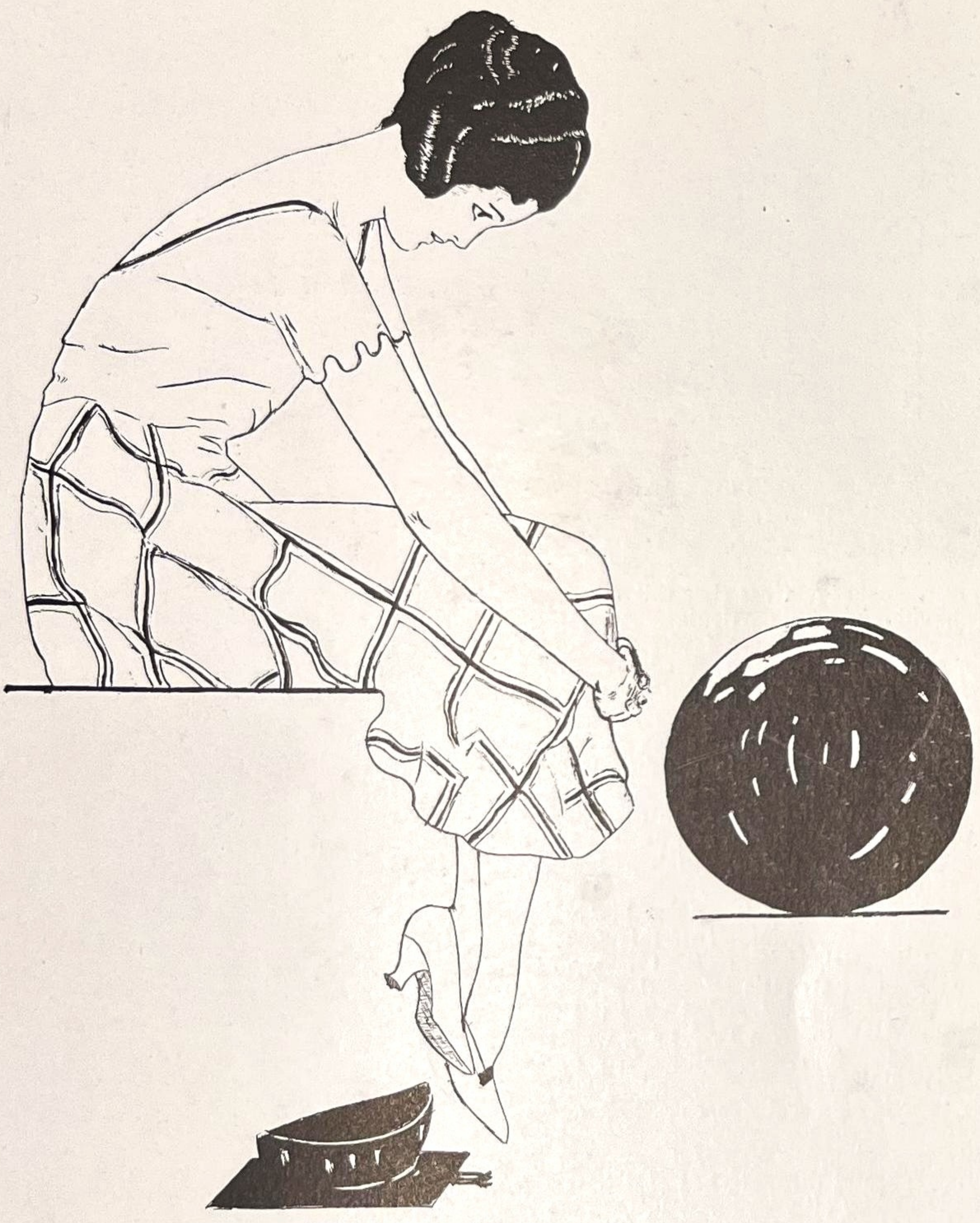
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MONTCLAIR, N. J.

"Romantically Sensible"

Art Editor of the TRINILOGUE.

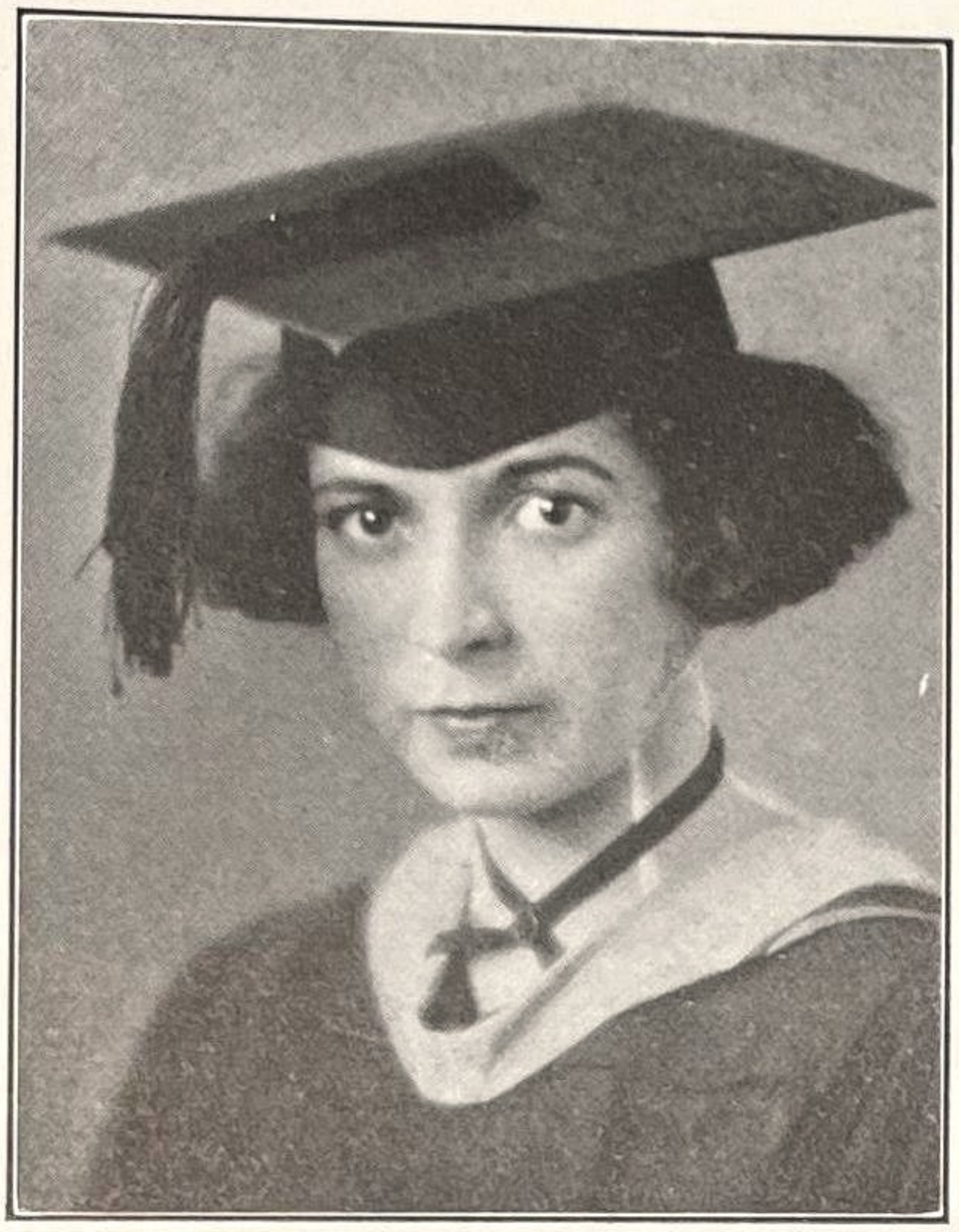
Yes, we must confess that this dignified Senior is an authority on the subject of food in general, vitamines in particular. Worst of all, she reads that highbrow *Physical Culture* magazine. Although these faults are indeed serious, yet we can ever forgive weaknesses of human nature and in the true Christian-like spirit concentrate on the better side of her nature, for she has a wonderfully amazing store of goodness, knowledge, and ability within her—this lady from Montclair.

Being an artist oftentimes has its disadvantages—indeed, we know that in many instances so-called "temperament" is nothing less than an uneven disposition. Although Gladys is surely on the high road to art, she has the well-grounded reputation of possessing one of the most even, sunny dispositions in the Class; do not misunderstand me—she is not the Polly-anna type (although we do call her "Glad" by name and nature), but is merely filled with the real, earnest joy of living, which makes her the sort of person you like to meet at all times under all circumstances.

Her artistic ability is of the highest grade. Do gaze at our collection of TRINILOGUE sketches and assure yourself of this fact. We all had to discover this hidden talent for ourselves because "Glad" is not the type who flaunts her gifts in the faces of her girl friends.

Any kind of sport is interesting to her—tennis, swimming, basket-ball, hockey, hiking—all have their special attraction. Of the "indoor sports," æsthetic dancing and vocalizing predominate. Alas, many a time have we heard the sad tale repeated over and over that "dear Dora danced delightfully," and when we became greatly worried and wondered whether or not we should inform our mental expert, learned to our great relief that our fair lady was simply practicing vocal exercises and not even the bolted doors and transom could restrain that fact.

In concluding, we may truly say that we shall ever remember Gladys because she is genuine through and through, has real innate culture and a real smile; in a word, she is a real girl, esteemed by all who know her.



PHILOMENE FLORENCE AMBROSE

LOGAN, OHIO

"Miss Versatility"

Editor-in-Chief of *Record.*
Class Secretary, 2.
Assistant Editor of *Record,* 3.
Song Committee.
Class Poet.

Behold the precious cargo of the train from the metropolis of Logan, of such value that two of the Faculty had to take the morning off to bring her safely 'neath the Red Roof. Such precaution seemed justified, however, when we heard "Phil" tell the head of the English Department that she would take English 21 as a cinch course, since she had had it all in high school. Was the nightly recital of the Rosary with her roommate a fervent plea that she might not receive a blue ticket after the English exam? Surely not, for early in her career she became an open sesame for those harassed by assignments in the rhetoric, poetry, and essay courses. Be the requirement ever so literary, she is ready always with a thought for the less gifted. Be it Cap and Gown Sunday, Serenade, or Class Day, we hear Phil's songs, which, we have ever regretted, their composer cannot render in a series of dazzling solos.

She has always had a smile for every day, except the day on which she was shorn of her "raving" locks by an adventurous Sophomore. But the smile came back, and despite her busy Junior days, Phil found time to become famous as a student of "Social Diagnosis," and the hostess of a girls' club. Nor did her social work end here, for she amiably conducted a matrimonial bureau for her friends with the youths of N. D. As "Miss Ambrose," Editor-in-Chief of *The Record,* she goes on her busy, useful way, still finding it possible to scribe a verse, to indulge in nautical sports, to take part in tennis tournaments, to dance, to enter into all activities, be they those of the College or of her friends.



MAXIMILLIENNE BELIARD

BREST, FRANCE

"The Poignant Sense of Ultimates"

If you have never witnessed that phenomenon, can you imagine our little "Pie-face" presiding on the scholastic rostrum? Yes, she actually imparts the rudiments of her native tongue to a galaxy of frivolous Freshmen. Ah! *mais oui*—she takes it seriously as she is always correct and thoughtful and sometimes sad. Like LaMartine, she is *"serieuse et tendre"*—in crude Anglo-Saxon, romantic. It is to be regretted that the Faculty objects to her initiating Trinity's young hopefuls into the charms of *"son cher Beaudelaire."* Nevertheless, we are sure he would be most properly censored as she has already mutilated a volume for a less (?) sophisticated companion. Furthermore, why is our brown-eyed ingenue such an ardent admirer of the melancholy Edgar Allan? She answers with a characteristic shrug, *"Il m'est sympathetique*—I like him—I!"

But let us be serious! Is it not quite a feat that a *"jeune fille française,"* who previously had but a scant knowledge of English, can vie with our most pretentious literary lights? And she has not only mastered our language but conquered our hearts. Every one who comes in contact with Maxie has learned from her graceful vivacity something of the charm of old France.

Do you wonder, then, that we might call her biography "Maxie and Friends"? But, *"pauvre petite,"* between friends and early (?) rising, not to speak of hard work, when we meet her frequently woebegone self in the corridor, she is always "so tired." Dear Pie-face, we hope the wide, wide world will not be too fatiguing for you when your many dreams come true. Yesterday, it was the thought of Morocco that thrilled you. To-day, you consider library work very practical. Again, your eyes grow big at the mention of Foreign Missions, and sometimes the rolling plains of the West beckon. But, we rather think that it will be the old happy ending; not, perhaps, exciting, though *"un peu romantique"*—a little grey home somewhere in France.



DOROTHY CALLISTA BENNIS

PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.

Imagine some one apparently cool, calm, and collected on all occasions, and you will undoubtedly picture "Dot." You'd just love her, you couldn't help yourself, because she's always the same old girl, ready for anything that might come up. Whether it be fun or study, you can always be sure that Dot will be "game." As a Freshman she was typical, but now that Senior year has come, we find her just as perfect a Senior. When frolics present themselves, she is still a youngster at heart, but when occasion demands Dignity, Dot is there with a capital D.

Her social achievements started early Freshman year when she attempted to try out the Greenwich Village aspects of Washington. The result was an exceedingly long campus, gone—but not forgotten.

"I'm a wreck." Oh! Yes, it is Dot. Little wonder that she feels a wreck. Of course, her loyalty to two certain Catholic colleges located in the District *is* admirable, but at times it leads to a most complicated state of affairs. Imagine, waiting in the Willard, and not knowing which one is to appear. A most delicate situation, but just leave it to her, she'll come out with flying colors. We congratulate you, Dot. You're a wonder.

Dot is always the same, and unfailingly. You will find her as sincere and steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar. She has always been known to be most charitable and if she has nothing nice to say about any one, she remains silent: perhaps it is this unfailing sincerity and comradeship that have won for her so many true friends here at Trinity.



MARY CATHERINE BOYLE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

"My Lady Hospitality"

Editor-in-Chief of the TRINILOGUE.
Vice-Chairman Publicity Committee, 3.
Assistant Editor of *The Well*, 3.
Song Committee.
Secretary of Dramatics, 3.
Ivy Orator.

Not every Freshman can begin her college career by reaching out a helping hand to a dignified and stately Senior, but such was the golden opportunity offered to Mary. On the second night of our sojourn, at the wee, dark hour of eleven, Mary excitedly whispered to the President of Student Government: "Run, kid, here comes the Dean!" Mary was also on the Reception Committee for welcoming all the students in Freshman Year, but evidently the office was not to her liking, because since that time she has been inconveniently—or shall we say conveniently?—taken ill, just at the time scheduled for returning. For the first few days Mary was accompanied by an interpreter, but, eventually, by steady application, we solved the problems of a "poke of candy" and "my gum-rubbers."

We have often heard her say: "All kiddin' aside, girls, let's make some coffee." And with a dash she is around the corner and into the kitchenette with the eternal coffee-pot. One might suggest a change in the menu, but Mary insists that pages one to fifty in the book of etiquette veto all such remarks when one is being entertained, and furthermore, that "beggars can't be choosers." However, please don't pity us, for we are all certain that each one's choicest delicacy can be found in those frequent boxes from Mother.

Some people just seem to be fitted for certain occupations, and we find Mary in her element when compiling material for a publication. Like her namesake, Mary Boyle O'Reilly, she has given evidence of literary talent. Her ability first displayed itself in *The Punch Bowl*, then in *The Well*, of which she was god-mother and Assistant Editor, and finally in the TRINILOGUE. In the latter two publications, she has given us unsurpassed records of College Days. Her tact, unselfish disposition, and personality are qualities which demand success. We wish her godspeed, but hope that she may not leave too hastily. You see, she once planned to spend her vacation sightseeing in Washington, but instead packed spats and toothbrush, and boarded the 12:35 for Johnstown!



RUTH VERONICA BROCK

NORTH OLMSTEAD, OHIO

"Equanimity"

Vice-President Chemical.
Treasurer of Chemical, 3.

Ruth—yes, that's her name; somehow or other she never had a nickname. She hails from Cleveland, the Paint City, and sometimes she seems to advertise this product, at least one would think so when she blushes, and this she does with such childlike simplicity. One night while enhancing her beauty and making a demonstration of the use of various creams, the Dean called, and needless to say, our Ruth was mortified.

Chemistry always had charms for Ruth; perhaps it was the subject itself, perhaps it was a tall, blonde Senior who interested her in it, or I wonder if it could have been the head of the Chemistry Department? *Radium* was her hobby, especially when it came in *grams*.

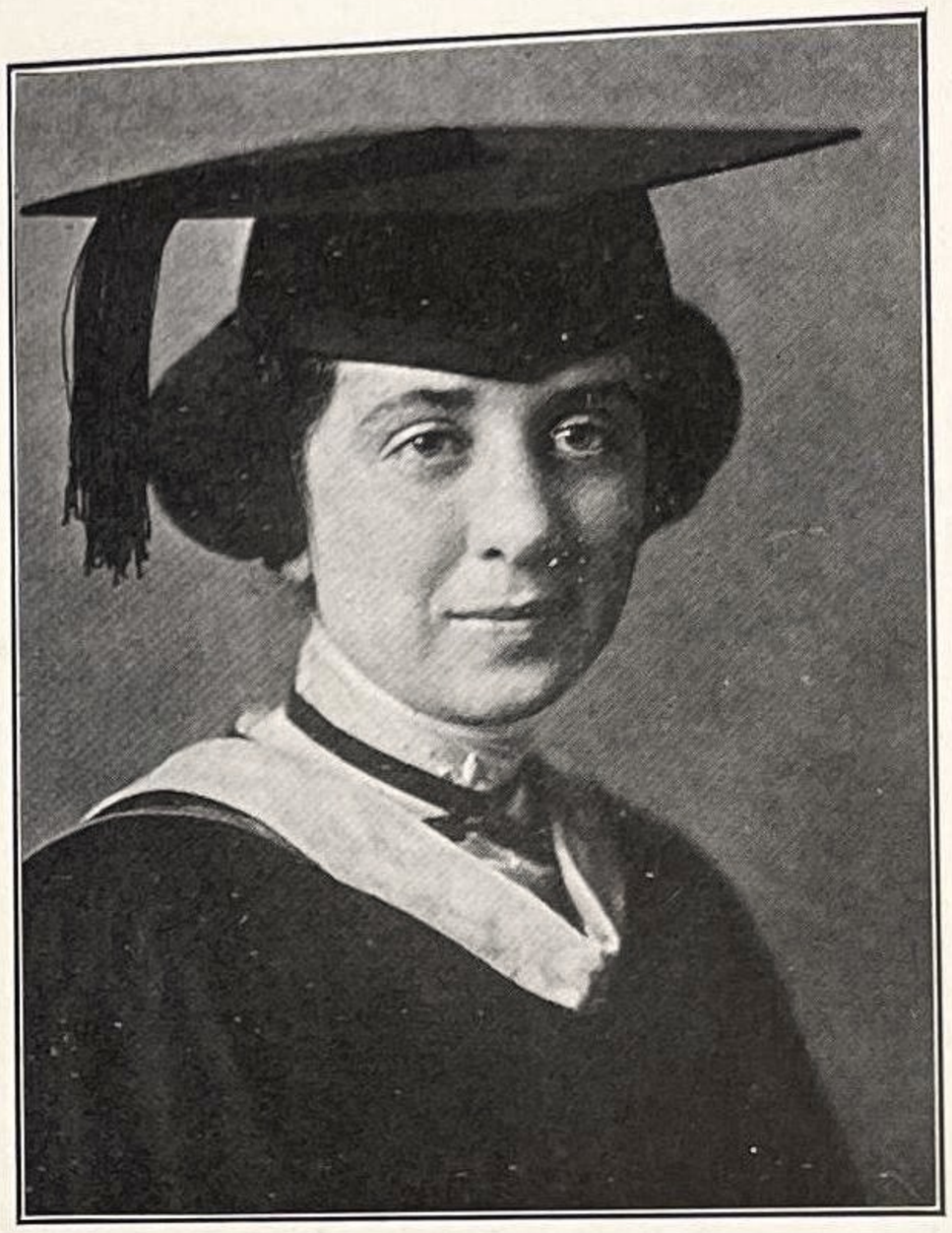
As Robert Browning says in "One Word More," Ruth has two sides just like the moon, and one only very few see—her humorous side. She is much for jokes but when she feels reserved and her more frivolous associates pester her, she exclaims, "Oh, you're so silly!" Letters she delights in getting, but ask her friends whether she is much for writing them.

"Ruth, are you going to class?" "Just a minute, Lib, I'll be there," and then she tip-toes in at least two minutes late. Swimming was a fancy of Ruth's, especially when there was no water within a reaching distance, and many Saturday campuses were kindly given her because she went swimming too often.

Many a time we were on the point of turning in a fire alarm—but discovered just in time that Ruth was taking another flashlight.

Food chemistry also had its charms for Ruth, and her friends will vouch for ability in this line when they recall the many spreads in Room 54—especially the variety of dishes served.

Ruth never told her ambition, so I suppose it is best not to mention it for her, but let her delight in hobby cards and perhaps the lucky one will come to light.



GERTRUDE CASEY

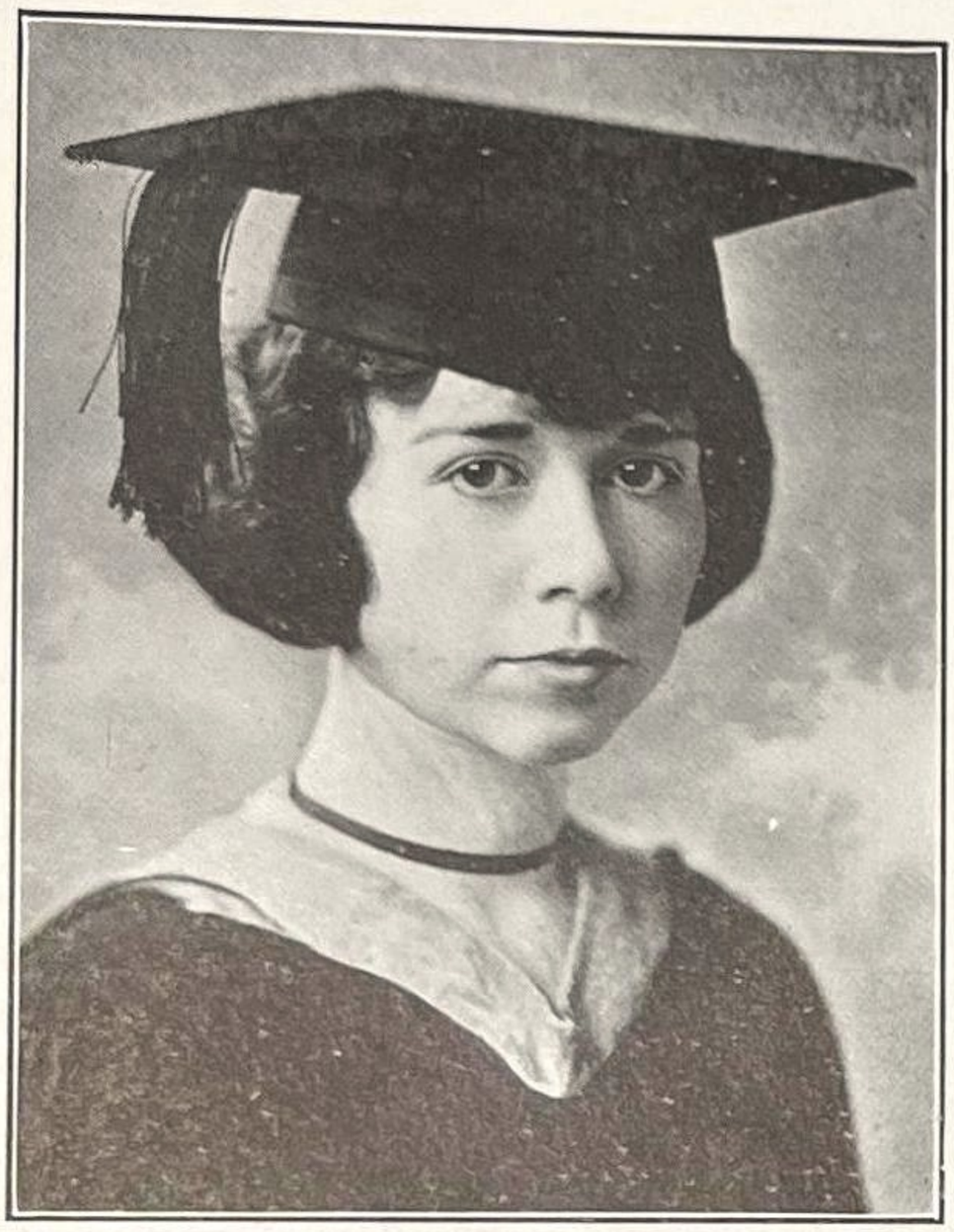
YONKERS, N. Y.

"Live Wire"

Treasurer of Glee Club, 2.

Sh! Who can it be? Some one hustling down the hall! Oh, yes! It's just Gert crawling along at her usual fast locomotive speed. Perhaps one hundred per cent vitality mingled with a high grade of efficiency mark the two salient points in her character. But now for the great secret! Gert has a dual nature—apparently she is calm and collected, but who, having heard her exclaim, "Oh, girls, look at that moon!" or who, knowing the welcome reception of the inevitable "special," can doubt that secretly "Miss Optimism" is devoted to Romance with a capital R? A cap and gown have not weighed our Senior down with dignity—she is the same old scout who sent us into roars of laughter in the "Apache Queen" in Junior Year.

Is it possible that interest in a certain dark, athletic maid of '21 enlivened Gert's enthusiasm in outdoor sports? Whatever the impetus, she surely is a star in this field. Tennis is, perhaps, her forte, but lately the racquet lies neglected in the corner, giving way to a certain set of shining new golf clubs. But there's a reason—the game is interesting, of course. But have you seen the instructor? Well, that's the reason. And yet, with all these outside interests, the Faculty has found Gertrude as trustworthy as the old Rock of Gibraltar itself. Oh! to have a balance of opinion to maintain! As the alert, wide-awake side center of 22's basket-ball team, she has again proven her versatility and capability. In short, not Gertrude, but just plain Gert, has shown herself a loyal pal and good sport through four years of life here to such an extent that she leaves the Red Dome with a host of friends who are confident that success will crown her efforts on "the road that lies out there" as it has always done here at Trinity.



MARY PAULINE CASEY

SCRANTON, PA.

"The Great Enigma"

President of Glee Club.
Assistant Editor of *The Record*.
Musical Critic of Dramatics.
Secretary of Glee Club, 3.
Song Committee.
Class Pianist.

Enter the Duchess from the Duchy of Scranton—flourish—ladies and gentlemen (kept) in waiting, retinue, three trunks, two crates, one steamer, several suit cases, and a hat trunk. These being removed after a two or three weeks' obstruction in hall traffic, and M. Pauline is "at home." Looking as though she had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox, "Paul" appeared daily among us—spick, span, and duly marcelled. Such the indelible impression, had not every entertainment shown her in roles as varied as—the ones conceivable only in "the Private Theatre" under her "own hat." Merely recall Samson, Ophelia Foote, Mrs. Malaprop, and the Dying Swan. If you want original interpretation, be it in song, drama, writing, or mere conversation, seek out the "Duchess" and you will be rewarded. We have never seen her in a race (although she expressed a wish to try track), but we have our doubts! Junior year she remained over three days in June to write for English 5—two was it? or three? of the four essays required.

She walks as though the band were playing "Hail to the Queen," and under-classmen stand aside, not knowing that that pose and glance are assumed for their particular terrorization. However, we do envy the innocence of the Freshmen who carried to her boudoir shirt-waists to be laundered. Even *we* would not have dared. Add to her literary and dramatic achievements—music. Her piano, were it human, could possibly tell us much, for many are the hours she spends in its company. "Segregation from the rabble" troubles her not, and that power of self-contentment, we are told, is indicative of a fertile mind. Pauline is inclined to rear about herself a wall of reserve but those that are fortunate enough to possess scaling ladders know that within is capacity for staunch friendship and real depth of character.



ANGELA ELIZABETH CONNELLY

BRADFORD, PA.

"Perpetual Motion"

President of Class, 2.

"'Zat so?" This, with a picture of snapping brown eyes, and a blush from the top of her head, way down her neck, might show Angela in an argument. Not that she is always in an argument—no, she evades them beautifully, sometimes—but then, there are times when one simply must get in it—especially in the role of Sophomore President, the night of the Freshman spread! That was a time when "Ang" wouldn't let any one put anything over on her.

But then, too, there are times when she is "Angel" to us, and her room is a refuge for mouse-pursued neighbors; and then again, the mice like her pretty well, too, and she must have company for protection, so in the wee hours of the morning, she might be heard to say, in a voice from 'way off in slumberland, "Are you there?"

And remember the Mocha cakes! Not only the mice have been bothering her for sweets since Freshman year—the word only had to be passed that Angela's laundry had arrived, and there was the rush of an angry mob of lean, hungry-eyed mortals to her room.

In Freshman year, one remembers little Miss Fidgett as being pretty "Nobby," and she's kept it all through the years. There is never a C. U. dance that lacks her presence, for she has danced her way into the hearts of more than Trinity students. Regularly four times a week she stalks out, to Keith's, the movies, Wardman, or the Pike, and 'twould be a pretty blue Saturday if Angela of necessity would remain on the campus.

So with the combination of pepper and sweetness as a memory of the days gone by, we can only expect the same thrills and excitement, and the same power of winning her way into the hearts of all she meets, in the years to come.



MARIE ANNORA COSTELLOE

SAGINAW, MICH.

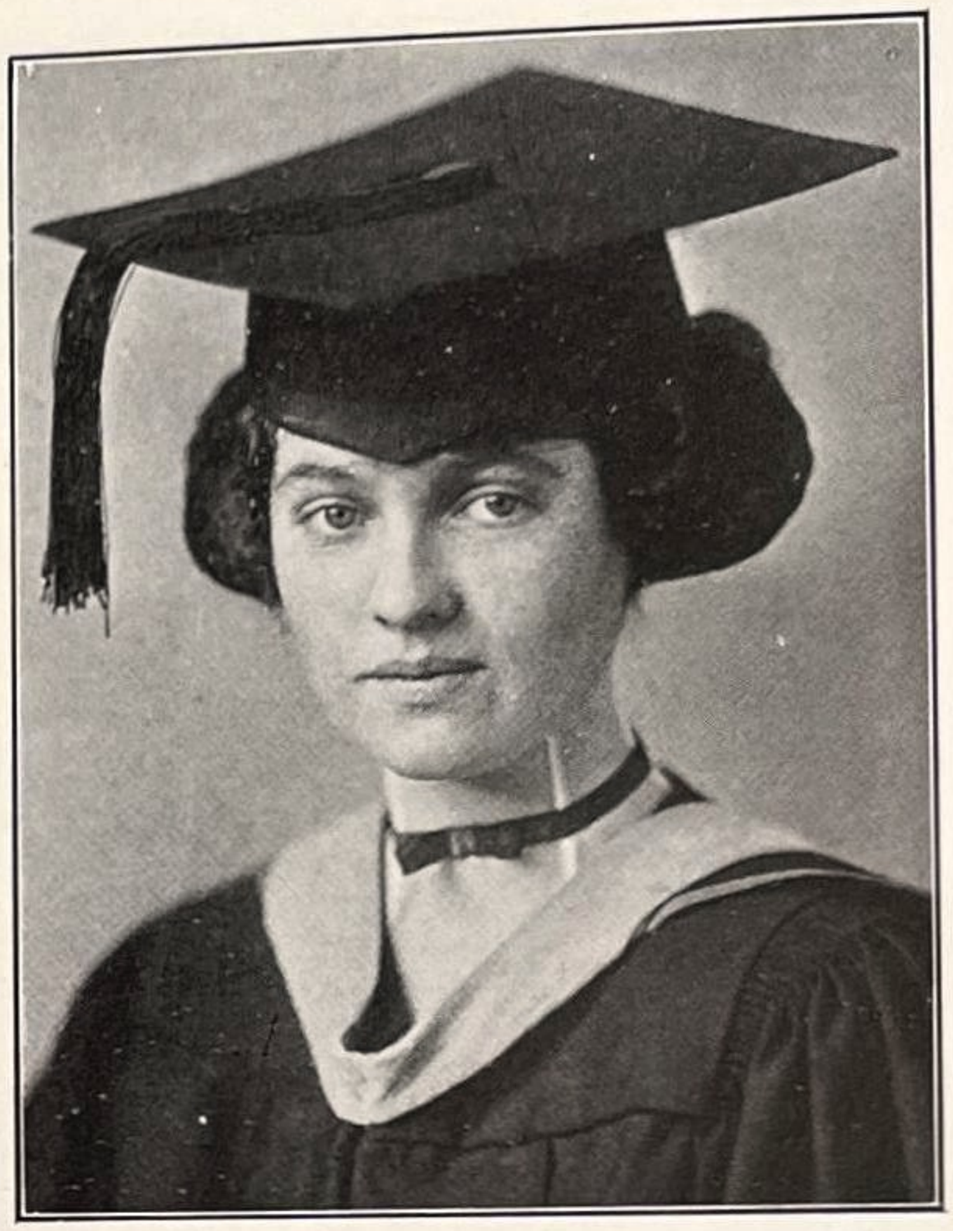
"Dear Heart"

Treasurer of Class, 4.
Secretary of Christ Child, 3.

Marie was the first of '22 to arrive at Trinity, and be it known that she has never been among the least of that Class. Always strong for class spirit, she has ever been most loyal to the Green and White, in Senior year even going so far as to wear her "cap" to the Doctor's classes long after the rest of us had ceased to do so. With her perpetual smile she won her way into the hearts of every one, class distinction being unknown to her, for her friends are in every class from '19 down to the present Freshmen. Of course, she has always shown a preference for her sister class, as Elizabeth will willingly testify.

The telephone has always claimed a goodly portion of Marie's time, but in Junior year she turned her attention to another instrument—the saxophone. On this she has become quite a proficient performer, as we know from the many jazz dances in the gym. A faithful follower of the Terpsichorean art, Marie has never wasted a dance permission. But her ability is not merely along social lines; she delights in solving intricate problems in Math, and as for History—just notice the way she conciliates between the North and the South! During Freshman and Sophomore years she would C. U. on the pike and at the dances and football games, but in Junior year she took to the "Georgetown line," which has held her attention ever since. Speaking of lines, she joined the basket-ball team in the fall of Senior year and a gamer sport would be hard to find anywhere, especially the day the bank proved stronger than she did.

We often wonder, but as Marie herself will not lift the curtain of the future, we will not attempt to prophesy. We hope that our friendship may not be severed, though the distances be great on the road "that lies out there." She's mighty dear to us, and in giving her to the wide, wide world '22 gives one of her best, and we feel that the legacy is a precious one.



MARY RUSSELL COUGHLAN

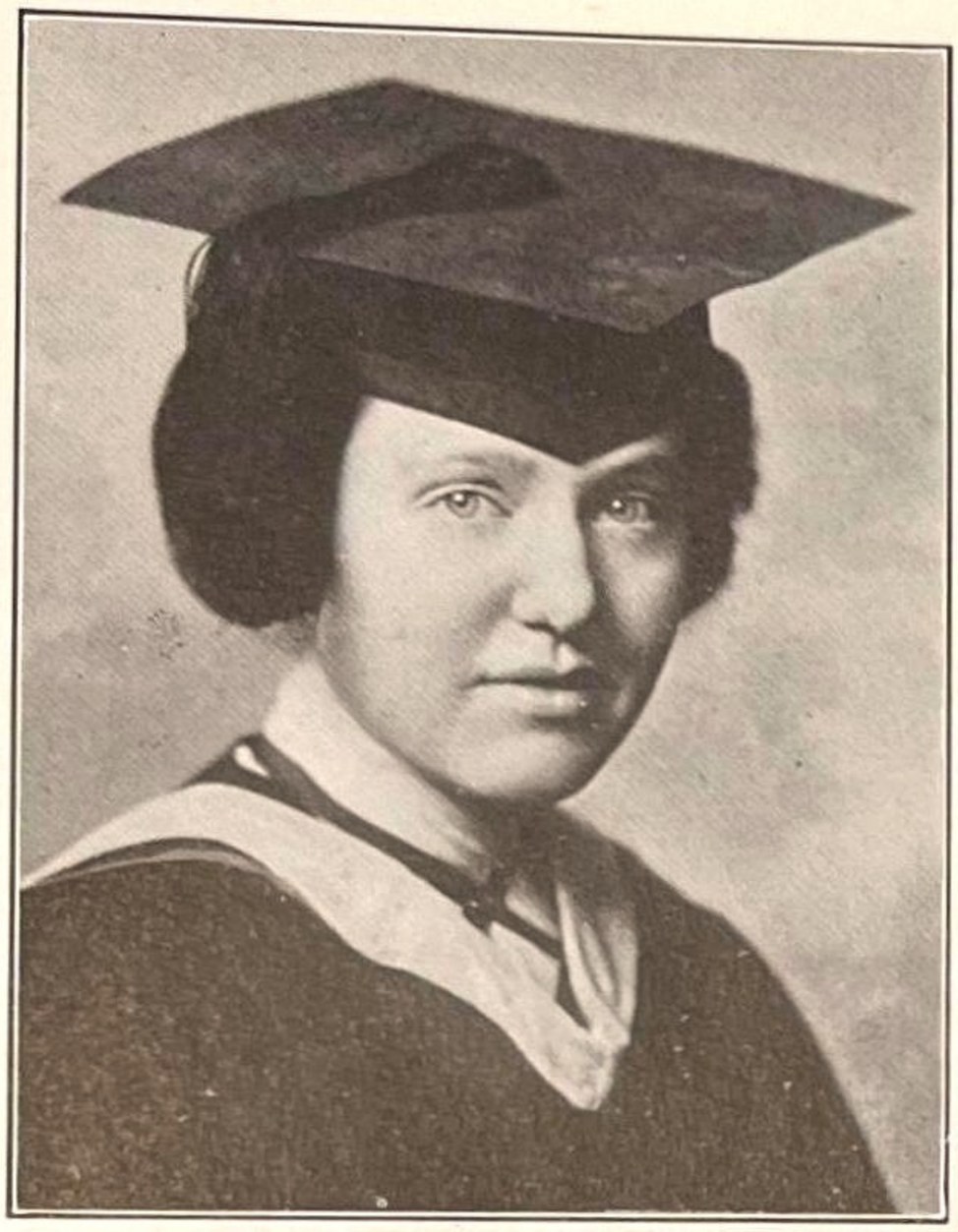
ABINGTON, MASS.

"Nonchalant"

Chairman of the Press Committee.
Vice-President of the Athletic Association.

To bestow her friendship almost exclusively upon three Seniors was the privilege of Mary in Freshman year. We wonder if it was her love for "Spud" that caused her to add twenty pounds to her possessions before Christmas; or may we blame the numerous dinner permissions? Was it only to please her æsthetic tastes or for the more plebeian purpose of obtaining rare tid-bits that Mary faithfully (?) struggled with Leschetizky's methods? Before this year had passed, we felt thoroughly acquainted with the fact that proverbial "uncles" really do exist. Perhaps they admire her for her beautiful voice and her ability to perform extemporaneously, with pictures as her only source of inspiration. Certainly the Freshman who "wiggled like a worm" when in Mary's vicinity never could have beheld her in this role. Sustaining her family traditions at the Bar, she bravely argued against testing the intelligence Sophomore year. She overestimated the "pull" gained by that event and felt the force in the opposite direction in Latin class; but no force could ever separate the devoted "Si" from her roommate, "Mese." Even in Jacks they are parallel.

One could never maintain that Wordsworth bored Mary, for though he caused a slight shiver she never caught cold. Mary came back to her cap and gown, but a part of her was left in Boston. Great was the change thereby but it was of brief duration, Georgetown alone being able to force her to do the impossible during the interim. If actions make the loudest noise, her French was a silent factor, though in this, as in all else, luck was on her side. Her surprising line finds an outlet in her duties as official reporter of Trinity doings. As a steady guard on the "Senior Six" we could not spare her unruffled calmness and speed. May the unperturbed wisdom which leads her to 122 North Hall promptly at ten each evening guide her over the matrimonial sea.



MARGARET CROSS

OSTERVILLE, MASS.

"Cape Coddities"

Peg comes from Osterville, one of the Cape's most attractive summer resorts, famous, you know, for oysters, cranberries—and a wonderfully fascinating moon at certain seasons. From time immemorial, the lunar constellation has been the source of various types of emotion in the human race; but when Peg sees the moon, she does not resort to poetic titles bestowed on it by æsthetic admirers; she has an expression all her own, original but to the point. We have often tried to seek the cause of Peg's peculiar outbursts, and the most fitting seems to be that of the "association of ideas." Peg has a very interesting collection of mail, which, for logical reasons, can be divided into two parts: the scrap book, and the collection of "Yours, Bob." There is nobody quite like Bob, he means the world to Peg, and we have reasons to know that it's mutual.

While at Trinity, Peg made two really memorable trips—the first was to Old Point Comfort, where she was properly chaperoned by about ten of us, and the second was to a little college town near the "Smoky City." This time she traveled alone, and saw the first beginnings of the "Great West," but just ask Peg "Watt" else she saw there. Coming from New England as she does, we could never quite understand Peg's abhorrence of the snow, but then, the natural cause would suffice, for we have known more than one element to melt before her smile. For information, ask her how near she came to meeting the great French General. In fact, we cannot imagine Peg without her smile, and as for optimism, she surely has it. Knowing this, we are confident that the future can only bring her the best of everything.



MARTHA TERESA CROWLEY

BRISTOL, CONN.

"Ever Ready"

Vice-President of Pascal Society.

Martha came to Trinity as Bristol's first representative, thus a weighty task was imposed upon her to make a name for little Bristol. Her four years at Trinity have been eventful, to say the least. Her experiences have been many and varied—too varied, in fact, to mention here. We might call her the girl with the many majors. Most of us are content with two, but far be it from Martha to be so plebian. It took her until Senior year to decide which two of the four favored subjects she would claim as majors. We are sure if Martha joins the ranks of school ma'ams she will put in practice all the educational theories which she has been imbibing for the last two years.

When she leaves Trinity, Uncle Sam will miss carrying the daily letter from Bristol to Washington; for during her four years the days were few and far between when a letter failed to greet her at Assembly. Martha is known to a few as "Virginia Dare." For the why and the wherefore of this name you will have to apply to her. Perhaps she will tell you—but I doubt it. Though Martha is a staunch "Even," yet there is a soft spot in her heart for one "Odd" in spite of the traditional animosity. With her it is a case of "absence makes the heart grow fonder," if possible. All her four years at Trinity Martha has been "ever ready," whether it be to help a friend in need or with her artistic talent. To conclude, we don't have to say how "prout" we are of our Connecticut member.



FLORENCE BROWN DAVEY

BEVERLY, MASS.

"Dependability"

President of Chemical Society.
Student Government Representative, 2.

"Music hath charms," so had the President of Eurydice Freshman year; even the music of "her" footsteps caused the neighborly Freshman to rush to her door. 'Twas proximity then, but, alas, 'tis distance now which lends enchantment. But three days elapsed before Florence began to personally conduct Sophomores on the tour of inspection of the good-looking rooms, which tour was suddenly terminated by the unexpected presence of a haughty Senior. As the daily newspaper of Beverly, "a city since 1898," so aptly phrased it, Florence became a member of the "Student Government Fraternity" in Sophomore year. We all rejoiced with her in the reception of a startling telegram which announced the victory of Jack over Yale. When she was X years young on November 3d, a festive celebration proved the enduring union of the "ate" links. Nightly she was sought as confidante by lonely Freshmen from North, South, and O'Connor. Despite the fact that a terrific storm impeded the progress of most travelers who were bound to meet the "Federal," one Christmas vacation, "a super-six horse shay" conquered the difficulties and rescued Florence from the elements.

She had her own views of the history of the United States, but we trust they were correct, otherwise the free reign given her by the "Paper Princess" might have led many into error. The necessity of the exposition of the "Education of Henry Adams" deprived us of the pleasure of Florence's company each Sunday noon at dinner. When the shadows of Senior year crept upon us, hers was so long and so bright that no one could "miss it." She passed successfully through her course in Chemistry, regardless of the constant cry, "Miss Davey, what are you doing?" and reaped as her reward the office of President of the Chemical Society. We are unable to say whether Florence will pursue the career of tennis instructor or that of milliner, since she is equally proficient in both arts.



ROSE CECELIA DEBARBER

ALTOONA, PA.

"Miss Matter-of-Fact"

Assistant Business Manager of TRINILOGUE.

Altoona, Pennsylvania? "Yes. Isn't it funny how every one knows where Altoona is?" This question may often have been heard voiced from earliest freshman days by Rose. Washington has never succeeded in captivating any affection that was previously meant for that well-known city.

Freshman year, admiration for an upperclassman was awakened which has successfully passed the test of time. But, this is a bit of news which even Trinity failed to discover, and dare I tell it at this late date?

Rose is quite scientifically inclined. In three years her tendency in that direction has caused her to spend untold hours in the laboratory. This fact seemed to aid rather than irritate her patient and pleasant disposition. Many of her classmates and acquaintances have been fooled by Rose's apparently unassuming and quiet manner, for she is, on the contrary, ready for fun, full of good humor, and very apt in repartee. Her chief characteristic is the last mentioned, being an unyielding stick-to-itiveness to her own theories.

Rose is the kind of friend to have to soothe you when you are tired or restless, but, don't for an instant let her discover that your fatigue is a pretence, because if you do, you will be sorry for the tantalizing that is in store for you. "Muggins" is the personification of generosity and one of her ambitions is to bestow, some day, a small fortune on all of her friends.

The seer has not made known to us the secrets of his crystal ball, so our friend's future remains a mystery. But the loyalty and true friendliness which have characterized her association with us at Trinity are great assets, and we feel sure the days to come will be very bright and successful.



HELEN DELANEY

DALLAS, TEXAS

"Smilin' Thru"

The Class of '22 did not realize that it had been incomplete until Helen came in Junior year, and day by day since, her smile has won a place in all our hearts. Although a stranger in the city, it was not long before she found St. Mark's and there became a "Keane" follower of Terpsichore. During Helen's two years at Trinity we have begun to think she has a lease on the telephone, due to her many calls. Senior year found her ever called to the parlor on Sunday afternoons, though not exactly to Helen's liking, it was a case of making the best of it. Helen is the pep of the crowd and even as a dignified (?) Senior has not learned to control her outbursts, and many times our brains have been quickly taxed to smooth over an embarrassing moment when some one's unfortunate plight brought about this unseemly mirth.

When the mail comes in, the rest of us put aside our bills, but Helen looks for Bill's from Dallas, and seldom is she disappointed, for if it is not a letter it is a telegram. Although ever ready for a good time, it was not at the sacrifice of her work. Sunday morning found her in the library delving into Romanticism. And who can say that this was in vain, when even Sister Mary commended her noble progress? Spurred on by this praise, she extended her scope into broader fields—"Foreign Service." Helen hesitates to ask favors even of her closest friends but, on the other hand, she is always one who has done many a good turn unasked and is always there with the glad and helping hand. In future years may she be rewarded in like manner. Her whole personality is summed up in the one word, "lovable."



MARY DONOVAN

STONY CREEK, CONN.

"Why Worry?"

Vice-President of Class, 3.

We needed Mary to complete the Class of '22, but did not know it until the second semester of Sophomore year, when the girl who "looks like Dorothy Gish" appeared, a bobbed-haired girl whose black curls gave courage and hope to those just dying, but afraid, to bob their hair. Having a family in town, even though temporarily, should make one feel at home, but that help was not necessary for Mary, for she was soon one of us. Wasn't she the leading lady of our ne'er-to-be-forgotten "Ta-ta Aloysius," the pride of every loyal member of '22?

With the frequent visits of her father in Junior year she had plenty of opportunities and excuses for being out, but that isn't the reason she spent nine week-ends in the city.

Mary is an athlete, witness how one summer made a tennis champion of her. Pep is second nature to her; even she had to admit she is romantic (and maybe fickle); it has been written and the fates declare it. When one's handwriting declares one is a good dancer, is further proof needed? If so, Mary's headquarters—gymnasium every evening, dancing from 6:30 until 8:00.

She'll sing, if she likes it, and she likes it, any time, any place, anywhere. Assignments probably do belong to college work so she does them, but she believes in some such motto as "don't give them too much prominence." Mary has the happy faculty of combining sense with light-heartedness, which speaks well for a "career" she declares she will have when she is "out in the wide, wide world."



CORNELIA ANNE VAUGHN DUGGAN

TOWANDA, PA.

"She smiles to conquer"

She came to us as "Convent Connie," and we were to understand that some deprived order was sadder because of her absence. But as she quickly found her way into the portals of our hearts we could not relinquish her even to solemn vows, especially since we just could not picture where Connie's requirements could be fulfilled. Feeling that an early visit to Georgetown might aid her in days to come, Cornelia "flu" over there but for some strange reason it was not at all enchanting and even death scenes and midnight convulsions enacted for her benefit and amusement failed to charm her. It was not long before Connie's irresistible smile won her so many friends that she had to send for trunks of food to put on such little things as midnight revels, and in many of our memory books and in all of our memories we have pleasant reminders of many successful social functions at which Connie acted the role of the charming and popular hostess.

Life was bright and went on with a song until one moonlight night Connie was given to prowling and she soared to ethereal regions. All was well until a most unnecessary petticoat made connections with a tempting ladder and we thought our little girl friend was up for the night. But though she came down out of the clouds she still insists that a Jack takes a queen any day. Connie's cloud is golden lined and in the hazy depths of the crystal ball a little "love nest" will appear regardless of her tales of social work and girls' camps.

Imprinted on our hearts is a name that will neither tarnish nor disappear for it is written indelibly in our books of memory. To that name we offer tribute, for it stands for the truest and loyalest of friends—"Connie."



EDNA DWYER

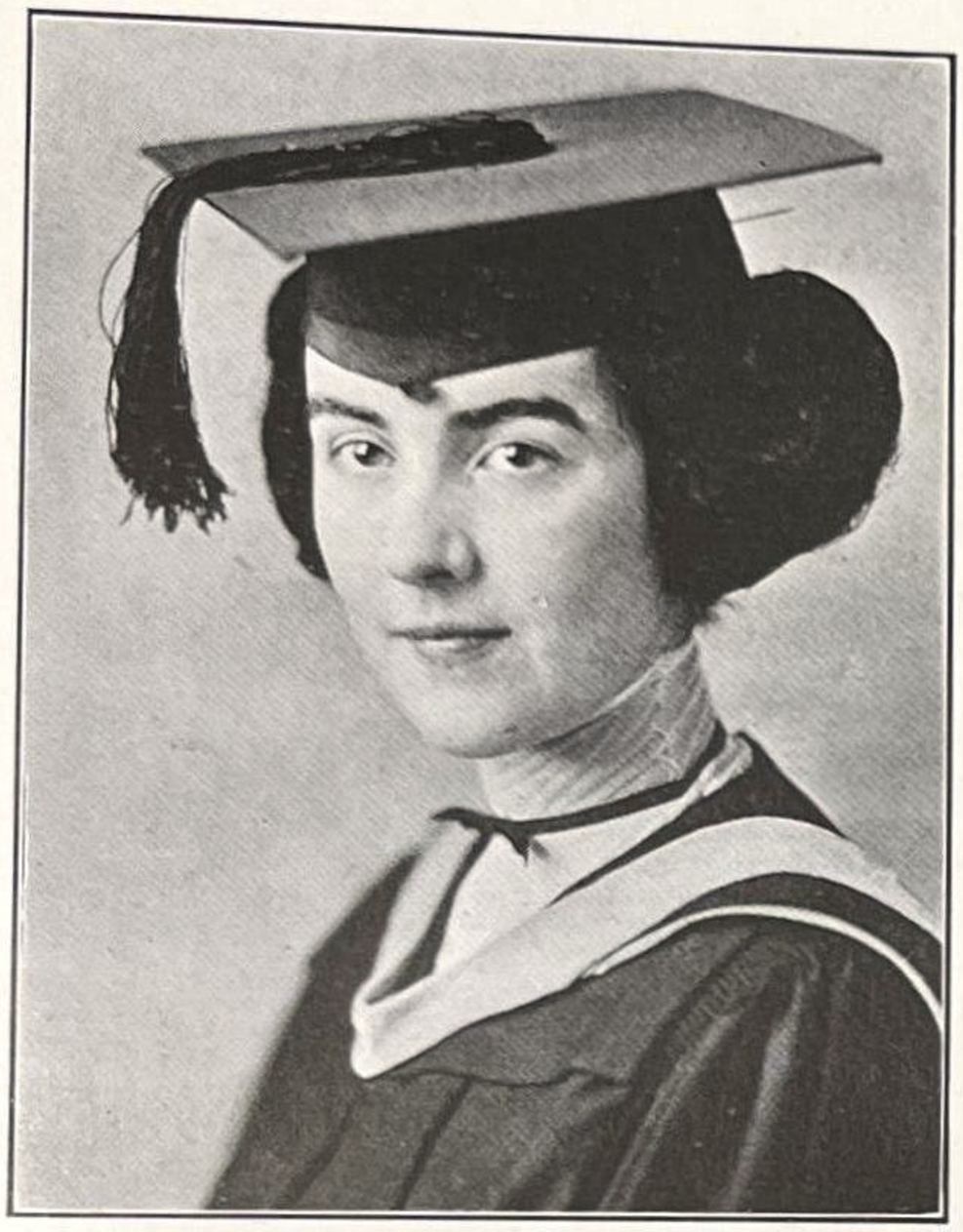
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"The girl for every occasion"

President of Classical Society.
Secretary of French Circle, 3.

Always on the dot, always on the spot, that's Edna. No matter what field you choose, Eddie is there. All the way from knowledge to fun-making we have found her ever ready with the goods. All of us, not omitting that host of hungry friends who have found sustenance in the cupboard of third South, have from the first found Eddie's room to be a very pleasant, easy corner, but since Junior days members of a certain class are especially plentiful after the hour of ten p. m. From the time we first knew her we have been making new discoveries as to her pranks and powers. First it was swimming, then the equestrian arts. Last of these surprises, but not least, was the appearance of our Edna on the basket-ball field. At one time we feared she was making rapid strides toward the position of playwright, but she has assured us that her future will not lie in that field of romanticism.

Although Edna comes from Providence and has all the sterling qualities of a New Englander, yet, like all the rest of us, she is human and will insist on being reckless once in a while. At least, that is the most plausible excuse we can find for our practical, curly-headed chum's being lost one night in the Soldiers' Home. We said she was a mixture of surprises and fun, but can you see why this petite Miss has developed such a tendency towards taxis, especially if the drivers of said taxis are approved by the Dean? There is a certain part of Edna's life which is still surrounded by a mantle of mystery; what is it we hear of frequent trips to the distant city of Hartford—of course, we understand Father is there—but is that all? Now, in conclusion, we can say a wonderful ability to sympathize and understand at all times, combined with a dauntless courage and loyalty make her what she is—just Edna, our chum and very dear friend.



MARY CATHERINE DWYER

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

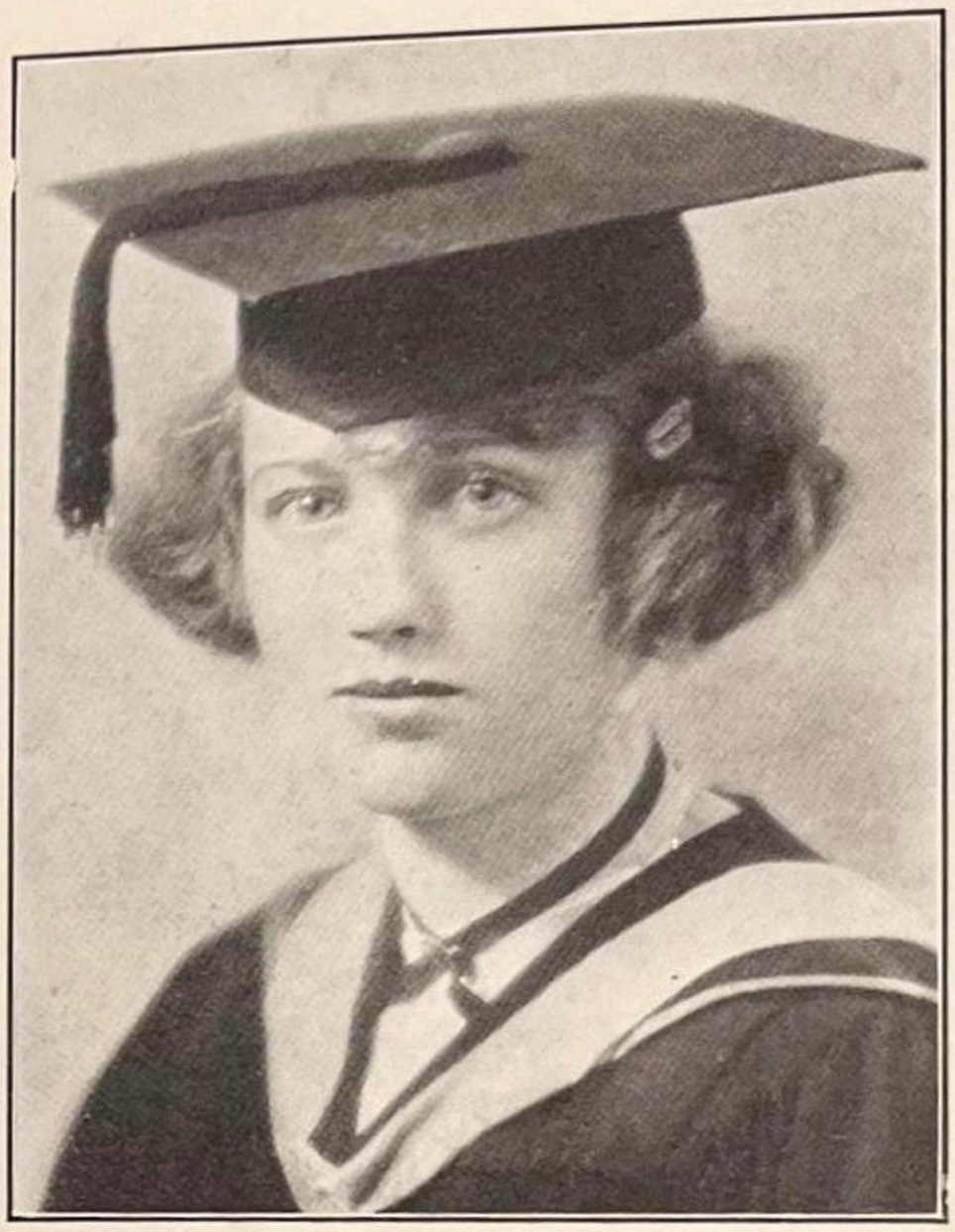
"Talented Tish"

Assistant Art Editor of TRINILOGUE.
Class President, 3.
Class Secretary, 3.

She might have been an Elizabethan for we are told that they were a versatile people, but fortunately for us she carried that characteristic into a later age and incidentally to Trinity. The muses of Art, Music, and Literature have alike claimed her a favored child. But this is *a priore,* as Doctor Dubray would say. Time was when we did not know these things about her and that not over three years ago. She came to us late (a characteristic which we found enduring), starry-eyed, "pig-tailed" as to hair, "Peter-Thomed" as to dress. and "astonished that the girls at Trinity should use powder." Once, not content with walking down stairs, she tried flying, with a broken arm resulting—which accident, however, did not serve in the least to deter her zeal in the Wekanduit Bureau or in pen sketching in notebooks of her own or others at all times and in all classes. Her knowledge of books and authors was noteworthy for one so young (she told us sixteen), and who can forget the songs from "Samson and Delilah," sung from the auditorium stage in the presence of a select few?

"Ah, reader! when I look back upon those days, it seems to me that all things change—all things perish." Quiet? Demure? Did I say? Behold the vamp of Sophomore days, the chairman of an eventful class day, director of "Ta-ta Aloysius," and leading man all in one and the same person. "Tish," alias "Mamie Kate," throughout her college career has featured successfully in dramatics in everything from musical comedy to the Passion Play—which is another proof of her blending of the fun and seriousness of life. As Junior President she displayed her customary leadership and in addition to class guidance initiated 22's little sisters into the perplexities and complexities of the "Collegiate" at Trinity. Here we may pause to drop a tear! In the "Bobbing" epidemic she lost her hair. Senior year finds her room reflecting Greenwich Village, her hobby art school, her diet, spinach, and her heart attune.

All that is one "soul side," the world's, but the people she loves know another; an unselfish disposition, graciousness, clear intellect, and an idealism which incorporates the value of "the little things."



FRANCES FAULKNER

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"A Sophisticated Innocent"

Song Committee.

Fanny was individual from the very beginning and knowing her as we do now, it was quite consistent for her to arrive at Trinity the first day of quarantine. Fanny was a brave girl and even the terrors of midnight in the gym did not daunt her when "She Walked in Her Sleep." This was her first and last appearance in the gym in her Freshman year, but later her athletic proclivities rivalled those of Neptune's daughters. Could the inconvenience of rearranging her golden locks have led her to sacrifice them to the freedom of bobbed hair? Her recompense for this was the approval of the most disapproving.

It took all our efforts to check Fanny's "highbrowism." Knowledge seems to be innate and study superfluous. Though we guard the books under lock and key, it's all in vain—Fanny comes out among the first.

Perhaps it is her cynicism that leads Fanny to deny there is such a thing as love, but nevertheless, we are all anxiously awaiting her first fall. The telephone is a torture to this cynical Miss and she inevitably greets us after a call with "Oh! it was that dumb-bell." Yet we rather imagine Fanny was prone to exaggerate, for there never was a tea dance or prom that Fanny did not glide over the polished boards. She even carried her activities to Crab-town.

Although in the spring Fanny's thoughts may not turn to love, it is evident to all that they do not turn to books and a doleful silence follows her name at roll call, for our elusive Fanny has unexpectedly declared a holiday for herself. But time never hangs heavy on her hands for she "bridges" every spare moment she isn't asleep. If you want to hear the latest "buzz" or any hidden stories, call on Fanny, for she has the latest news on everything. Breezy, whimsical, and lovable, she'll ever win her way into the hearts of all.



ROMAINE FELIX

PITTSBURGH, PA.

"Six-Cylinder Love"

Vice-President of Class, 2.

Pause, gentle reader, while we introduce Romie of the "Three Graces," of which you will hear more later. From the very beginning the strangeness of Freshman year was greatly alleviated for her by the sponsorship of her sister's Senior friends. Romaine's maxim in regard to schedules, "When in difficulty consult Marge," held throughout her four years. We certainly give her credit for her capability of managing, for she could do it along every line. She succeeded in being excused from Gym in her early days here and later applied this same facility in arranging week-ends, so numerous that she was asked if she lived in the city by a certain innocent Freshman.

It was on our first class day that Romaine's artistic ability became recognized, and every year since then the renowned *Well* at Trinity has shown the marks of her versatility. Our social functions also would suffer without her clever ideas. Nor was her talent confined to the artistic, for as a student Romie was ever among the first.

With the dance permissions of Sophomore year Georgetown easily superseded Cornell and *The Widow* became a thing of the past. A certain tea dance will ever be memorable to Romaine, for it was then she first discovered her leanings toward law and in the perusal of this interesting subject she even found it necessary to seek further education (?) in the Senate. It was a question whether her interest in briefs and forensics or the attractiveness of her escort caused this novel thirst for knowledge. The Freshmen gaze at her with awe and long for the time when they too will have every afternoon free. Paradoxical as it may seem, these afternoons are far from free.

The whole class regrets the illness which prevented Romaine from getting her degree with us, but we are glad to know that she expects to flip her tassel during the summer.



KATHRYN FRANCES FERGUSON

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

"Miss Repartee"

Assistant Business Manager of *The Record.*

Kathryn Ferguson, t-e-l-e-p-h-o-n-e. Down the hall comes a dainty little girl. No, of course she isn't a Freshman. What a blow to Senior dignity! Yet, can this be the little Kath, who during her "search for knowledge" has kept certain young men parked long hours trying to get the busy Trinity wire? Yes, indeed, the same girl, who while never appearing to "crack a book," invariably secures a 95%, to the amazement and chagrin of the rest of a hard-cramming horde. Perhaps it is a 1,000-horse-power mind that makes this system possible. Whatever the answer, it proves her capable of rapid and complete concentration backed by an iron determination to accomplish the task at hand.

Perhaps her grief at not qualifying as a member of the "Titian Club" has been a trifle assuaged by a certain fair member who no doubt tells her the news of each meeting. Adaptability marks one of the salient points in her character. Even as a stage manager, "Kat" produced a clever and original performance at the eleventh hour, although never before acting in the role of a Belasco or a Frohman. Perhaps her frankness can be attributed to an unusually alert mind, which always brings forth a certain sparkling wit, never failing to "hit the nail on the head." Who can forget Freshman days when, in the act of curling a classmate's hair, she was called by an upperclassman from Scranton. Carelessly she dropped the hot iron on the victim in her haste to answer the summons. Perhaps the best of all is that our "Kat" is just plain regular, a true pal and comrade. And then, any girl who can wear barking shoes (the result of a summer's shopping in Scotland) and get away with it, must be a wonder. Not Kathryn—just Kay, has by her charm of manner won many true and loyal friends during her college life in Brookland.



MARIE FISCHER

EVANSVILLE, IND.

"Twentieth Century Limited"

The guileless child whose sole purpose in coming to Trinity in 1918 was to study Genetic Psychology, as she informed a member of the Faculty, cannot be the same who the lady at Rizik's thought was the star of the latest musical comedy; for whatever Marie's purpose is at present, we, her friends, know full well that it is not to study Genetic Psychology. Although in the remaining years she has often caused many a professor to pause and wonder, still the difference between the dignified Freshman with her high heels and carefully arranged coiffure, and the irrepressible exponent of 1922, whose bobbed hair is universally conceded to be the best looking in Trinity, is as great as the well-known difference between the Hague Conference and the Limitation of Armament Conference.

Her one bugbear throughout her college career was the Latin Exams which were scheduled regularly for nearly every Saturday morning of her Junior year, but we are glad to say that she finally trotted through them as successfully as she trotted away from them on her weekly canter. Speaking of rides, there is another story, when all of a sudden, she joined the cavalry. But Sshh!

Marie should really take up Social Service work after graduation, for her great success in finding employment for a hunch-backed man has been the constant source of terror to the Dean. Her worry is unnecessary, for Marie's heart is equally distributed North, East, South, and West, even though in her English courses, she showed a decided preference for the line, "East is East, and West is West." Marie says that she doesn't like Evansville, but considering the number of bids she receives daily from her native town, and remembering the jingle of our childhood days, "Mary had a little lamb," we decided that she protests too much, for surely Evansville wouldn't like Marie so much, unless she liked Evansville just a little bit.



AILEEN ELIZABETH FITZGERALD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Wise, but Unsophisticated"

President of Eurydice.

Class Violinist.

"One, two, three, four"—so starts the Triumphal March of the Eurydice Club, the College pride on all festive occasions. And the leader is that quiet but musical wielder of the bow of the first violin, Aileen Fitzgerald. The presidency of a society is a great honor, and this year's President has proved conclusively by her regular attendance and interest, that such a position may be held to good advantage by any one (be she resident or day student) who has the welfare of the College so much at heart.

Yes, Aileen is that quiet type, which says little but observes much. She takes in the details of her surroundings at the first glance, and never misses a trick. She also possesses the gift of being a good listener, and makes you feel that anything you are disposed to talk about is worth while listening to. But, beware of what you tell her, because she has a memory, which is most surprising at times.

If this dignified Senior lived in the days of yore, when people were named by reason of some salient quality, we feel she would be called "Aileen the Even," not only because of her class spirit, but also because of her well-tempered disposition. She never becomes angry, and is always smiling and cheerful, regardless of the weather or other trying circumstances.

Her interest lies in many directions, and at first, this fact seemed to influence the well-being of the new car. But, having once decided to keep to the straight and narrow street, all was well. However, it seems strange that such an unobtrusive young person should so delight in making herself conspicuous. We are sure that a certain traffic officer on G Street will never forget his almost fruitless efforts to make her desist from obstructing business in general, while making of herself the cynosure of all eyes.

The Class appreciates Aileen's efforts in Eurydice and wishes her continued success in all her future undertakings.



MARGARET CRAGIN FLAHERTY

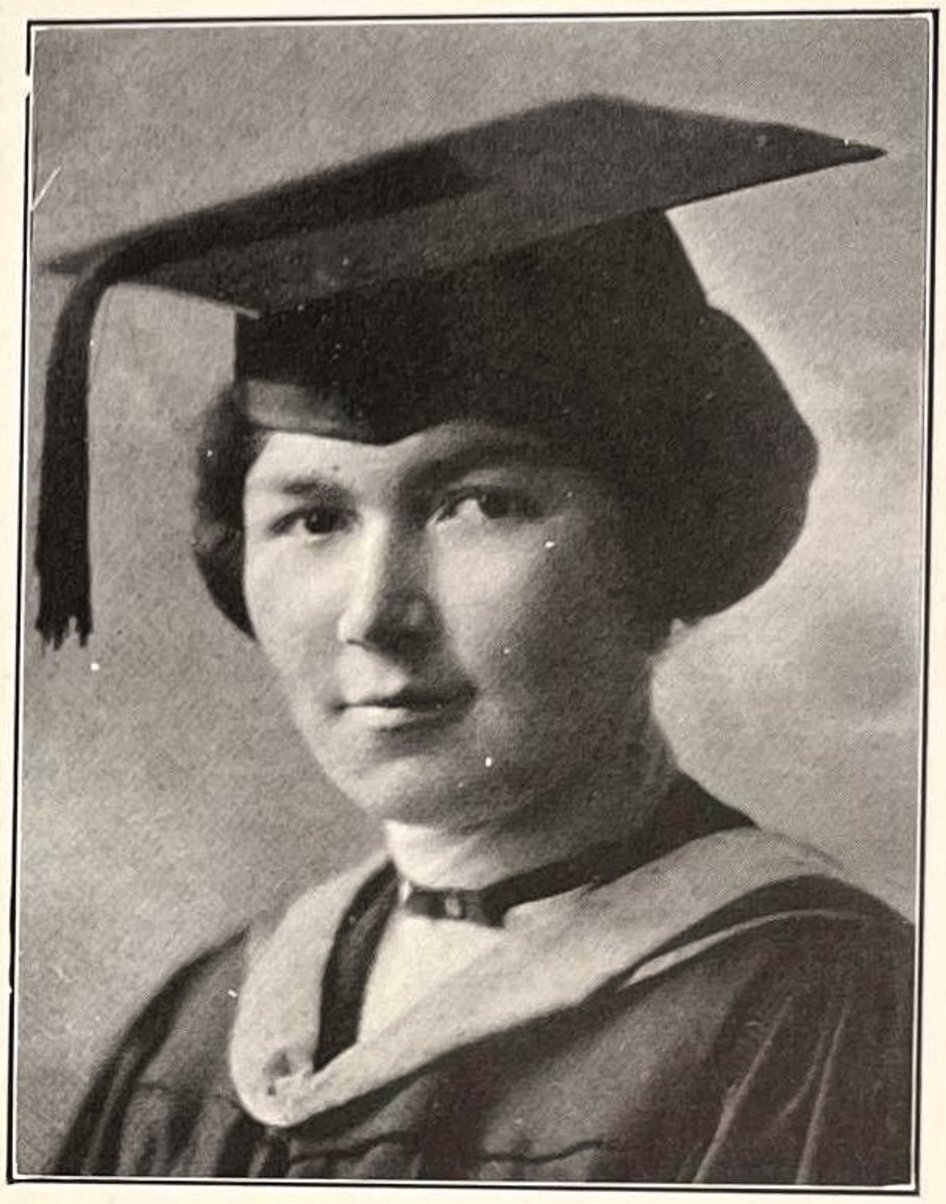
PORTLAND, ME.

"The Riddle Woman"

Peg came to us with a reserved supply of general information which carried her through her entire college career, for although her interests and activities have been many and varied, preparation of assignments has never been included in her daily routine; indeed, it was she who was heard to inquire in the week preceding her Junior Mid-years, in which box the fifteen assignment book was kept. Nevertheless, it is an hostorical fact that just once was her rank in a monthly test proportional to the amount of time she spent in study. Although Peg's abhorrence of Spanish during her Sophomore and Junior years was most emphatically centered on her five o'clock classes, it is surprising that in her Senior year, Spanish occupied such an important part in her schedule that she was even willing to devote her seven and eight o'clock permissions to it. Peg's courses, however, were mostly confined to those relating to correspondence and she has often proved a most efficient social secretary, although she says that she is not as successful in conducting her own affairs. Her favorite sports are horseback riding and walking. As to the former, an entire cavalry regiment can testify to her superior ability even though they witnessed the downfall of Trinity's equestrian reputation.

Her one aim in life is to reduce, yet this is not evidently essential to her popularity, for an account of the unending supply of candy and cocoanut cakes which pour in on her unceasingly from all parts of the country, not only has Peg been unable to obtain her end but even her friends have gained in weight.

If Peg gazed into the magic crystal she would see vague and shadowy outlines of great things which will develop later into the roseate hue of success and achievement. As she looks at the road to the future, '22 wishes her Bon Voyage.



DOROTHY MADELINE FLYNN

FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Magnanimous"

President of Le Cércle Français, 4.
Assistant Editor of the TRINILOGUE, 4.
Vice-President of Class, 1.

Impossible as the transition may seem, from an overgrown child to farmer, and thence to a veiled lady, nevertheless the fact remains that Dot appeared thus in the months of September, October, and November of Freshman year. Despite the fact that she held a high office the second semester, she could not resist the temptation to bring forth the laugh of the evening on Class Day; and so she has continued to be a most delightful exponent of the comic parts—but for her name, we might be excused for maintaining that she makes a perfect Hebrew. However, the racial characteristics are decidedly absent, for who has not heard of or shared in her frequent and wondrous boxes? And speaking of boxes, she was the cause of their weekly appearance from Gude's for her "Junior." Many hours she spent "sitting out" and "willing out" the innumerable guests of the latter young lady. But for the tell-tale radium face of the clock her reports to the contrary might be credited. "By George!" who would believe that the simple pastime of coasting would result in a lacerated interior lateral ligament whose presence was felt throughout the remainder of her college career? Though one could hardly call her absent-minded, the well-formed habit of regularly directing her footsteps toward 59 had its lasting effect in Junior year.

Senior year she assumed the role of Sister Ann of the Baltimore *Catholic Review*. Perhaps this was the cause of her assumption of the unprecedented dignity which cowered the Freshmen and made the title "Miss" linger around her name long after the others of us had been relegated to the ranks of the nicknamed. The tenosynovitis, in which she revelled, was no nickname. On the contrary, it with a logical education served as a substitute for mid-year exams, prolonged as Thanksgiving vacation had been prolonged. We trust that her numerous courses in Psychology will serve not only to enlarge her fantastic vocabulary but to win her success in the court, juvenile and otherwise.



MARY ISABEL GARDNER

BARBERTON, OHIO

"The Enthusiast"

President of The Literary.
Assistant Art Editor of the TRINILOGUE.
Secretary of Literary, 3.

Although the statement, "We like those whom we tease," might be a false premise in the Freshman Logic class, a particular application of the sentence could not be disputed if worked out to its logical conclusion and applied to Mary Gardner. For, teasing is undoubtedly one of her penalties for good nature. In our informal "truth parties," there is nothing she detests more than to be told she is "young," yet what better excuse had she for those nocturnal raids on the pantry and that inexhaustible fondness for Child's restaurant?

During Freshman year, Mary almost held the record for answering last calls to dinner and to class, being tie, or at least a close second to a friend of hers. But, suffice it to say, that she was right up to date in the vogue of having a "case." It was not a "brief-case' either, as most inexperienced young lawyers get first. Mary's artistic temperament persists to this day in admiring the Titian type best. As is fitting a young lawyer with a case, she also showed herself in Freshman days a staunch defender of the law, knocking on doors after ten p. m. and demanding "lights out," even of Seniors. Only a fatal mistake stopped this ardor, when it was tried accidentally on the chaperon.

After unconsciously ordering a ham-roll on Friday and riding so far as C. U. before ringing the car bell, recently, it is only natural to infer that Mary is sometimes absent-minded. Not to change the subject, but that reminds us of the day she received five letters from the same person all in one mail. What could equal the beauty of our little original serenade, later, outside her room, "When It's Cherry-blossom Time in Tokyo"? (improvised upon seeing the postmarks). The occasion surely deserved her favorite exclamation, "Oh, my heavenly day!"

Having a happy faculty for getting almost everything she desires, from a free glass of water at Reeves' to a life-long ambition, the latter was realized this year when she witnessed the Harvard-Yale football game, which served to thrill her for many days. For Mary is quite an enthusiastic admirer of sports, her favorite indoor species being tuning the new Hawaiian ukulele with a handy mouth-organ and playing all songs in one key. Among other accomplishments rank those of a TRINILOGUE artist, a *"litterateur,"* a conspirator, and an ever-ready debater of the Abnormal Agitators Club. So many talents lead one to expect future success from Mary, as well as the assurance that she will ever remain a charming companion and a very constant friend.



CATHERINE GAUTHIER

BUFFALO, N. Y.

"The Magnet"

Vice-President of Student Government.

Truly she seems to have been a magnet ever since the first day that she came to Trinity. She has a remarkable power of making and keeping friends. Since she became an upperclassman and the Class of '24 put in its appearance—well, just between you and me, she lived in a single room until they came, and then in Senior year—she got a larger one! Even using the room next door couldn't accommodate all the visitors who flocked to see her!

She has laughed her way into all our hearts. If there was any excitement, you could always count on finding Catherine in the midst of it. "She just hated to miss anything." She jumped rope on the verandah, sang in glee, roamed the halls till the cold, gray hour of dawn, took her classes as a matter of course, and worried about her cuts after they were over. That was in the days when she seemed to us a child! But, oh, how times have changed since Hector was a pup! She still walks the halls—but oh, how grave and dignified! No more as in the olden days "on her case at night to call," but to keep others from doing that very thing. Probably people in her position shouldn't have a heart, but the same spirit of fun still shines in her eyes when you meet her in the halls late at night, and when she sh—sh's you, you might be afraid of her; but then, she smiles and you know that she understands.

Not that she can't be severe when she chooses; she can, and it would be a sorry day for any one who trespassed on her spirit of friendliness. But we must say, she cannot frown as she can smile.

It is the wish of '22 that life will bring her every happiness.



GRACE A. GRIFFIN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Pleasingly Plump"

Business Manager of *The Record*, 4.
Secretary of Class, 1.

Like her mother Eve, before her, Grace is fond of the forbidden fruit, the apple being her favorite and almost exclusive diet, in fact; but unlike her mother Eve, she eats it to her own advantage, not destruction. For apples are not fattening, she tells us, and therefore are very desirable in her young life. The future Adam in Grace's family will, no doubt, be persuaded, in his turn, to form a taste for the juicy disc that caused the first Adam to be struck out of Paradise. Let's hope that he has better luck with it!

To complete the metaphor, we must admit that there is a tempter, also, in Grace's Garden of Eden, but not a serpent this time. A more human and insidious foe seduces her, in the form of the "mischievous movies" and just that one good meal before she starts her diet again. "The eats were 'puffectly mah-vellous,' but the most fattening things I could have eaten," she afterwards frankly admits, but she invariably insists that it is her last wild fling at food, which she intends to eat sparingly and judiciously for the remainder of the week, in order to lose the few extra pounds she may have gained in that one rash indulgence. And for the enlightenment of those who may not realize, it is our pleasure to inform you that Grace is really getting thinner, if scales do not lie or waistbands stretch a point. And we who witness the falling-away cannot help but appreciate her struggle against that common enemy, the "inner man," whose power is wellnigh irresistible, and the strength of character that must be called into action in the fight to lay him low and keep him in submission.

From many past incidents, it is easy to infer that Grace has a most suave and engaging manner, against which neither foreign diplomats, Western cowboys, Eastern Annapolites, nor Washington advertisers are proof. For, as a Business Manager, she breaks all previous *Records*. And, although she is very anxious to receive her degree, we are sure that our quarterly magazine will feel the loss, when she has gone, and verily would say, if magazines could talk, "Miss Griffiin, you have indeed been my saving Grace."



AGNES HARRON

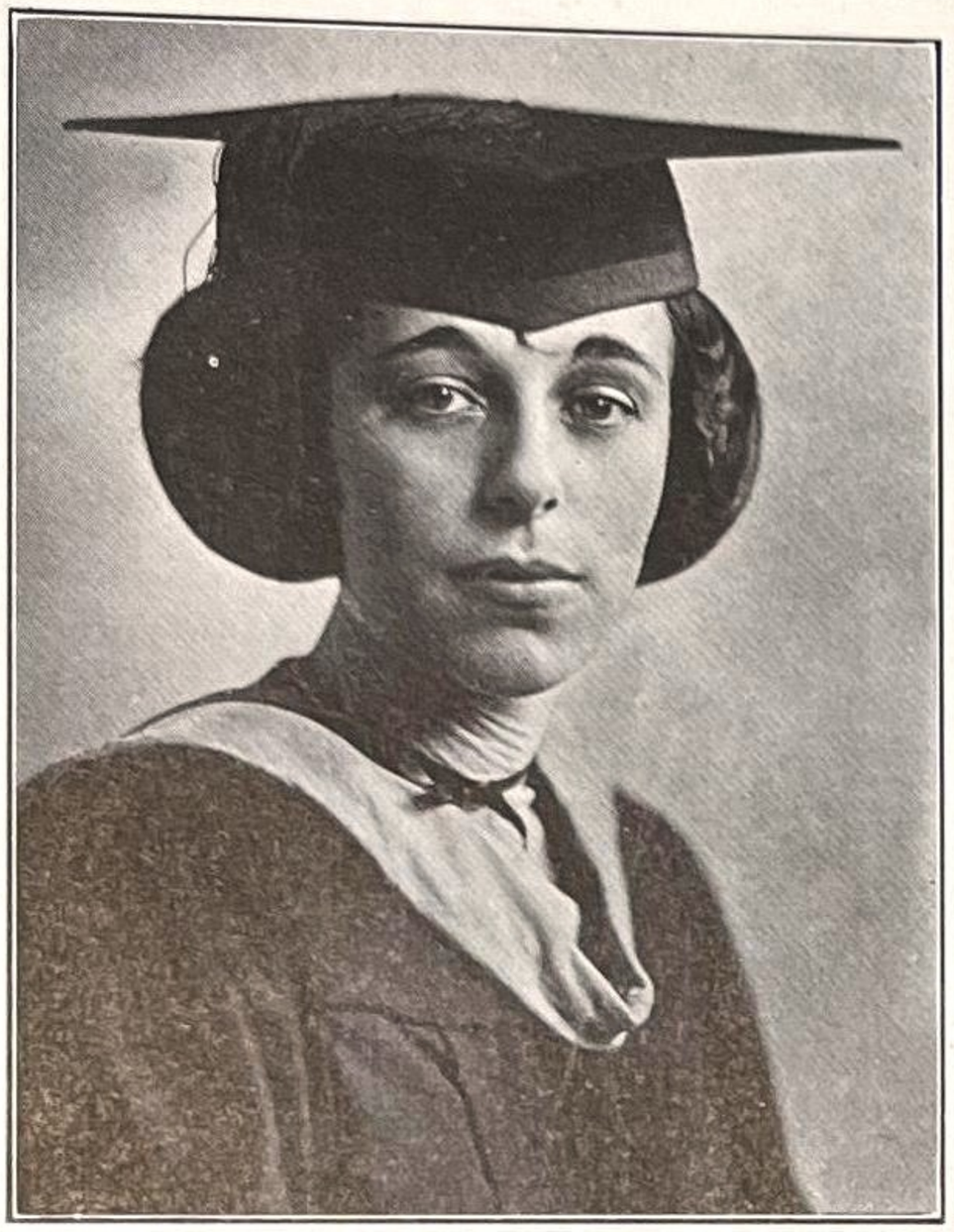
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

"A Dart of Blue"

Agnes came to us from the "world of mimic" in sunny California, of which her irresistible smile is a constant testimony, but principally of a sweetness in disposition that attracts a host of friends and makes her friendship a thing esteemed. Agnes' loyalty is divided between New York and California, for it is only of recent years that she belongs to the latter State; however, she is too sincere to deny California all its good points even though she may favor New York.

One would not suspect Agnes of having oratorical qualities until some one touches upon the subject of Ireland's oppression, then a volume of argumentation pours forth with such determination and vehemence that if one were Lloyd George himself he would come away in utter submission and at once issue a declaration of Ireland's freedom. But on certain days when it has slipped her mind that she is championing Ireland's cause and it is the time for exams or even a test she will invariably blink her big blue eyes rapidly and bite her finger nervously as she utters an emphatic "I know I'll flunk this time!" And as sure as she makes the exclamation she receives an enviable mark. Now we wonder is such a remark an aid to memory? Agnes always did love Latin, but she seems to be particularly attached to prose lessons. However partial she may be to Latin, English is her subject. Just ask her why. We must mention that she is closely related to "Aristotle" (as close as possible after so many years), which seems to account for her philosophical tendency. As a cook she is unexcelled even when the proper ingredients are scarce, and the lights are about to fade; as a nurse, well, just try being sick when she is around and you will think Florence Nightingale herself is attending you.

Quite a varied college career has been Agnes' experience. Previous to coming to Trinity this year she attended three different colleges, not because she is particularly bent on the study of human nature, but because an A. B. from Trinity was her goal. We regret that she could give Trinity but one year of her noble character. We dare not peek into her future, but we are certain that wherever she will be she will be a cause of happiness to those about her.



ROSALIA HARTMAN

BUFFALO, N. Y.

"The Tragic Comedian"

President of Dramatics Society, 4.
Chairman of Song Committee.
Treasurer Dramatics, 2.
Serenade Song Leader.

You say you fear the quiver of her eyelashes, the languor of her eyes, and even the shrug of those very diminutive shoulders? You speak of Miss Hartman, but you do not know "Our Rosey." Way back in Freshman days the thrill and lure of a blood-curdling detective story held her spellbound, even after the last flicker of the lights; so it took her mathematical precision and her reasoning powers to expound the theory of a candle, an umbrella, and of course, the story in question, and although her efforts were rewarded by a "to be continued," it was a fine idea. Naturally we would expect so "sylph-like" a person to be graceful, therefore we wonder if it was a case of awkwardness or a frantic search for the Dean that caused Rosalia to skip from fourth floor to third. She said she merely slipped, but a little slip caused her to fall hard. It does not seem indicative of Junior year, but in that year it was, that some unseen power drew Sister Mary to examine the tubs and in one she found not the spirit of "Christmas Past" but of "Rosalia Present." Even she appreciated the meek tones of "We were hiding from you, Sister Mary."

From our earliest acquaintance with Rosalia we have admired her, laughed at her, and been awestricken as she played her various dramatic roles; but when our girl friend donned the scholastic robes we sat up and took notice, for indeed we discovered seniority in our midst. But she has still remained "Our Rosalia," and now that she has followed the trail straight into our hearts we are hoping we can fasten the lock and keep her there—a friend for all times.

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HESTER VERONICA HEALEY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Glory be to the Bronx"

Vice-President of Current Events, 4.

Hester's first two years at Trinity were spent under the guidance of a big sister, but early in her Junior year she showed her independence and initiative and set to work in earnest to major Biology. But even this deep and gruesome study had no morbid effect upon her sportive nature, for we learned with horror that she had taken up hunting in her Senior year, and in a short time all the little microbes in Trinity's parlors had fallen victim to her dauntless courage. Since Sophomore year Hester has displayed a leaning toward the West and most any pleasant afternoon finds her starting off on foot in the direction of the setting sun. As to the motive for these trips, we have found out that even the "master mind" has succumbed to a liking for a certain sauce with an "old-fashioned" flavor; but if we may be so bold as to offer advice, we suggest that she carry out the "old-fashioned" ideas in other lines as well; and if she must hold hands, let her conceal the act in a more coquettish fashion than beneath a pan of gingerbread—the latter is so plebeian, and when one is a Jewel, the "Pat"-rician ideal is quite essential.

As the cow-bell betrays the cow and the klaxon, the Ford, so a spontaneous combustion of mirth resounding through the halls on every and all occasions lets us know the whereabouts of Hester. We might say that her jovial outbursts are a sure cure for the very worst case of the blues; and for any one disposed to a chance attack of glooms, we prescribe a brief contact with 65 O'Connor, for the rippling sounds of laughter heard thereabouts are contagious, to say the least. May the future hold for Hester as much gladness as we experienced on that great day, when she found that "Pippa's last name was Passes."



BARBARA ELIZABETH HERBERT

COLUMBIA, PA.

"Our Noise"

Assistant Businesss Manager of the TRINILOGUE.

Vice-President of Sodality, 4.

Senior Member of House Committee.

Secretary of Sodality, 3.

Vice-President of Pascal, 3.

Columbia, gem of Lancaster County; Lancaster County, the garden spot of the world; the land of Ummish, of Quakers, and of sociable, entertaining people. Do you know her home town?

A certain familiar exclamation from her lips means simply that Lib (which we call her for its associations) has made another break. She is forever getting herself into scrapes, but manages to Ha! Ha! out of them. No, no, you will find no use for an ear-trumpet, for as she will tell you, "My father was a trifle deaf."

In the early days of her college career, fraternal affection brought her many late "pers" and bonbons. She is an ardent exponent of "Girls, follow my example!" but where will that lead one?—to the bow-wows? Ask a certain Seminar-ian! !

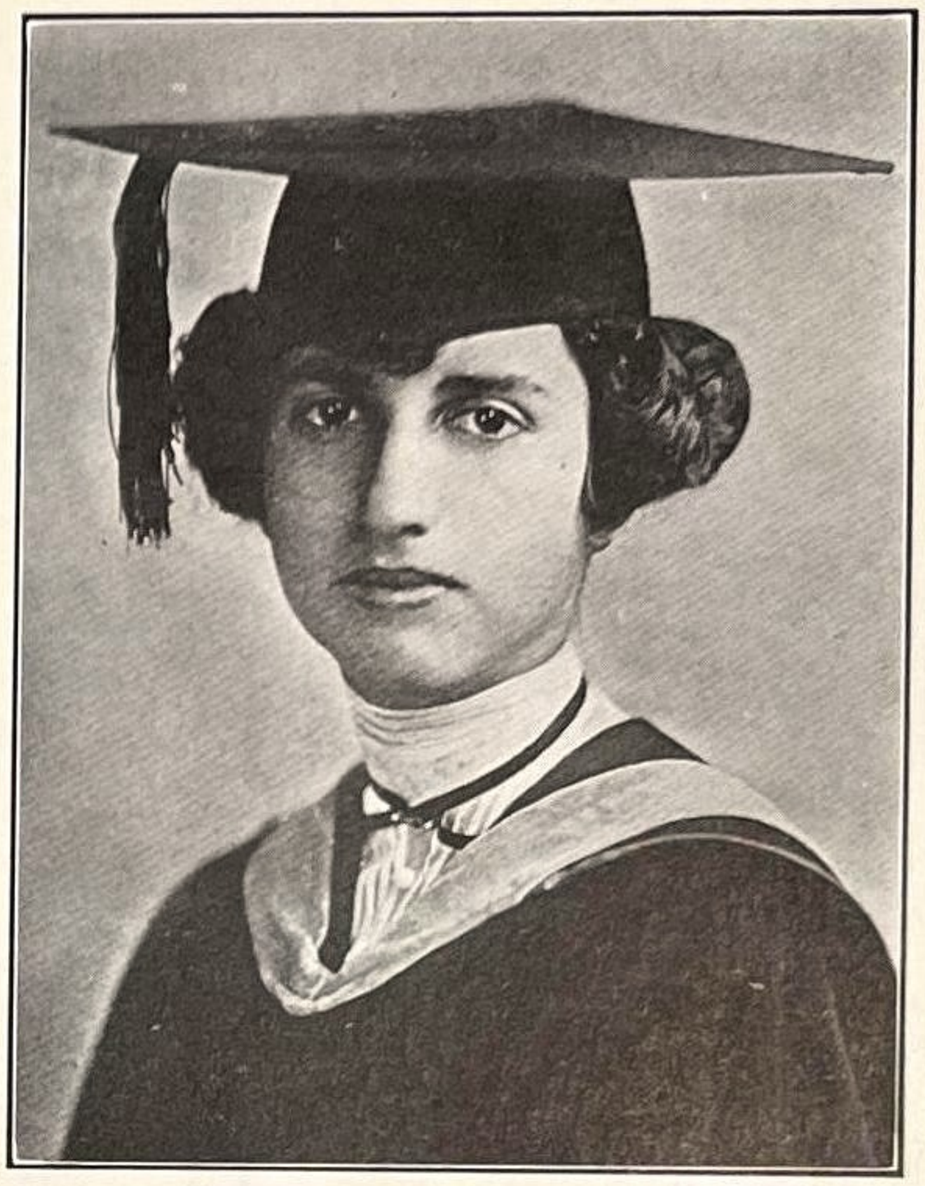
Liz (her most abhorred cognomen), when her turn came to "guard" against the Freshman spread, actually had locked her door and refused to open it. But then, one must remember that blondes show the wear of life, and early to bed, viz., 9:30 p. m., drives and keeps the "circles" away (she, a Math major, should know).

Though the "sweet" ministrations of a fair apothecary are needed at vespers, Lib desires to go home when she has a fever, be it heartburn or an escape from the "flu"-ridden Capital. Her fondness for the equestrian is such that possession is no obstacle to her mount (for further information, see the Dean, '22).

Could you forget her glee when her noble scratches and bruises received on the basketball court were rewarded with a coveted purple "T"? Verily, we heard it!

Her capacity of being a human questionnaire, prompted one professor to ask her, "What was the purpose of that question?"

However, one must not think that our Barbara is frivolous. No, she may make the world a livlier place to move in, but when the rest of us are over our homesickness and longing for "this time last week," she is just beginning to feel blue, but she reserves her tears for her own room, and shows us the sunshine bursting through the mist. May she reach her love-nest at the end of the rainbow and dispense love and laughter along the wayside.



MARGUERITE FELICIA HOPPER

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

"Much in Little"

Business Manager of the TRINILOGUE.
Class Secretary, 3.

When we returned Sophomore year, we found that the loss of another great institution of learning had been our enviable gain. Among our ranks we found one who had brought an indefinable air of superiority of viewpoint which is acquired only by those who have drained the cup of student life in Freshman days. From Wellesley she came to us with stories of that famed center which kept us in awe for several weeks.

"Hoppie" showed herself full of ambition and zeal from the very beginning and we all realized at once how clever she really was. Before long she won a place in the hearts of all, especially some of the upperclassmates. One of Marguerite's most enjoyable pastimes is regular attendance at all the latest theatrical performances and we hear that of all she has seen, she is certain that none can compare with "The O'Brien Girl."

She has taken an active part in all student and class activities and proved her sterling worth when she held the office of class amanuensis in Junior year. One of her most commendable characteristics is her business-like attitude which is displayed in the face of all difficulties and we can honestly say that to her untiring efforts as Business Manager of this volume we owe much of its success.

Lest we forget, we must give her the honor due for increasing the range of sports for women in Washington "bi" her striking initiative, and for having given her support to the D. C. newspapers in their efforts to augment the athletic field in this "cycle." Surely every one remembers this memorable event of Junior year so well that we need not say more.

In a word, Marguerite is a delightful companion of affable and pleasant disposition with a manner of quiet charm. She leaves Trinity with the best wishes of every member of '22 for a happy future crowned with success.

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MARY THÉRÈSE HUGENTUGLER

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Hop o' My Thumb"

Vice-President of Dramatics, 4.

It may be old but it is still true that "good things come in small packages"—at least that is what the Class of '22 found to be true in September of 1918 when the smallest of its members appeared in our midst. "Teresy," as this small Miss was nicknamed, soon had a definite mission to fulfill—as a tonic for Freshman blues and cloudy days Teresy had no rival—for dressed in bright red suit and strumming a ukulele with an ease never surpassed by shredded wheat wearers, she was joy enough to make any homesick little Miss forget the beauties of home scenery and Mother's biscuits. But sad to say, the ukulele career so brilliantly started was buried away and in its stead Teresy adopted a "horn." It took but a short time to find Mary Therese's optimistic, kind-hearted nature. It seems a shame to let this secret out—but she really is a Bolshevik—and beware, friend or enemy! Don't try to put anything over on Teresy! But no matter how hot the fire for anarchy is raging, our sister Bolshevik can always smile at the end of the fray and say: "You're the bunk!"

Wonder we must at what Dame Fortune holds in store for our smallest. Sometimes in our dreams of the future she seems to be behind the footlights, for her dramatic ability was a decided hit from the day she played the poor, overworked telephone girl. But then the picture fades away—another scene comes up. But can't you guess that plans in "specials" delivered at Trinity come true?



MARY GERTRUDE KELLEY

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"Unadulterated Truth"

Class Historian.
President of Pascal, 4.
Treasurer of Class, 2.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" has always been the motto of our jolly Mary G. When the Math room was a base hospital for the "flu" patients, it was Mary Sunshine who made us feel that if we were to die, we should "die laughing." Here in the Math room, then, we find her, first, last, and always, our own little Math star. In underclassmen days, when Math did not occupy her, Morpheus claimed her, and wooed her, perhaps, to the strains of a violin.

"Spreads" have ever appealed to Mary, her especial treat being "Blushing Bunny." "If you want to go to town, you must look in the Book," but if ever you want to go a-gathering golden memories, just go to Mary G. Her Memory Book contains the record of the happiest days of all of us.

Fate was very kind to Mary, Junior year, for, in dealing out the cards, she gave her "the King of Hearts," and Mary declared that she not only received the King but the trump. In upperclassmen days, too, we note an accentuated domestic ability. Our Math star would have an artistic room. To save the "Bebe," she enlisted the services of her friends to hang pictures and move furniture. The friends were only too willing, but counted their efforts as "Love's Labor Lost," when within a fortnight, they found the "Bebe" on the piano, rehanging the art collection in geometrical progression, with "Nippon" first in order. Far be it from us to "mawtify" Mary; we came not only to lend our services; for many are the favored who have traveled the road of Personality and Hospitality to "Rome Inn."



EMMA KENNING

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"The Little Rebel"

Emma descended upon the erstwhile calm and quiet of Trinity, in her Junior year, and immediately we all sat up and took notice. Her snappy black eyes, her cheery "Hello, there!" her unaffected naturalness, her keen sense of humor, and her philosophical attitude in regard to study in general and English 15 in particular endeared her to us at once. Her vocal efforts and her nightly exercises were a source of much disturbance to the staid (?) inhabitants of South Hall. To the distracted proctors she was known as the "noisiest girl on the corridor," and who can forget the impromptu entertainments en costume and à la Pavlowa, followed by ice cream and chocolate sauce? Be it known that Emma could consume a quart (of ice cream) and then call for more, her capacity having been known to fail but once, on that memorable occasion when she bobbed her hair. But her enthusiasm became a decidedly minus quantity when the question of attending classes was involved, and with what a profound and unconscious dignity did she amble into class any time after roll had been called. Nevertheless, the little rebel is quite equal to the much-heralded Senior dignity. In fact, she was so impressed by her new-found liberties that it took a Saturday campus to bring her to the full realization that one eight a week is an undeniable right, two, an unheard of privilege.

Emma's activity on the basket-ball field is a delight to behold. She can stick to a ball in true postage-stamp fashion and a more determined, more courageous little fighter would be hard to find. Last and best of all, our little Rochesterian has the happy faculty of always seeing the funny side of things, and her ready sympathy, her unaffected sincerity and unquestioning generosity have smoothed over many a rough place for those who are fortunate enough to have had her for a friend. Here's to you, Em, and may the future bring you some return of the happiness you have given us.



MARTHA LOUISE KUNKEL

CINCINNATI, OHIO

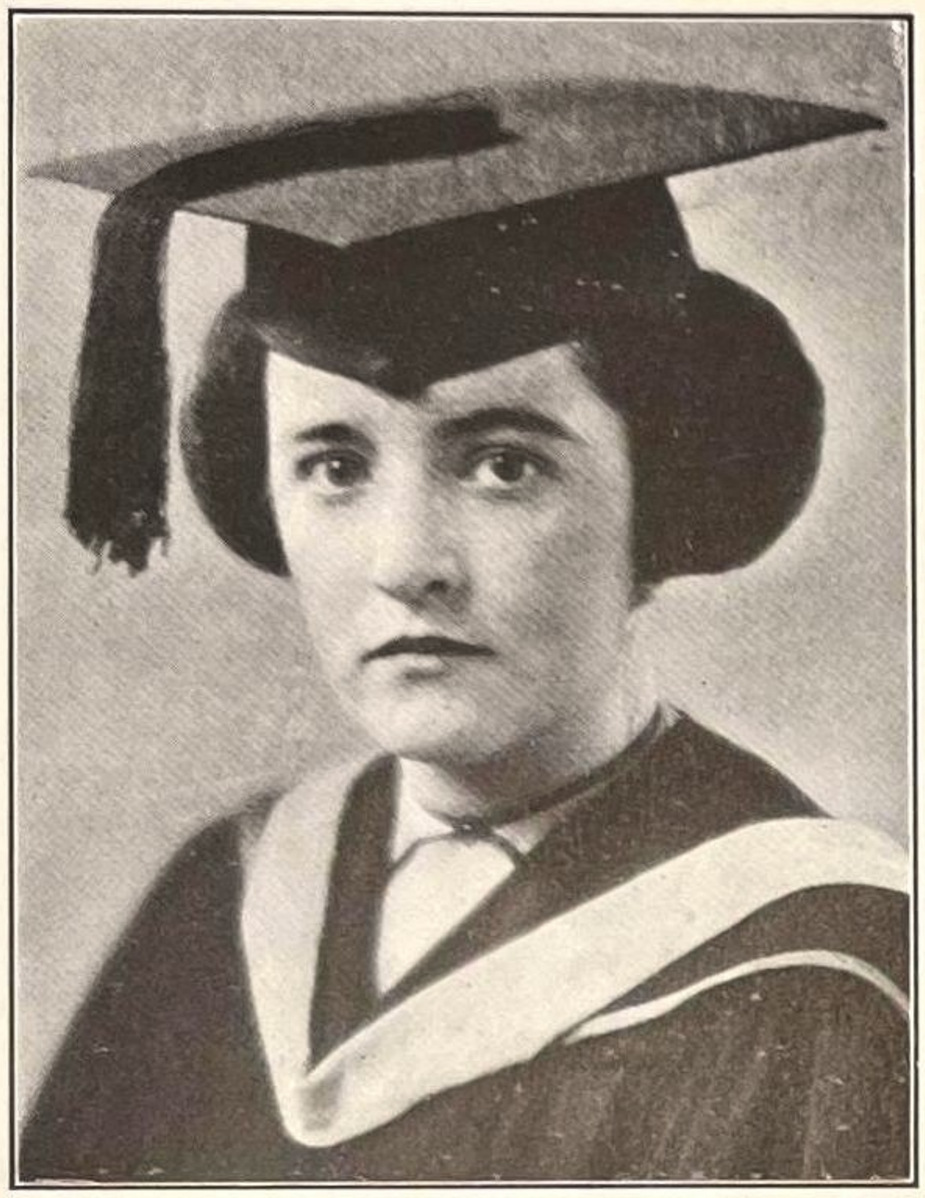
"Gem of the Ocean"

Martha Louise she is to the casual acquaintance, but to those who have shared her friendship and know that beneath that dignified manner there is a truly lovable and generous nature, "Mart" seems more characteristic. Even as far back as Freshman days, "Mart" has shown us various phases of her versatility. It was then she first developed her decided liking for the water, and she easily excelled in the aquatic sports. And certainly her notebooks have always had a large circulation, indeed, some of us preferred them to our own. Although just in passing may we mention her dramatic ability, since Mart is so strict a censor and refuses to let us go further into the subject, still her talent in this line has not been small. We also wonder if Mart's family were responsible for the popular song, "Say it with Music," for her practice hours have long been the bane of her existence.

Lest you gain the impression that Mart confines her activities solely to Trinity, we hasten to add that were it not for Mart, the Senior mail would be greatly lessened, for she is the recipient of daily letters from almost every "Port," to say nothing of telegrams, specials, flowers, and what her roommate appreciates most—candy.

It has been said that Mart's Memory Book contains more dance programs and football trophies than the average, and why not? With two brothers at Georgetown to sponsor her, and innumerable week-end trips to Annapolis, she still finds time to go home by way of New York, though every one knows she lives in quite another direction.

We might go on indefinitely without doing justice to Mart, so it will suffice to say that she has ever been the loyalest of loving friends, and we know that in the future her charming personality and winning smile will ever be an assurance of happiness for her.



JOSEPHINE PATRICIA LEONARD

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

"The Twentieth Century Sphinx"

President of Trinititians, 4.
Vice-President of Glee Club, 4.
Vice-President of Trinititians, 3.
Secretary of Trinititians, 2.
Treasurer of Athletics, 2.
Student Government Representative, 1.

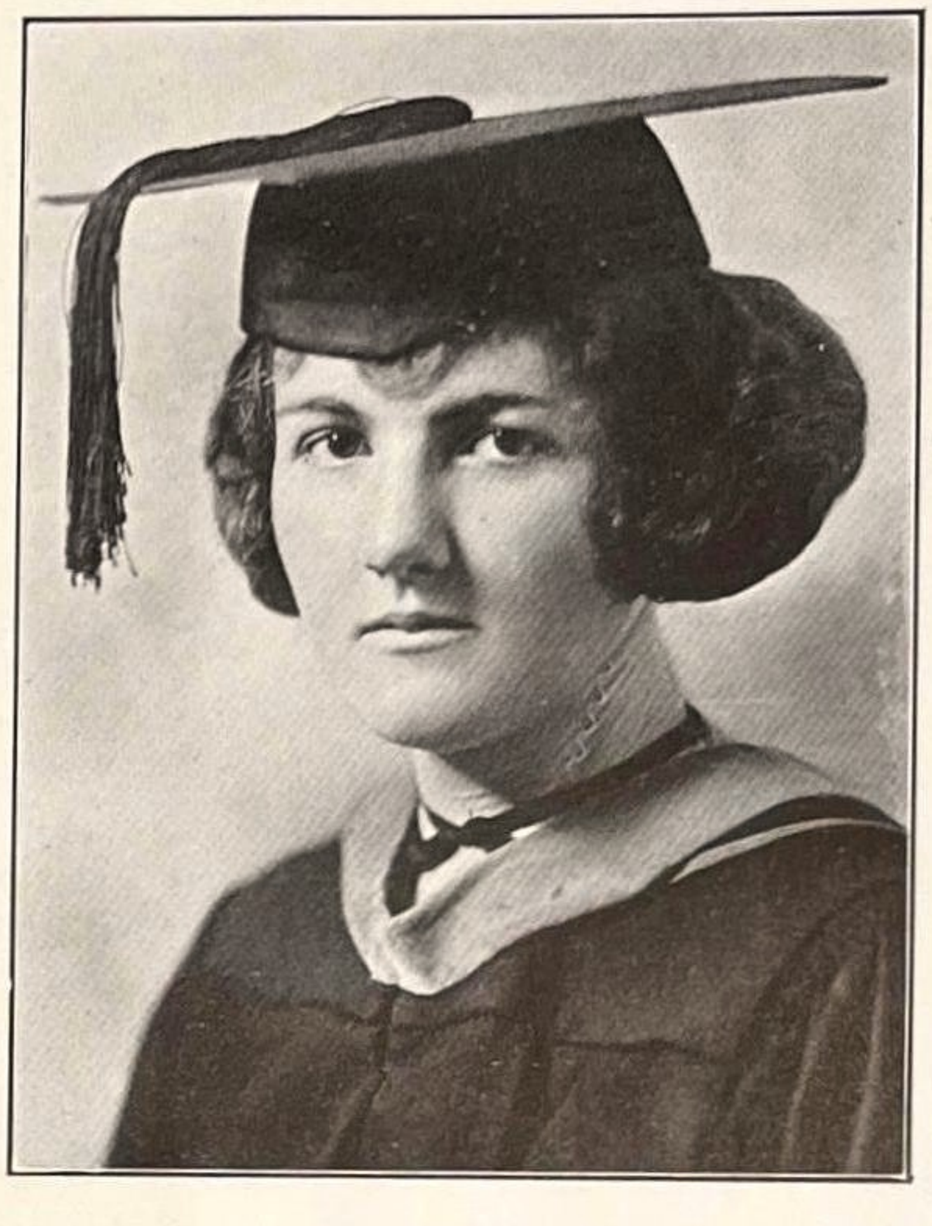
The "Queen of the Titians" is the queen of many hearts as well. Ever since those early days when she was one of the original dwellers in "Red-headed Row," she won and has kept her distinctive place in our estimation. She used to aspire to the Doctor's profession and no one could ever doubt her ability. Wherever there was need of medical aid "Jo" was there to be the doctor. Many of us at some time or other have benefited by her many acts ot kindness constantly bestowed upon us.

Jo claims some of the celebration on March seventeenth for herself, as she shares that day with St. Patrick as her birthday. Green and white hold first place in her heart but she holds no aversion even for pink linen dresses, as we saw Freshman year when, much to the consternation of the Sophomores, she contrasted bright pink with her Titian hair.

"That tall, long-armed guard" best describes Jo on the basket-ball court, and thus we let no game go on without her. Senior year brought to light the title "Our Jose." "Mystic notes ring soft and clear" when Jo favors us with that well-known alto which is one of Glee Club's main supports. She is addicted to sudden and totally unexpected outbursts of laughter, usually when all else is quiet. She is a strong adherent to the art of silence. After listening to her give her opinion on any topic under discussion we are sure that speech is as golden as silence. We know that it was "Our Jose" who was the ideal about whom Kipling was thinking when he wrote the following lines:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before."

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RUTH HEIDE LEYENDECKER

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Little Old New York"

President of Student Government.
President of Class, 2.
Treasurer of Building Fund, 2 and 3.
Treasurer of Wekenduit Society, 2.

Ruth was true to our colors from the very first, but on November 10th of Freshman year, the exciting moment of the plot occurred. Thenceforth she was doubly faithful to the "Greene." Despite the fact that she talked all night, she resented the forcible removal of her bed clothes. We feared for Ruth when she joined the Wekanduits and little did we believe that her hopes of reform could materialize. '19 held a warm place in Ruth's heart and her desire for reminders of this class may be responsible for the oft-heard cry, "Give me the loan of the negative." The same reason may be assigned to her many visits to New York during Sophomore year until her duties as President second semester claimed her attention. Here and as Treasurer of the Building Fund, she was always "efficient" and exhibited the "New York up-to-dateness and go" of which she boasts.

The bugbears of Junior year rested lightly on her shoulders, thanks to her almost unbelievable drag with the powers that be. Always absent at preparation, always present at presentation; was it drag or verbosity which allowed her to be a lady of leisure at the nocturnal banquets of the Hungry Eight? "Lady of leisure" then, perhaps, but not always, for in Sophomore and Junior years she exhibited all the excellent qualities of a dashing young hero in our masterful dramatic presentations. How unfortunate that Ruth was not born with red hair, since both Natalie and a certain member of the Faculty are Titians! Senior year found her in a position to make a name for "posterity" as President of S. G. A. Her duties as executive ended only when her duties as hostess began, when Sophomores vied with Freshmen for a place on the "bed of roses." At that time her shorn locks appeared in the glory of a permanent wave. She sought "atmosphere" in many places, but realized that Riverside offered the crown and she cherishes the hope that "some day waiting will end."



JOSEPHINE LYON

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Vogue"

Vice-President of Classical.
President of Class, 1.
Treasurer of Class, 3.

"Now are you Miss Josephine Lyons or Lyon?" Most emphatically "Jo" Lyon, who with her winning ways, captured our hearts as our first President and guided us through our baby days at Trinity. She overcame her attack of the "Freshman Blues" and the "Flu" by a visit home long before one was due her.

It has always been a mystery to us why Jo didn't major Biology when it was generally known that periods in that subject were her hours of meditation. Maybe it was the fact that there were not enough cats, the feline kind, of course, to go around, that otherwise influenced her. We wonder if Irving Berlin knows that he isn't entitled to a first copyright on "Say it with Music." That was said to Jo on Valentine's day, with the arrival of a Vic at 25 South, not from a Jew but a gentile Paul. This year the canned music is forbidden, but the Audubon Society would never permit the censure of a "tweet-tweet of a Bird."

In Jo's college career there never shone a star, but she has reflected light on "Rand" and "Renk," who say it with candy and flowers. Jo never joined the class of those with spare dance permissions, like many of us poor mortals, for the dance permissions ran out long before the dances did. Of course, at dances "Miss Lyon is too much of a lady to illusion anyone in regard to her gown."

Bills, other than greenbacks and those received on the first of the month, play an important part in Jo's life. There's Father Bill, Brother Bill, and—How'd we mention others? At school Jo has always been ready to meet the occasion, whether it be an assignment or a Tea Dance, and although as to the future she is wary, we know she will be able to master whatever fate holds in store for her, in spite of her "Vailed" past.



GRACE WILHELMINA McDERMOTT

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

"Delightfully Feminine"

Secretary of Class, 3, 4.

Imagine the Bebe's consternation upon entering the station for her first Christmas vacation (after all those weeks of waiting), at having her Dad give her the cut direct. But, you see, Grace Wilhelmina had been broadened—in more weighs than one—during her four months at college. Indeed, in that short time, she had had many experiences. The flu was an experience for all of us, but none of us had the distinction of being the first patient in the ward, and the last to be discharged. She lost her voice during quarantine, but it came back—yes, indeed—witness her debate Sophomore year and her contributions to the arguments of the "Rome Inns!" Her History and English recitations have ever been a delight to us, for her voice is low and well-modulated—"an excellent thing in woman."

She bobbed her hair Sophomore year in Maytime, and there was much discussion in Junior year whether it was red or no. But "Old Lady 31" returned, as a Senior, with her hair done up, since it was not dignified to wear Cap and Gown with hair bobbed.

She would always C. U. at the dances and football games, if you were fortunate enough to be there. In her sight-seeing tours (she is quite a Walker) she has always especially admired Arlington, but the reason she did not State; and the Southerners, too, have always appealed to her. Historically speaking, she was glad that Texas was annexed. All ways we will remember her, but especially in her own little pose—arms akimbo, head cocked, peering down the corridor kitchenette-wards. Her partiality for toast and coffee at 10 p. m. was ever apparent.



ALICE KIDNEY McLARNEY

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

"Always ready for a fight or a fire"

Vice-President of Christ Child, 4.
Assistant Editor of *The Record*, 4.

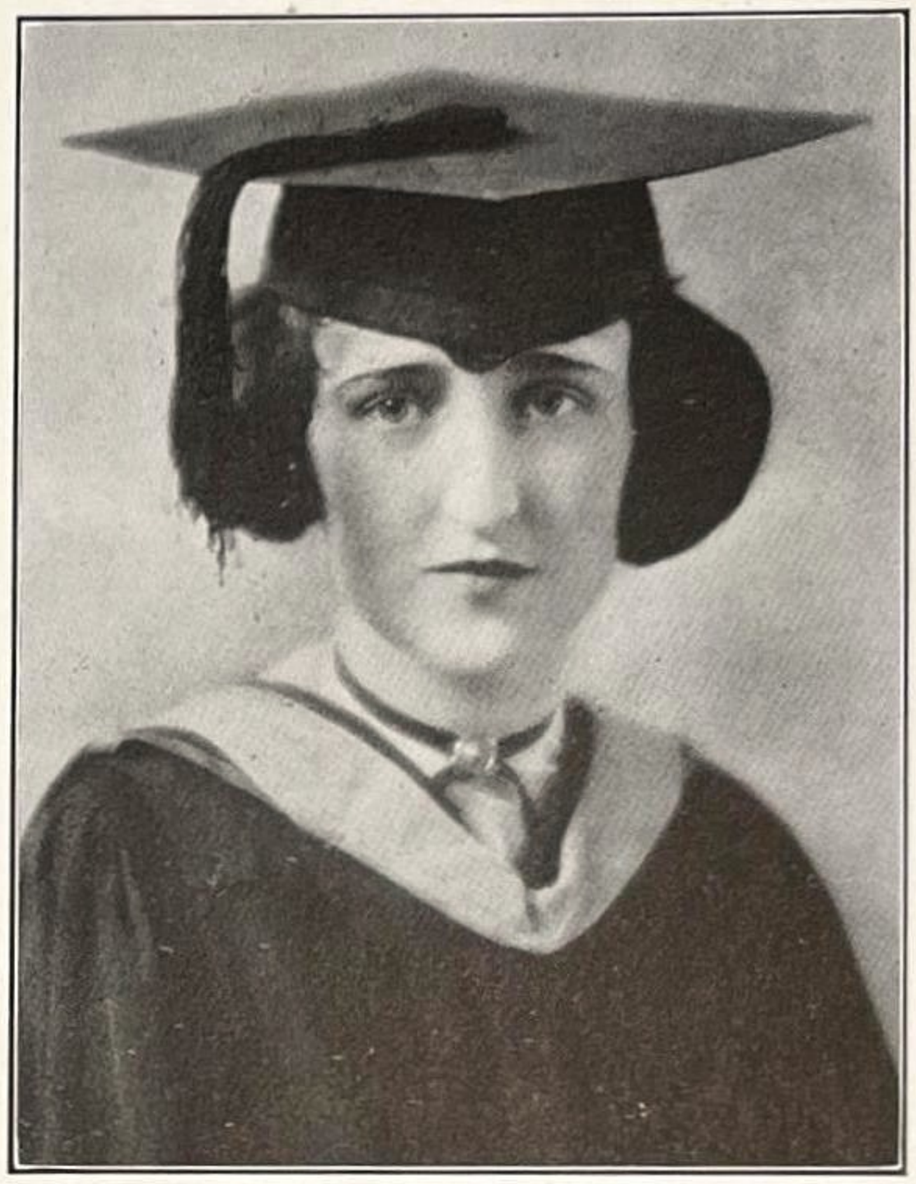
Who is the small person gliding down the hall with a rhythmical twist to her shoulders, that reminds one of "ze Nazimova" at her wildest? With what consummate art she opens wide her eyes only to lower them in a bored fashion as if to say, "Oh, it's only you, is it?" But did you notice that there is a slight upward tilt to her nose, and have you heard her laugh? Alice, for the small person is none other than Miss McLarney from "Little Old New York," occasionally lets forth an unconventional howl, but often she laughs just as only a being with a sense of humor can. It must be admitted, however, that she sees the point of a joke some time between sunrise and sunset, the day after hearing it.

Like the good Irishman she is, she hates some things English, but not English literature, and its chief exponent at Trinity. As a pastime, she runs a foreign bureau, and looks after the neglected and homesick. Her accomplishments are truly awe-inspiring. Who can equal the "child"-like grace with which she spears an innocent pork chop, and tosses it on a plate, or her dexterous verbal fencing in class, when she has forgotten to do the assignment? The line about the brook could well be applied to her *lingual* powers:

"Men may come, men may go, but I go on forever."

She is not an Easter bunny, of course, she never claimed to be, but she emulates that remarkable animal in her fondness for bestowing eggs—perhaps that is simply her way of testing the quality of friendship.

She is clever, but something more. She writes poetry—not free verse—and delightful prose. She believes in fairies and all such nice things. Boy, page Sir James Barrie. I'm sure he'd like Alice.



MABEL McNAMARA

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"Vanity Fair"

The trio of the "three graces" would not be complete without Mabel. With her baby voice she introduced herself into Trinity with "I'm Mabel McNamara from Bridgeport, C-o-n-n-e-c-t-i-c-u-t." Freshman year proved eventful for "Mapes," when the hazing party was raised to the dignity of a concert and she was asked to sing. On another occasion during a swimming lesson she was instructed to strike out alone, and calling for help, was rescued from the brink of destruction, only to find the water knee deep.

As far as work is concerned, Mab's motto has been, "If study interferes with pleasure, give up study." Consequently while the rest of us were cramming for a test, Mabel stepped out to a more agreable pastime.

The subject of cases is a delicate one, but Mabel's career at Trinity would not be complete unless light was thrown on the hours of darkness. "Up in Mabel's Room" became a popular slogan with a certain group of Freshmen, and they vied with each other to win her favor.

'22 claims Mabel as its leading linguistic light, for she has the distinction of being the only B. L. in the Class. Speaking of letters we "Relly" could say very much, but we needs must refrain.

Judging by the retort of one of her friends, "We tell jokes, Mabel, but we don't explain them," we're inclined to think there is a little English in McNamara. Did you ever meet one of those happy-go-lucky girls who just winks her eye, and laughs at the worst? Well, that's Mapes all over. You've simply got to feel at home with Mabel; she has that way of coming out on top, whether it's work or play. In later years, if she keeps on working her way into other hearts as she has ours, her friends will be innumerable.



LILLIAN JANE MANGANARO

WATERBURY, CONN.

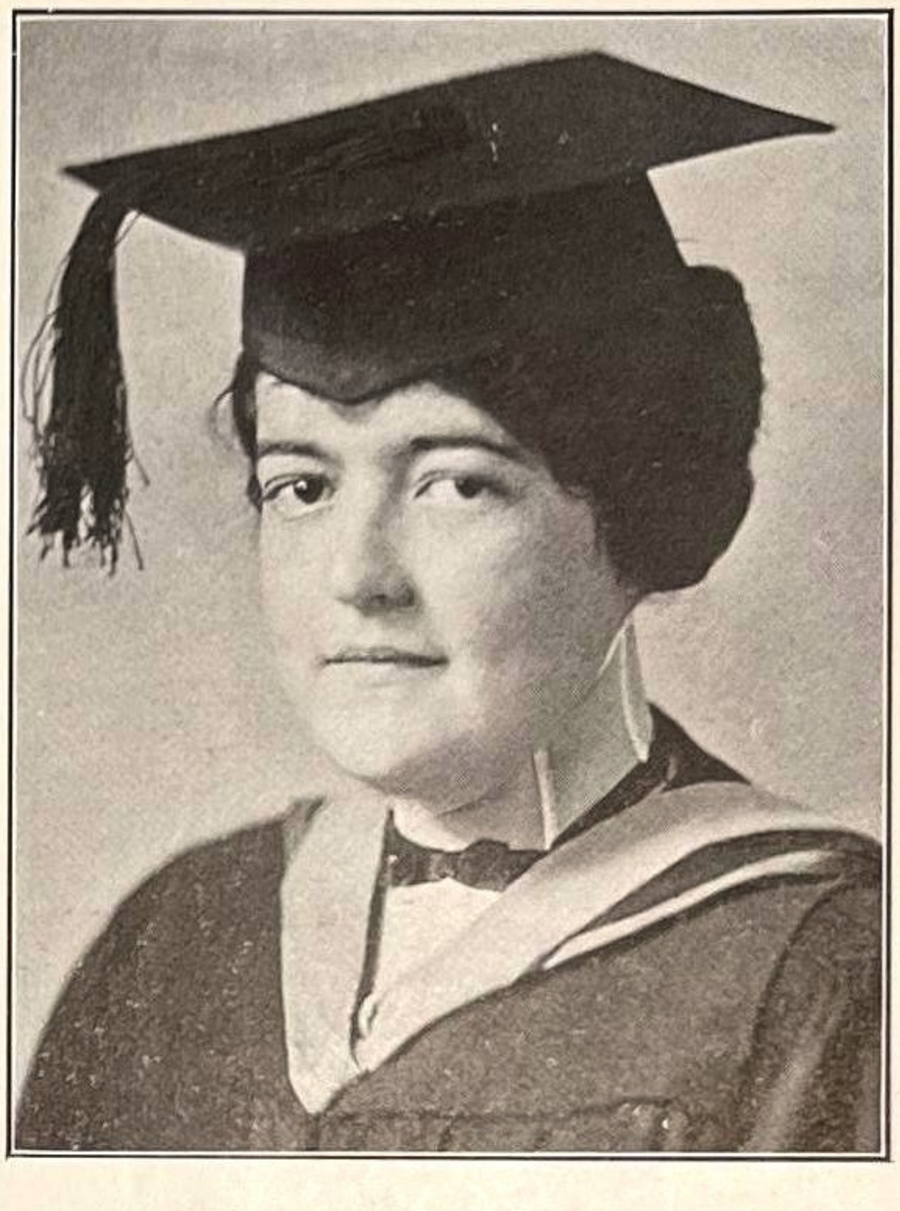
"Silent Accomplisher"

President of Christ Child, 4.

Can any good come out of Mathematics? Those who have wrestled long with that difficult subject are inclined to cry in despair. Yet the study seems to produce some admirable characters. According to one of its most unfortunate victims, it should inculcate patience and self-restraint, if nothing else. At all events, Lillian is not one to be daunted by such a subject and her abilities in that direction are admired by some English students as, they hope, she admires theirs in other fields—which is rather obscure but like modern verse, is "meant" to mean a great deal.

She has constituted herself chief asker and passer for a certain table toward the upper end of the dining-hall, and she does not hesitate to fill her spare seconds with French conversation, as most of us are inclined to do. Her chief remaining function is to act as a buffer between "Ireland and hostile nations," or more rarely, between "school spirit" and lack of it. She does manage to eat a little, however, although she scorns sugar—one of the deplorable effects of the war.

She spends her odd moments gathering recruits for Christ Child, or dressing dolls for the same society. Her bed and board, in a very literal sense, are always open to those who care to take advantage of her hospitality. And the best of the matter is that she never looks for proofs of gratitude; a great comfort this to undemonstrative souls! In spite of her eastern rearing, she shows a preference for Californian products; she certainly gives spreads with one. Perhaps it is too much to expect that her thoughts will dwell continually on the city where she has spent the greater part of the last four years, but its inhabitants may hope that she will sometimes turn them in that direction.



ELEANOR URSULA MONAHAN

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

"Unruffled"

President of Current Events Society, 4.
Secretary of Current Events Society, 3.
Treasurer of Current Events Society, 2.

They say there's not much in a name, but there may be a lot in letters, for did not the source of Monty's admiration for '19 begin with an "E"? Nor is this similarity limited to letters—who does not know that Eleanor requires hours for her morning libations? With her big eyes looking forth childishly, she certainly appeared an innocent darling, though we soon found that no "fall" whatsoever could keep her from preferring the "other kind." Since Sophomore year she has graced 4th Floor South, but being unfamiliar at first, she would knock on her own door and then call, "Come in."

We've said she was shy, but as Secretary of Current Events in Junior year she was the cause of one young Freshman's joining the society just to gaze at her in wrapt admiration. When Monty decided to become sylph-like, we wonder if it was part of the exercise to walk to Graduate Hall, or was she seeking inspiration for English 4? At least these frequent jaunts agreed with her complexion. Three long years of college education were necessary to make her emotional but the results were admirably disclosed one memorable night in May. We found in the line of Seniors our Monty, with her subtle wit and humor clothed in scholastic garb. No wonder, we think, that she is a "revelation" to many, for it was not until Senior year that she disclosed her real self to them. As night after night the clock struck one or two, Monty tried to live up to the Scriptural admonition, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Although we are sure that she will always be a true Bostonian, we sometimes wonder if her love for her "native land" will not call her forth to brave the perils of the sea in order to glide slowly along the watery ways of Venice.



MARGARET CATHERINE MULLEN

BANGOR, ME.

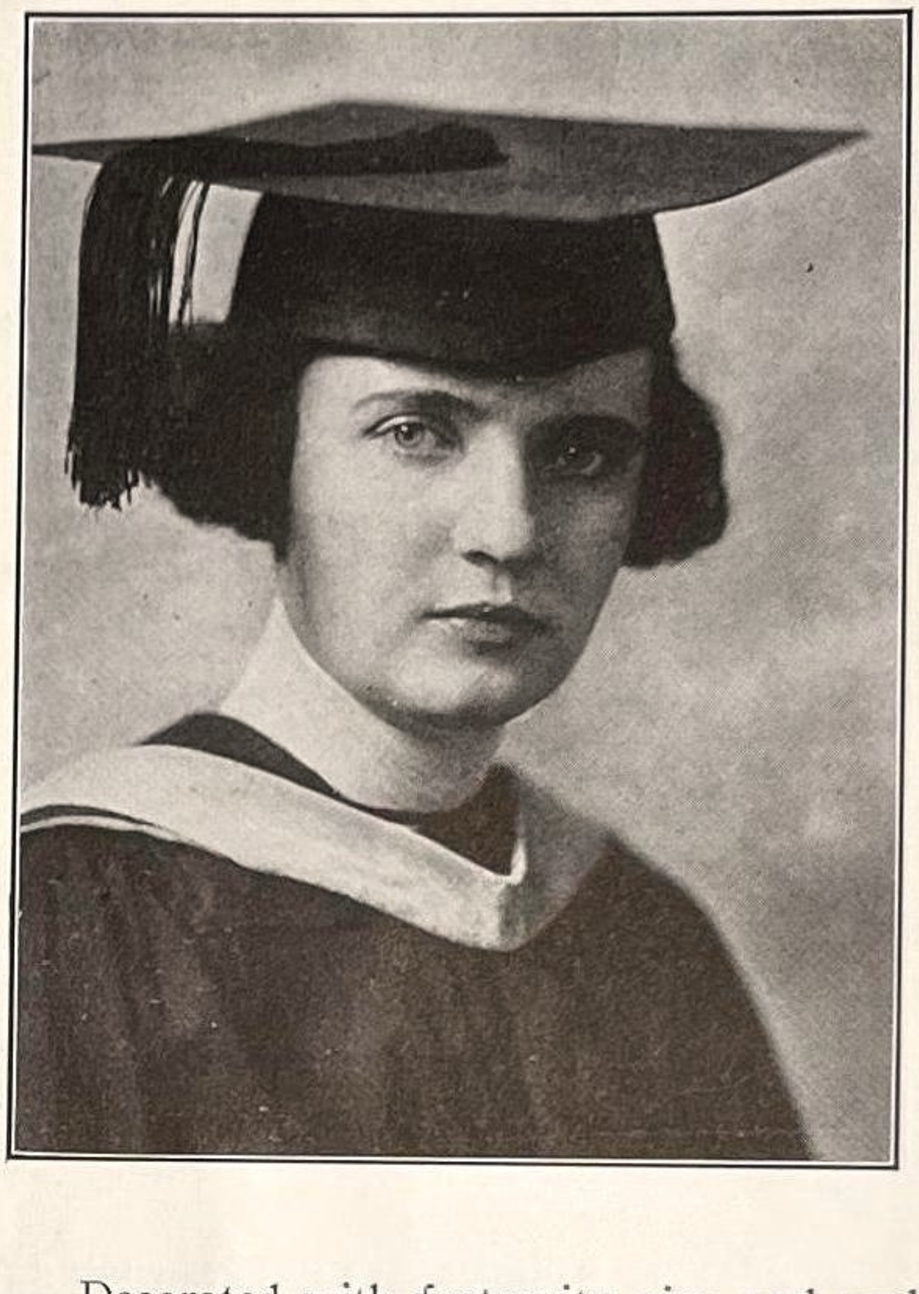
"Veni, Vidi, Vici"

Assistant Business Manager of TRINILOGUE.

Kay came from the Maine-line, escorted by her father, in September, 1918, even within the walls of Trinity. Falling immediately upon "her twin," the two became quite inseparable, and as roommates their reputation for "arguments" became widespread.

Every Fall Kay's friends greet a chum who is just a bit wittier, just a bit more entertaining, just a bit dearer than the year before. She is one of our surprise packages, and we love to discover her latest trick. First of all, Kay has reversed the ordinary course of development observed among students, and little by little the dignified reserve of Freshman days has faded, and at each step new friends have come closer to the intimate circle, until around the still dignified, but not so reserved Miss Mullen there is often found a group indulging in quite unseemly and strictly contraband gales of laughter at her most recent quip. "Well, there, it's all decided" is her signal that everything is set for a good time, and the amount of fun she can crowd into one day is really very appalling, for when energy and a thoroughly practical turn of mind combine to do something, it's a safe bet that that something is going to be a success.

With the news that her roommate's younger sister was to enter Trinity began a frantic search for enlarged quarters, and after thoughts of the cold, dark marble corridor at five a. m., any house hunter will find a corner in Kay's generous heart. The new apartment which has been established in South Hall has seen so many parties and other telltale scenes of college life that we hate to think of how soon it all must end, and especially are we loath to part from this faithful companion of our years at Trinity. She has, however, all the sterling qualities of a true-blue friend, and we can still look forward to the lasting happiness of her friendship in the big outside world and feel that we can rely upon her there as we have always done here at Trinity.



MONICA MARY MURPHY

REYNOLDS, N. D.

"Discretion"

Assistant Business Manager of *The Record.*

Decorated with fraternity pins and seals, and educated in the arts of a co-ed college, Monica arrived at Trinity two years late. The storied wilds of the West and the booming city of Grand Forks had not manifested themselves in this "reserved" young lady, but "still waters run deep." In scarcely eight weeks she left us for a very gay and festive week-end in Philadelphia, but she found the Quaker City not following Quaker pursuits. We wonder if the fountain pen was in any way a hint and if it was responsible for "his" trip for the Trinity Dance. Her excitement of going home at Christmas was equalled only by the excitement of the "old home town," when the "Oriental Limited" was flagged at Reynolds for Monica. "Say, kid," they do that usually for Senators only. Did it happen then, because a Senator's son was implicated in the case? Fortunately the automobile laws did not interfere with the Marmon chummy roadster last year. She found late classes at Trinity quite in contrast to the late dances at the "U."

With the last of her classes Junior year came the last of her locks, and Senior year found her in the ranks of the "Bobbed Heads." Monica could hardly be called an Epicurean, since the joys of a planked steak could not lure her from the attraction at the other end of the phone. We have decided that there must be some deep motive underlying her ardent pursuit of the English courses, but not having the eyes of the Sybil, we are not able to foresee to what use it will be put in the wheat fields of the Red River Valley.



CAROL O'BRIEN

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Charming Inconsistency"

Before the Christmas serenade, we heard that several new carols had been added to the Senior repertoire. But previous to that, our first and prettiest Carol had already been welcomed by the Class of '22 on Cap and Gown Sunday.

Carol was not a complete stranger, having had a sister in '21. But not for long did we refer to her as Ruth's sister, for we found to our delight that she has a personality all her own. Her originality and attractiveness soon won for her distinct recognition, along with her athletic tendencies, which extended to basket-ball, tennis, and even to hiking in the rain. Yet to see her "racked on bed of pain," or to hear her exclaim, "My health isn't of the best, I'm simply ill and most unhappy; life isn't worth living!" you would never guess how husky she really is. The "delicate" face is deceiving. For, the next minute you will be surprised to see her cavorting down the corridor giggling happily, and announcing to all that she is feeling "very agile." This latter is particularly true after an agonizing (to others as well as to herself) cold morning dip in the Fifth Floor Pool.

Besides French and Latin, Carol also has a strong attachment for "plebeian food." In fact, it is not uncommon to hear her say, "I crave food; nice, sensible food, like a tall glass of creamy milk." And although abstaining from candy, she just can't resist any one who chews limedrops in her presence. Recent fiction finds in her a ready reader, and what would seem paradoxical—so do the problems in that peppy magazine, *Mathematics and Science*. Her success as an architect is already assured.

Perhaps there is something in a name, for Carol possesses a deep love of music, a sweet, attractive nature, and a "line" that is never failing.



JESSIE O'CONNELL

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Contentment"

Assistant Business Manager of the TRINILOGUE.

"Sweet Jessie O'Connell, almost every one knows," but if we would penetrate deeply into her happy college career, we must consider countless changes that have been wrought, altering Jessie's interests to a marked degree. She first won our hearts when during her initial year at Trinity, we heard her sing, "They're always pickin' on me," and her ability to impersonate a little child was so remarkable that she featured at several of the entertainments given in our Freshman days. We are not surprised to learn that Jessie's family called her "Jimmy Nails," for her power to assume the character of an unruly child later revealed itself when at the beginning of Sophomore year a tragic event occurred which deprived her of all dance permissions; mysteriously the square neck in the back of her evening dress had taken the shape of a "V," much to the horror of the authorities at Trinity. As a consequence, Jess was obliged to sacrifice her numerous invitations to the proms, until the Trinity dance, when Brother Tom arrived as a hero to the cause.

Sophomore and Junior years will be recorded as the "golden age" in Jessie's college life, for it was then that her unbroken peace and contentment evidenced themselves to all who knew her. She never chose to let a single day pass without a stroll down the "pike" or a trip to the down-town districts where, as the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," she was wafted above in the realms of girlish delight. You may ask curiously, was she alone? Knowing Jessie for these four years, need I tell you?

No one has shown more splendid class spirit during her Senior year than did Jessie. Her untiring efforts on various committees have been remarkable, and she accomplished everything that she undertook. As regards the lasting friendships which she has made, her slogan, "quality not quantity," was applied, and she adhered closely to the principle—"If you wish to have a friend, be one." All who know Jessie recognize in her a charming disposition and the amiable faculty for spreading sunshine after a rain.

With a keen sense of appreciation, we observe Jessie as a loyal member of '22, and as one who will better those who will come under her influence. We extend to her our heartiest wishes for the greatest success in the future and trust that before many years, she will come to the realization of the hopes and plans that have come to her since she joined the ranks of '22.



MARY GERTRUDE O'DONNELL

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"Pep and Geniality"

Vice-President of Eurydice.
Assistant Editor of *The Well.*
Class Soloist.

First room on the left, O'Connor Hall—here's where one may find Mary G., who is ready at all times to supply one's various needs, whether it be advice, cheer, news, or music. Of the latter you may have your choice—violin, voice, or piano. The most in demand, however, is her voice, and in all college concerts, choir or class entertainments, on every occasion, she has enthralled us with her singing. We shall especially remember her rendering of those haunting melodies, "By the Waters of Minnetonka" and "Oh, Moon of My Delight."

Mary G. rivals Doctor K. M. Blackford in her ability to read character at sight. She can "take off" people to perfection, and her sense of humor is keenest of the keen for appreciating situations.

Of her "weaknesses" one may mention hot waffles at the "Copper Bowl," face veils that give a "diffused aspect to one's features," Political Science classes, stories about the childhood pranks of Hugh and Frank, chocolate peppermints, and Orange Pekoe, and last but not least, the Trinity Box at the National.

Although she did not come until Junior year, Mary G. quickly won the affections of the Class by her charming personality, her kindliness, generosity, and pep. Her optimism, adaptability, and sympathetic understanding have won for her popularity among all at Trinity.



MARIE THERESE O'REILLY

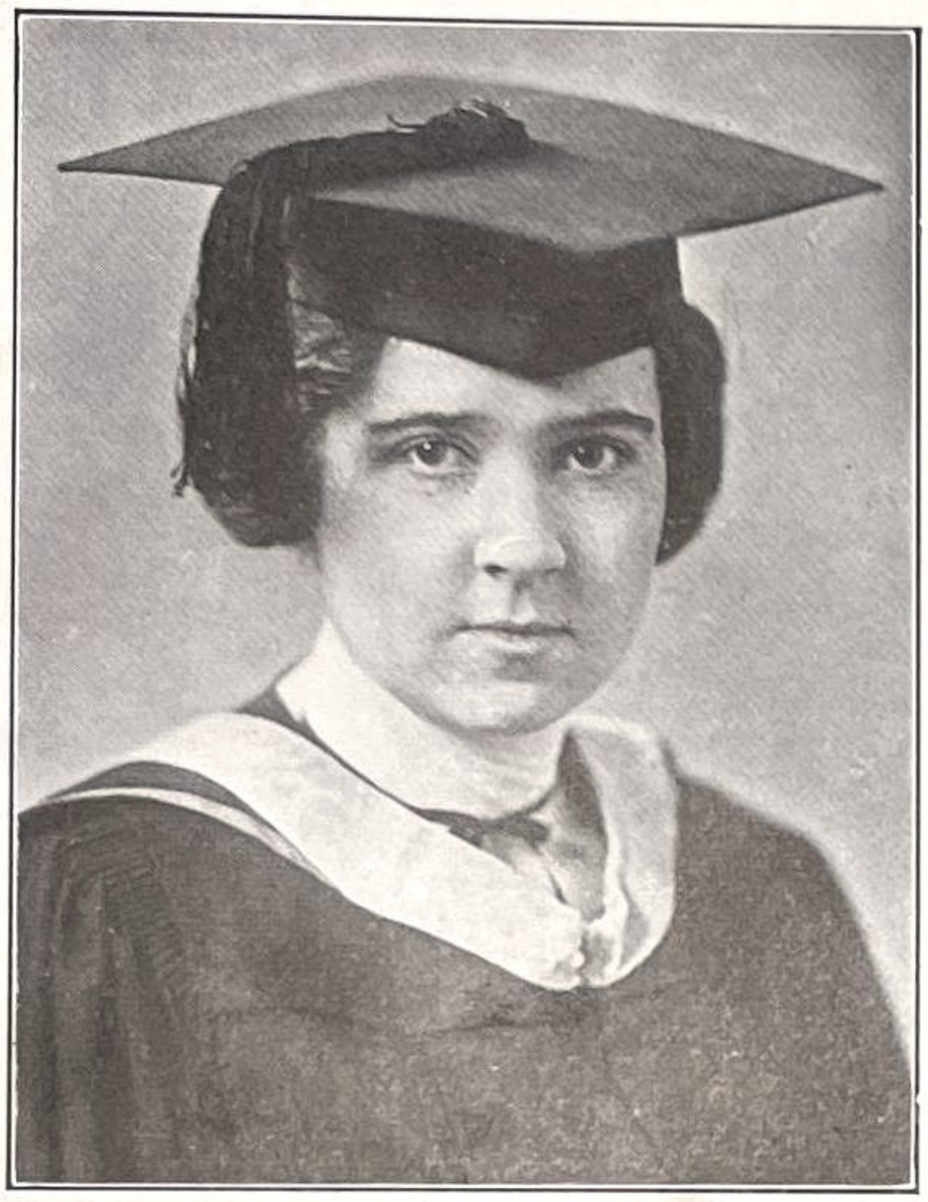
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"The Inveterate Reader"

And Marie, where do you come from? From Cleveland, of course. From that first moment we never doubted the existence of the "City Beautiful," whose memories have been enriched through giving us a friend like Marie, whose charming Irish nature is enhanced by her wistful hazel eyes. Her looks are certainly deceiving, for though she usually has a demure expression, those who know her well agree that she is always ready for mischievous fun-making. When '19 went out into "the wide, wide world," Marie was placed in the care of an able guardian of '20. So profitable were these two years that when she donned her cap and gown, she took under her wing several youngsters who keep her supplied with corsages and bon-bons. Marie and her work always keep apace in most surprising and disconcerting fashion. This may seem strange, too, since she always has time to lend her ear to a confidence and to give her ready sympathy and helpful advice. Like many another Trinitarian, Marie has fallen a prey to ever-varying Dame Fashion, for after refusing to wear her hair any way but "straight back," she now does her tresses à la mode.

Paradoxical as it may seem, this student of physical science knows no greater joy than a chicken dinner at the "Cinderella."

We are glad to have known Marie, and to be among the chosen few who are her friends, and when the prophet looks into the stars we hope he will see there for Marie all the success we wish her.



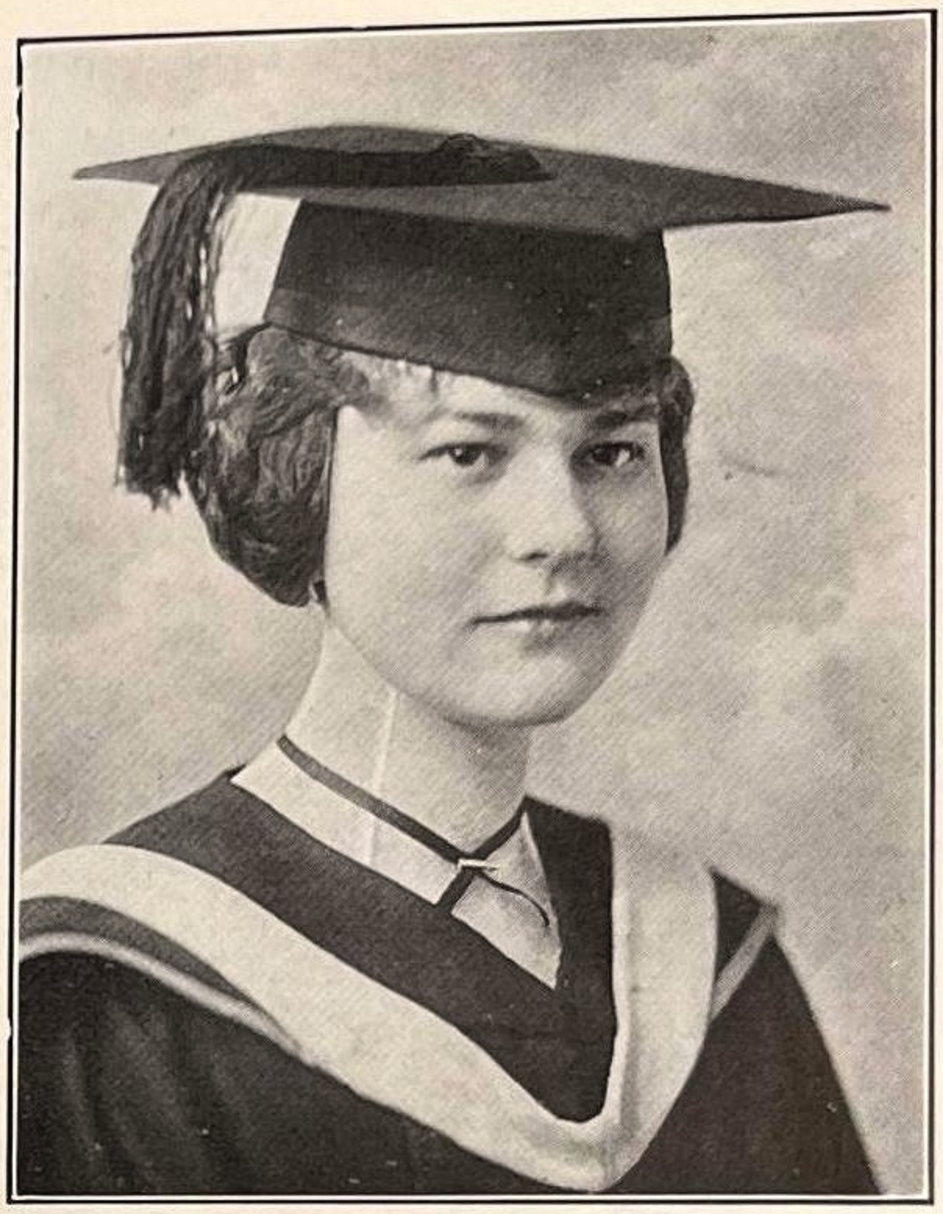
ALICE PADGETT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Alice in Wonderland"

"Gracious, I'm right late! But then look how far I have to come, and besides, those Brookland cars are so slow!" Thus has Alice daily greeted us since her advent into the Sophomore Class, when she returned to complete her course with '22, having left '21 to give a year to war work. She brought with her an abundance of unorthodox views on the deep problems of psychology, philosophy, theology, and her theories of life in general, all of which she never tires defending. Alice does not always restrict these musings to her own mind but loves to enter into discussions with fellow students on the whys and wherefores of those subjects over which she ponders. Her discourses are often interspersed with a few words on the merits of the Nash car. There is a reason! !

When "Scrippy" is not occupied in extolling the praises of a certain kind of car or displaying her argumentative genius, she may be heard amusing her friends by her futile efforts to surpass the song-bird. No one is more ready for a good joke than Alice, or a hearty laugh, which may often be heard echoing through South Hall, when she is her gayest self. Along with her many other interests, Alice devotes a lot of time to elevating naughty girls and bad little boys and to helping Dr. Moore with Aurignacian man. We are glad to have Alice with us. She's a good girl and a jolly sport.



WINIFRED MARY PRICE

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

"Winifred Price from America"

Assistant Editor of TRINILOGUE.
Vice-President of Cercle Français, 4.
Class Treasurer, 2.
Senior Member of House Committee.

Perhaps the magazine writers who so tirelessly attack the modern girl would find a big knot in their line of argument if they should happen to meet this particular small person, who represents an ideal combination of good sense and feminine charm. In fact, Winifred is just the sort of girl who can well represent Trinity in the wide circles where true character and accomplishment are the best incarnation of our ideals. Just imagine a girl whose active fingers can produce such beautiful needlework that her admiring friends invariably require continued assurance that she "really did it herself." Many a tear forgot to fall when Winifred's generous help and able skill came to the rescue of a seemingly hopeless rip in one's latest and most becoming frock. Just a glimpse at Win's dainty appearance would never suggest the multitude of duties she can attend to and perform well; for proof, just make yourself agreeable and see if you can't manage to secure an invitation to one of her parties—why, even the memory of one does our hearts good this moment, and experience sometimes proves a very pleasant teacher.

Follow her to school some day and hear the correct, well-presented recitations, or in any group of girls pay attention to her sincere and just remarks, a key to the sympathetic and friendly spirit of her thoughts and actions. The power to appreciate a joke has helped Winifred to make the most of every chance for fun, but her sense of humor is never used to produce embarrassment in others, and we feel that this delicate attention to her friends' happiness is one of the best assets with which she sets out from Trinity into the land of dreams come true.



MARJORIE J. QUINN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Tempest and Sunshine"

Classs President, 3.

Marge made her début into Trinity as one of the "three graces" christened by '19 at the famous housewarming. Although she showed an immediate fondness for Trinity, when the flu germs appeared, she left A. W. O. L. to spend quarantine days at home. Budgets of "Overseas" Mail alleviated the homesickness of Freshman days. Early in her college career Marge's originality and cleverness were discovered and from then on she succeeded in capturing our hearts with her many unique entertainments. But her real ability was emphasized in Junior year as President of our Class.

There are affairs of the outside world which we dare not openly mention, but we are willing to risk the responsibility of a hint. At one time the Philadelphia time-table held Marge's interest, and Friday afternoon usually found her in Union Station—but oh, the thrill that passed among us, after one memorable week-end when all our interest was centered upon her left hand. It was then that she thought there was no one "As-you-Ray," but now Colgate has the preference. When life grows dull with college cares we saunter down to Marge's room where the sparkling wit of the newest numbers of the *Banter* and *Punch Bowl* can always be had.

Marge was always averse to fix-ups, we wonder why! There's a reason—ssh!—we'll tell you. Many of us know she still deplores the permission wasted when she left Wardman during a tea dance. Marge's ever-ready sense of humor was her stand-by in that situation as it had been on many occasions before—do you remember that C. U. dance?

Our prophetic powers are limited, for Marge has never revealed her cherished dreams of the future, so we quietly sit back and wait for what fate has decreed.



LORETTA PIERCE RANK

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

"The Girl of the Golden West"

Chairman of the House Committee.
Vice-President of Literary.
Assistant Business Manager of *Record*.
Secretary of Class, 2.

Out of the land of sunshine and flowers, and even more interesting, straight from Hollywood, the movie-land, comes our beloved Lorette. At first we were only anxious to hear the latest buzz concerning our favorite heroes of the cinema, but as we knew Lorette better this was entirely forgotten in our love for her own dear self. What a warm welcome always awaited us in "The Rose Bower," and what a refuge it was for those ever-present pangs of hunger. Loretta still looks after our appetites, for did she not promise us a good dinner at least once a week, to be specific, on Thursdays?

We knew that Loretta did want to get a glimpse of the Atlantic, and even a very close view of it, but we still doubt if this interest was strong enough to carry her into its very depths, and let her nearly "rueen" a perfectly good party. For further particulars concerning the trip South ask her about the "friends" from Pennsylvania whose loving care and watchfulness almost equalled that of the guardian angel. For the most of us one phone call would be quite an event in our daily lives, but Loretta nonchalantly answered "not at home" to six calls in one evening. We wonder why? Maybe if the mystery of the capture of the football banner at a certain Thanksgiving game were solved, it would throw light on the subject. According to the laws of nature, we understand that every fourth year, an extra day is added to the month of February, but we never knew that in 1921 September was to have 31 days, unless the new Hollywood calendar is to have precedence over the Roman.

We know that Loretta's four years spent in the East have in no way lessened her love for sunny California, but we hope that in the future, when the expanse of continent is stretched between us, she will miss us Easterners as much as we shall miss her, and will look back on her time at Trinity with the same loyalty which she has always had for those things dear to her. The smoothest of seas and the starriest of skies, Loretta, and may East and West stand face to face again in some near future.



MARION CROWTHER RIECKELMAN

CINCINNATI, OHIO

"The Conscientious Objector"

Assistant Editor of the TRINILOGUE.
Vice-President of Class, 2, ex-'19.
Class Song.

With the advent of the second semester of Junior year, Marion joined us, although she was not a stranger 'neath the red roof. Had she not temporarily deserted Trinity and done her bit during the war, she would have been among the "first ladies of our College" during our Freshman year. However, echoes of her deeds as a member of '19 come back to us, and we cannot resist mentioning the lost bedroom slipper and its subsequent recovery on the campus at the hour of midnight—but that was before our time.

As a member of the Class of '22, Marion has entered the "Evens'" activities with real enthusiasm, and never once have we *caught* her surreptitiously humming "The Odd born in us" battle-cry, which we consider a genuine test of fidelity. Her pep usually works itself to a climax, which culminates as the light goes out. One nightly experience taught her that fudge made under difficulties at midnight, is a great aid in cramming for finals. Then, Marion's activities in the vicinity of F Street are equally diverting. Her predilection for waffles even led her into a serious (?) indiscretion at the "Copper Bowl" upon one occasion, and we invariably watch her deportment with interest as she passes a certain fruit-stand on Pennsylvania Avenue. Perhaps, some day, she will stop and make amends.

But, to become properly serious—Marion has several specialties which may be classified under the general title of "sports." Chief among the outdoor species is tennis, while the list of indoor variety is headed by poetry and argumentation, a rather unusual combination, perhaps, but nevertheless true, for she is a contributor to the College periodicals as well as an outspoken contributor of the Abnormal Agitators' Club. Her fondness for Gordian knots is also worth commenting upon. All in all, we should say, whether you are looking for a companion in frolic or a true and loyal friend, you will find them both in Marion.



DENISE MICHAELA ROACH

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"An Unheard Melody"

Assistant Editor of *Record*.

Do you remember that Barrie said he never locked up anything but his heart when he was in company? One is inclined to think that Denise has followed the advice of the whimsical Scot. She may not use her linguistic powers as fast and furiously as the rest of us, but her pen is mightier than her tongue. Her writing has not the spasmodic brilliance of a skyrocket but rather the steady glow of the hearth-fire, dependable and stimulating, where one sees fancies in the flame and mystery in the shadows. May we say that she has a touch of William Dean Howells?

To see the A's that follow in her wake, one would naturally call Miss Roach our most intellectual wearer of the cap and gown. She strongly objects to this appellation and says she is just an ordinary "huming bean." However, we have never heard of one of said species who has read voraciously everything between covers from the Venerable Bede to the unvenerable Bernard Shaw. Whom can she not name among her "ragged veterans"? She could well utter with Eugene Field his "Bibliomaniac's Prayer."

Denise is not afraid to assault a thousand-page volume in Church History but she shivers with more than the cold in a certain English class. Strange that her incursions in that department have not made her more courageous! She intends to continue her scholastic career in France. How the bold, bad French custom officials and porters will harrow her soul! Like DeQuincey, she may quell them in a learned harangue. At the Sorbonne she will undoubtedly win the laurels of a splendid American scholar. And who knews, some day perhaps, the name of Denise Roach will appear on the cover of the *Atlantic Monthly!*



FLORENCE WHITTON RODGERS

OLEAN, N. Y.

"The Heart Pirate"

Senior Class President.

Just as impossible as it is to search for the end of the rainbow—so it is impossible to put in black and white just what Flop, as she was nicknamed in her Freshman days, was, is, and always will be in our lives. The lives of great men and women are always described by definite characteristics, but who of us could tabulate the whys and wherefores of Flop? She is a problem, a puzzle, made up of charm, smiles, and good cheer.

Was it daring or that "irresistible something" that made Flop in her Freshman days cultivate such a close acquaintance with the well? With this episode our worries only began, because the harrowing tales of her adventures supplied us with the mystery and excitement otherwise lacking in a college curriculum. After quarantine and a three weeks' stay in the infirmary, "Flop" betook herself to the "Big City" and returned transformed from a little college girl to a grown lady bedecked in the latest creations of the day. Some say that this trip also influenced her dramatic line because very soon after the memorable "Rodger-Lussier" production was brought to light, having been written, staged, and acted by these two comedians, who were the very personification of pep and spirit.

We feel that if "Flop" had been forward on the basket-ball team instead of side-center, her "Superior" aim would have warded off the blow which so quickly brought her to earth. We were comforted, however, by the fact that "Flop" always goes every one one better.

It was with the greatest satisfaction and appreciation that we watched our little bobbed-haired friend of Junior year assume the responsibility and dignity of "Miss Rodgers," President of the Senior Class.

The Class of '22 has many things of which it can proudly boast, but proudest are we of the guide and standard bearer of the Green and White.



ERIN SAMSON

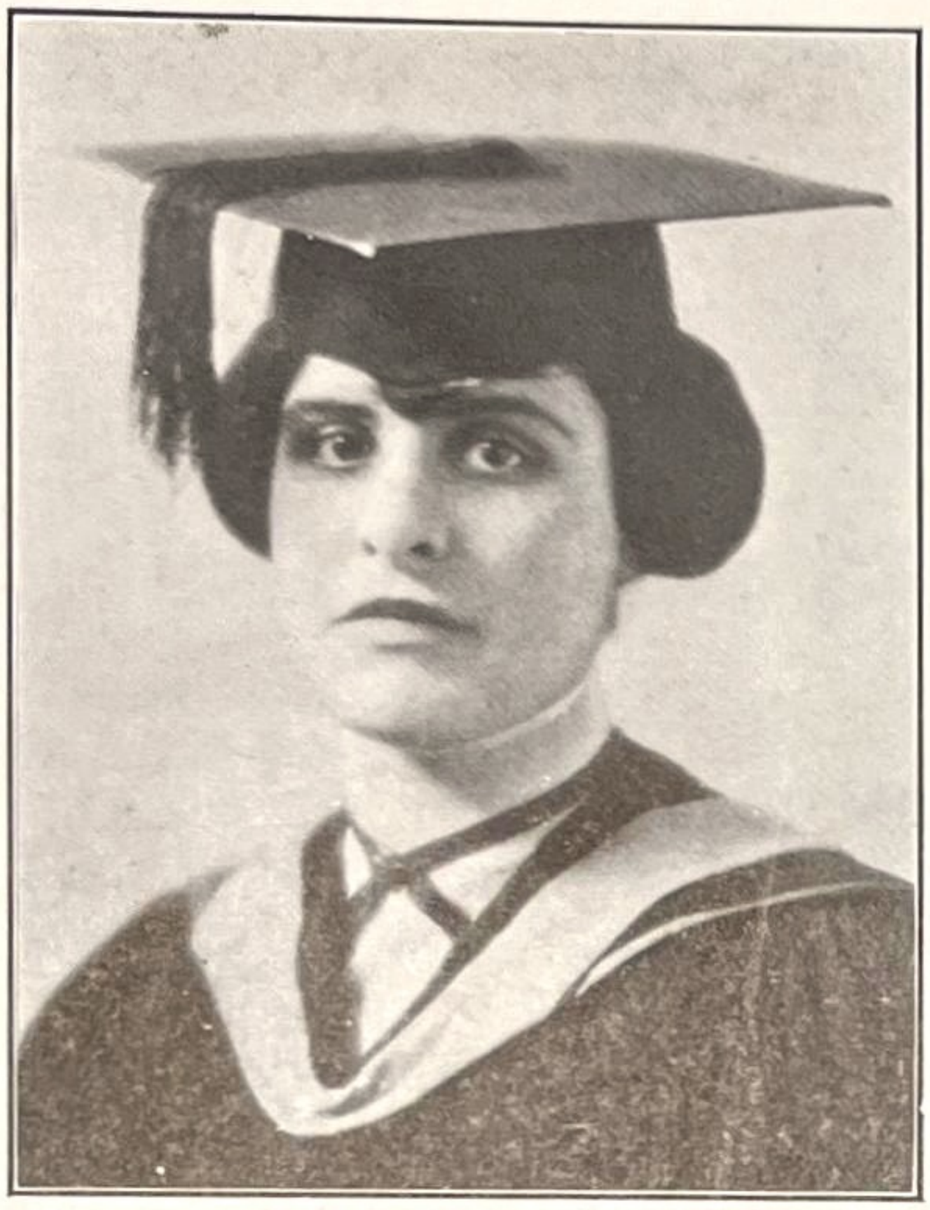
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"The Amazing Interlude"

Friends and lovers, lo and behold ye! "It" is the mild iconoclast, the terror of two tongues, and the collapser of conventionality. Her gift of arguing is *ne plus ultra,* for she can reduce us all into limp nothingness, snub us cynically, and turn our would-be wittiest remarks into food for fools. (Though her nature is not entirely belligerent, as she can sometimes fly the flag of truce before Trinity's Tweedledum and Tweedledee—in private life: A. McL. and M. B.) She despises us when we think we have made an apt quotation, yet she brazenly twists French phrases to win her point. Turgenieff, Rostand, and C. Chaplin drop voluminously from her Gallo-Gaelic lips and we fancy that she sleeps with the encyclopedia at her elbow. She is never even daunted by the appalling allusions of DeQuincey or Carlyle, and she is scheduled for a dozen or more English courses.

If you like the unusual, you will appreciate Erin. Far be it from her to follow the beaten track—she aims rather to startle. She scorns "to look before and after and to pine for what is not." Like Voltaire and Emerson, she will follow her own philosophy. But do not think she is a Diogenes. Under the garrulity and growling, we have glimpses of a soul that is decidely Erinesque—with a French lilt to it and a dash of American (what the poverty of the English language compels me to call it—as John Ayscough says) common sense.

We tremble to prophesy a "happy ending." We shook in our old-fashioned (?) shoes over a certain indictment of such pleasantries. We wonder if we may wish her a dénouement otherwise than à la Hergeshiemer or Ibsen? She may be ranked with Coleridge and dear old Doctor Johnson, and become one of the greatest talkers of *our* century. (Would that we are gathered to our fathers before that time—we who have listened to and suffered from her rhapsodies and ravings!) Or she may throw her energy into the building of a new Russia à la Hugh Walpole. But there's the rub. There are "shes" and "shes." France is delightfully old and sweet and is "she-full" of memories. In the best regulated of us there is a hankering after romance. So Erin, when the world and the theater become too blasé, with Saint Alexis as fellow vagrant, "get you to the life you love, and the road before you!"



FIDELIS SCANLAN

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

"Princess Winsome"

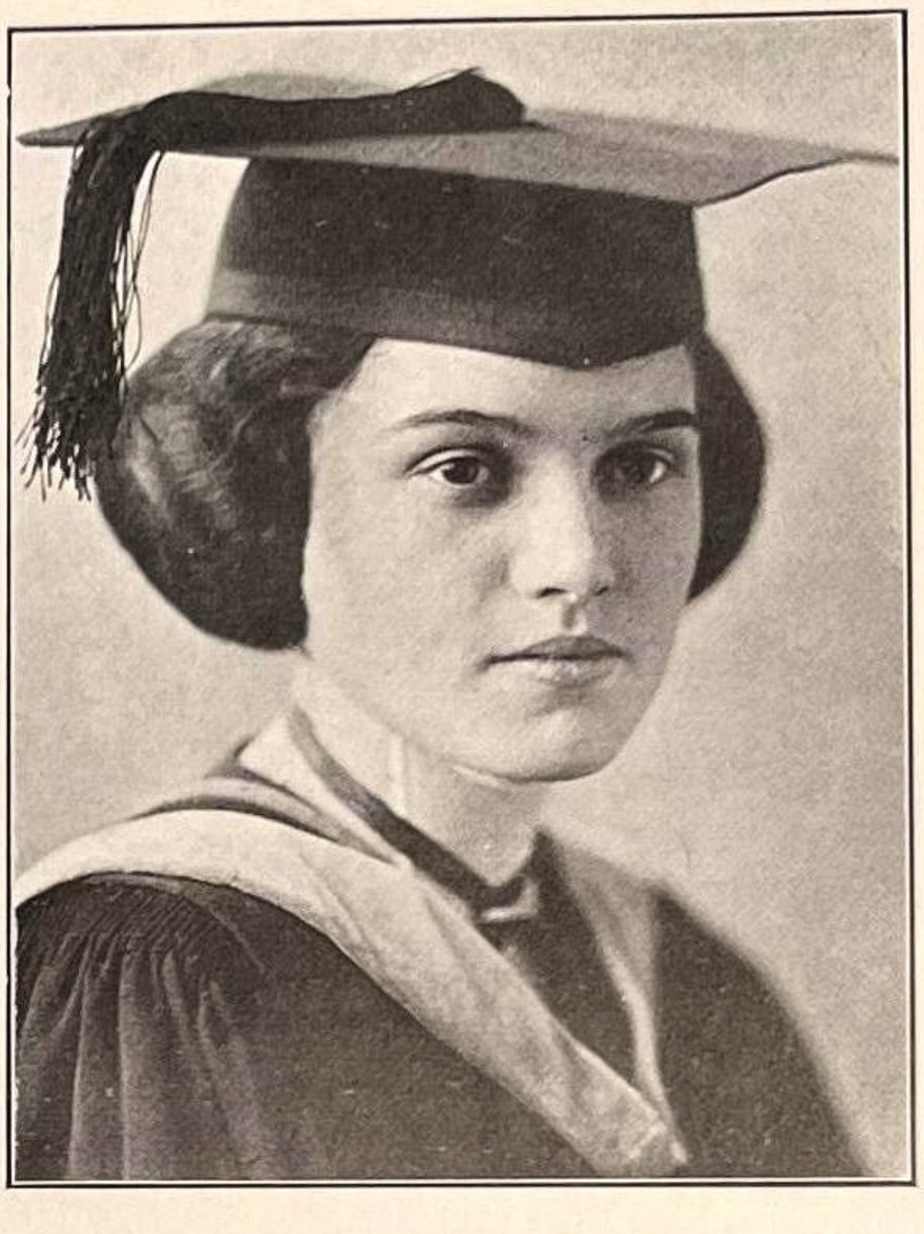
It was at the beginning of Junior year that Fea gave up Marymount and the social life of the gay city to come to Trinity. During her first year the dramatic ability latent in Fea was disclosed—a humble beginning, it is true. Who can forget the charming Fea transformed into a policeman? Despite this fact she was later campused for nothing less than disorderly conduct.

Sunday is always a busy day for Fea. In the afternoon she refuses to make any engagements, nevertheless we soon discovered that she holds court in the parlor (explanations are not in order).

Zest has been added to many a midnight spread by Fea's clever dramatic ability; her impromptu acting has made us wonder if Ethel Barrymore will not soon have a powerful rival. As long as she can stay awake Fea is the life of the party, but the Sandman invariably claims her as his own, and the arduous task of helping her home devolves upon her roommate.

There are many secrets we would like to divulge, but Fea is loathe to have revealed her *"affaires de cœur"* (she just loves French), and apropos of French: it takes only a slight tap on the door to call forth the familiar greeting, *"Entrez."* Senior year the axiom, "Brevity is the soul of wit," appealed to Fea, and forthwith we find her abbreviating names, places, and people.

No one who has met Fidelis will ever forget her, and those who are fortunate enough to be among her friends bear witness that she wove her way into their lives and became permanently a part of their texture.



MARY CATHERINE SCANLAN

GERMANTOWN, PA.

"The Sunshine of your Smile"

Assistant Editor of TRINILOGUE.
Vice-President of El Circulo Español.
Song Committee.
Treasurer of El Circulo Español, 2.
Secretary of El Circulo Español, 3.

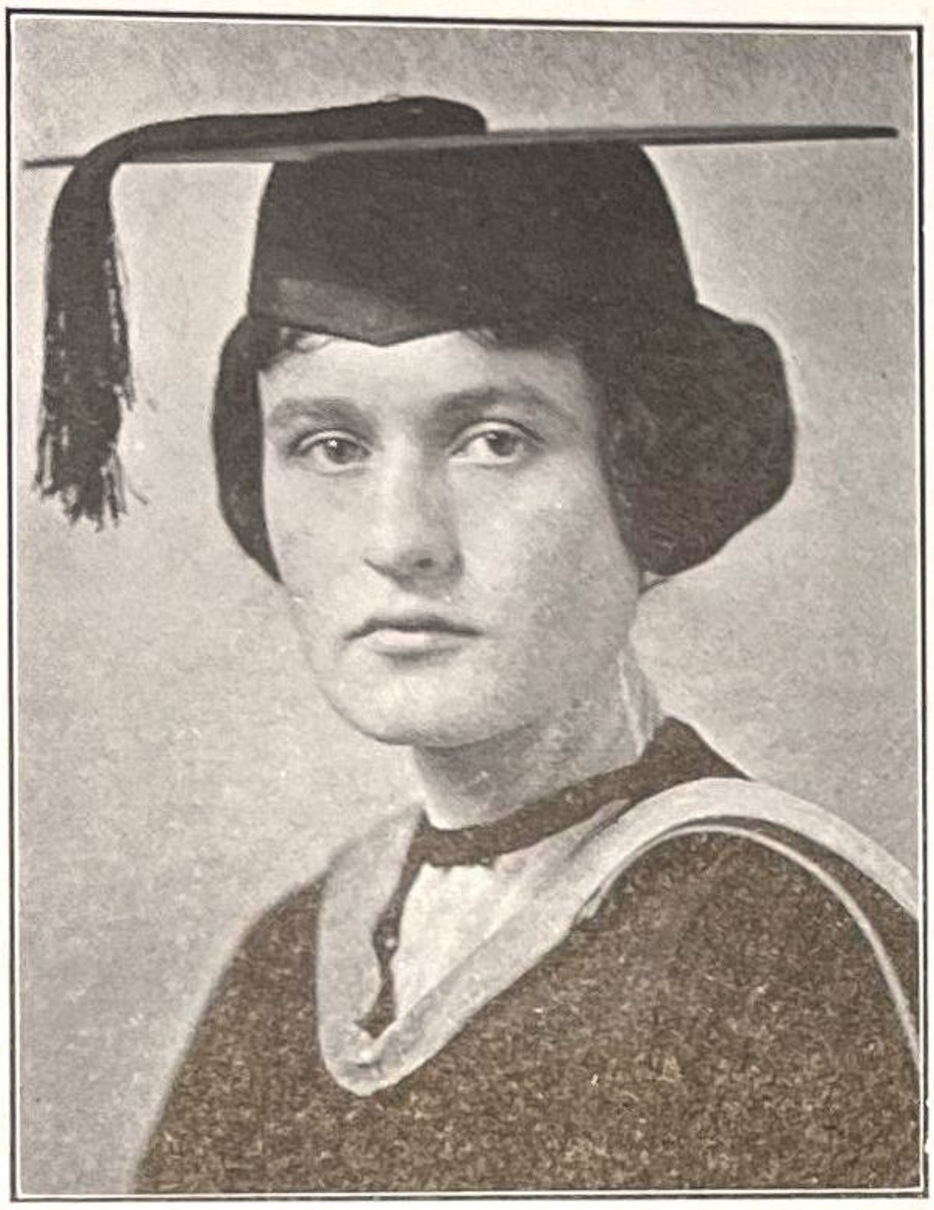
Having visited Washington once before in her life, Mary, arriving early in Freshman days, played the part of an official guide to some of her "green" classmates in visiting the nearby Monasteries. Since her big cousin was a Senior she had access to that circle of grave students into which Freshmen dared not tread. But Anita soon became an alibi for her visits to one of the roommates, so that Mary made her debut in the knock song of '19.

Sophomore year Mary "stepped out," as it were, and how we envied her those Sundays out. We may add here that she has continued to play the popular role she began so early in her college career. We often wonder whether a private phone in 75 O'Connor would not relieve prevailing congestion.

As a Junior devoted both to student and social life, she won the hearts of the loyal Freshmen. Displaying her talent in English and espousing the cause of History, we ask you, Mary, was it really Wordsworth or Tennyson that caused those tête-a-têtes with our revered English teacher?

The flux of preference has culminated in work along the lines of Psychology. Seminar and Clinic hold a mystical fascination for Mary. Senior year has been a gala one, for she never misses a dance, an eight per, a Saturday date, and all the rest of the social program. Of course not, because she is one of those ever-cheerful characters at the service of every one, whether it be in role of nurse or assistant to Freshmen struggling with their Briefs.

Many pathways of life are calling you, Mary; whither you will go we cannot foresee. but wherever it is the world will be happier, brighter, better where your footsteps turn. We wish you success and the fulfillment of all your cherished hopes.



MARION LOUISE SCHANAUER

CHICAGO, ILL.

"Loyal Heart"

Student Government Representative, 1.
Assistant Bus. Manager of *The Record*, 3.
Class Essayist.

Marion was one of the gentler breezes from the "Windy City," and has remained as gently invigorating, and as fleetly elusive as any breeze that ever blew. In the little room near the cuckoo clock across from the good Dean's cell, we first found her with "Re" yearning for dear old "Chi" and Babe and Muz and Dad. We wonder whether it was due to the spending of her Freshman year in the Hall of Studies that Marion became and has still remained a profound student. When purchasing grape juice, she would invariably insist on Welch's and, speaking of Welch (this a rare bit), she was elected Student Government Representative second semester of her first year. The loss of her "bunkie" in Sophomore year was perhaps the only great cloud on her college days, but the silver lining disclosed new friendships, especially in the Class of '21, to whom Marion revealed her loyal little self. Giving her services at all times to the Green and White, Marion "Even" became a basket-ball player. She *Coronaed* through two successful seasons, and "essayed" another, but her third year saw her Phil-ed with weakness for steeds, jockies, ecclesiastics, and a haunted Coffee House, to the family entrance of which she possessed an elfin key.

Neat? Always! In Junior year we found it most refreshing to enter her little blue nest on third South. It was there that we began to hear of the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner and week-ends in the city on account of which "Miss Shanangle" would go Russelling joyfully about for days! We think it was her experience in managing her own little accounts which made her such an able Assistant Business Manager of *The Record*, and her work in Dramatics has been equally fine. We liked her best as Aunt Ida in "Green Stockings," but undoubtedly her most successful role has been that of "Seniorina." And talk! As Shakespeare says, "I have ceased and yet she will be talking!" Loyal heart she is, loyal to her College, loyal to '22, loyal to friends, but above all, to "her own self true."



GENEVIEVE SHAW

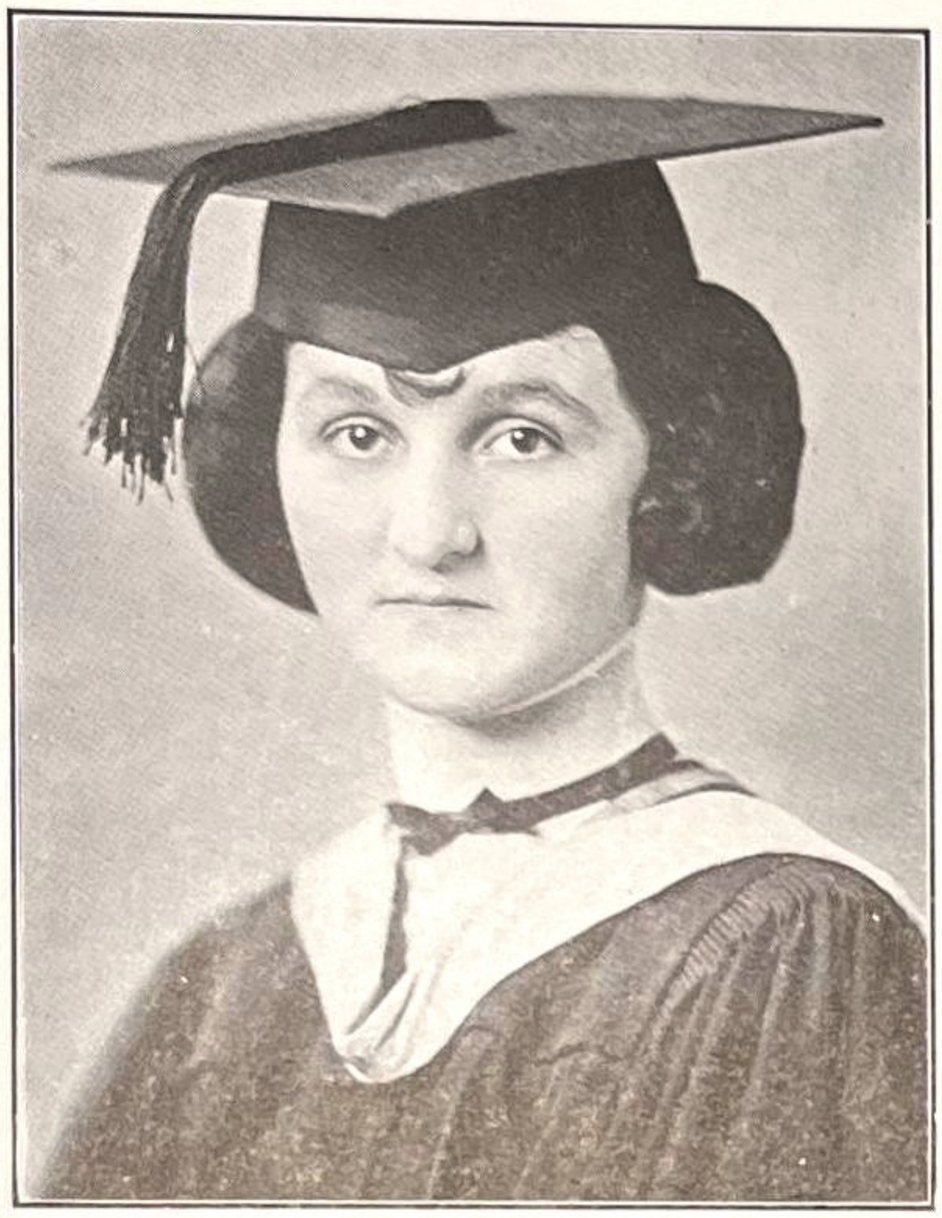
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Enchantment"

Student Government Representative, 4.
Student Government Representative, 3.

Is Orpheus in there? Oh, you little rascal, Gen Shaw! Not only at the piano does she show her musical ability; you should hear her ring the chimes in chapel. And as for her voice—those who lived in the vicinity of Room 3, South Hall, during her Junior year, would often hear her warbling a new song to the tune of "The Love Nest," accompanied by her less gifted companions. Every Sunday morning, she has a habit of saying, "Let's go to the Dean's office and see if the Specials are here yet." Genevieve Julia is as famous for her regular and special mail as Boston, her home town, is for beans. About twice a week a huge typewritten letter is added to Gen's already heavy mail. We wish that we, too, had a sister Mary. And as for surprise packages—Gen's mother surely knows what every Trinity Miss most desires. Well do we remember the day "the" picture arrived. It took quite an army of girls to carry it up four flights of stairs, unpack it, and then, with many Oh's and Ah's, put it in its place of honor. Since its arrival, we fear that poor Teddy has been sadly neglected—but then, blondes from time "Immemoriam" have been the winners.

We can vouch that Gen can join the "Rank" of the "Healers" of lonely and broken-hearted girls as she is never "Cross," having a very "Gracious" manner at all times. It is said that she has the courage of a "Lion," though some of us might dispute this if we dared to tell about the morning she found the mouse parked in the rocking chair—then she made use of a "Tool" and numerous other things to the terror of the wee creature. That we recognize Gen's abilities and love her not only for them but for herself, is shown in the fact that she was chosen to help steer the craft of S. G. during the past two years. Here's the best o' luck to our loyal Gen.



ELEANOR PURCELL SKAHAN

BELMONT, MASS.

"A Finished Product"

Class President, 1.
Class Treasurer, 1.

A Skahan is as indispensable to a Trinity publication as a film to a kodak, one incomplete without the other, so sweet Eleanor is this year's representative of that seemingly ubiquitous family. No matter where you go, the mention of a Skahan calls forth the observation, "Oh, yes, she's one of those five sisters at Trinity," or some other kindred remark. Eleanor, however, not content with this distinction, determined to accomplish things "on her own." The mere suggestion of a stage play filled her with transports of delight and she fairly reveled in dramatics, taking active part in all student productions, her talent winning for her the leading roles in "The Show Shop" and "Green Stockings." Eleanor's rendition of the male character in one memorable entertainment was so realistic that even a dramatic critic would have been deceived by the impersonation, had not the Dean discovered his identity before Eleanor's appearance and made him *"persona non grata."* But lest the reader gain the impression that Eleanor's activities were confined strictly to academic gatherings, let it be said that she indulged intensively in social gatherings "universally," at least, and her name was usually included in the column headed, "Among those present were——"

A diligent and persevering student, Eleanor maintained perfect equilibrium between study and pleasure, getting the maximum of both but slighting neither. Well, Eleanor, what's the secret? Don't keep it in the family. The time-honored comparison with the proverbial zephyr is much too meagre for an adequate exposition of Eleanor's genius in things Terpsichorean. And dance programmes do not signify anything, although her collection would be the envy of a debutante.

Eleanor, blessed with a sunny disposition and a ready smile, coupled with an ever-present willingness to help, has made many lasting friendships, after all, the chief end of a college career, and a gap difficult to fill will be made when she leaves with the Class of '22. Still our loss is another's gain, and with this sentiment in mind we bid her fond adieu, sending her forth with our best wishes, confident in her proven abilities and feeling ourselves the better for having known her.



HELEN MARIE SOMERS

WORCESTER, MASS.

"None Such"

President of Sodality, 4.
Vice-President of the Wekanduits, 4.
Treasurer of Class, 3.
Treasurer of Sodality, 2.

From the "Heart of the Commonwealth" came Helen. She spent her first year looking around, as every Freshman does, but it was not until Sophomore year that she "came into her own at last."

Her second year she introduced her sister to Trinity by saying, "Look at the beautiful view from our window. There is the Cemetery."

When asking Helen what English courses she has taken, be sure to have a Year Book with you because the numbers are confusing. But Helen has strong arguments to prove that the "motivating force" is a good one.

Helen does not allow studies to occupy her mind exclusively. Her hobby is dusting and making rooms attractive; and her interest ranges from the Memorial Arch to Athletics. Her ingenuity was shown when in Senior year she was able to steer safely between her Scylla and Charybdis. Every one watched anxiously, but Helen was impartial.

Ask Helen why she always makes a mistake when she sings, "You don't know Nellie like I do." She is glad that there is one city, Somerville, named for her, and she thinks it her duty to visit it frequently.

Although sufficiently well "educated," she did not learn that it is dangerous to rush in front of machines until Senior year, when the Professor himself demonstrated the fact on F Street.

It is not for us to look into the Mirror of the Future and say which of the many careers predicted for her Helen will follow. But we are certain that all those associated with her will be made happier by her cheery presence.



HELEN CAROLYN SPENCE

ROCKLAND, MASS.

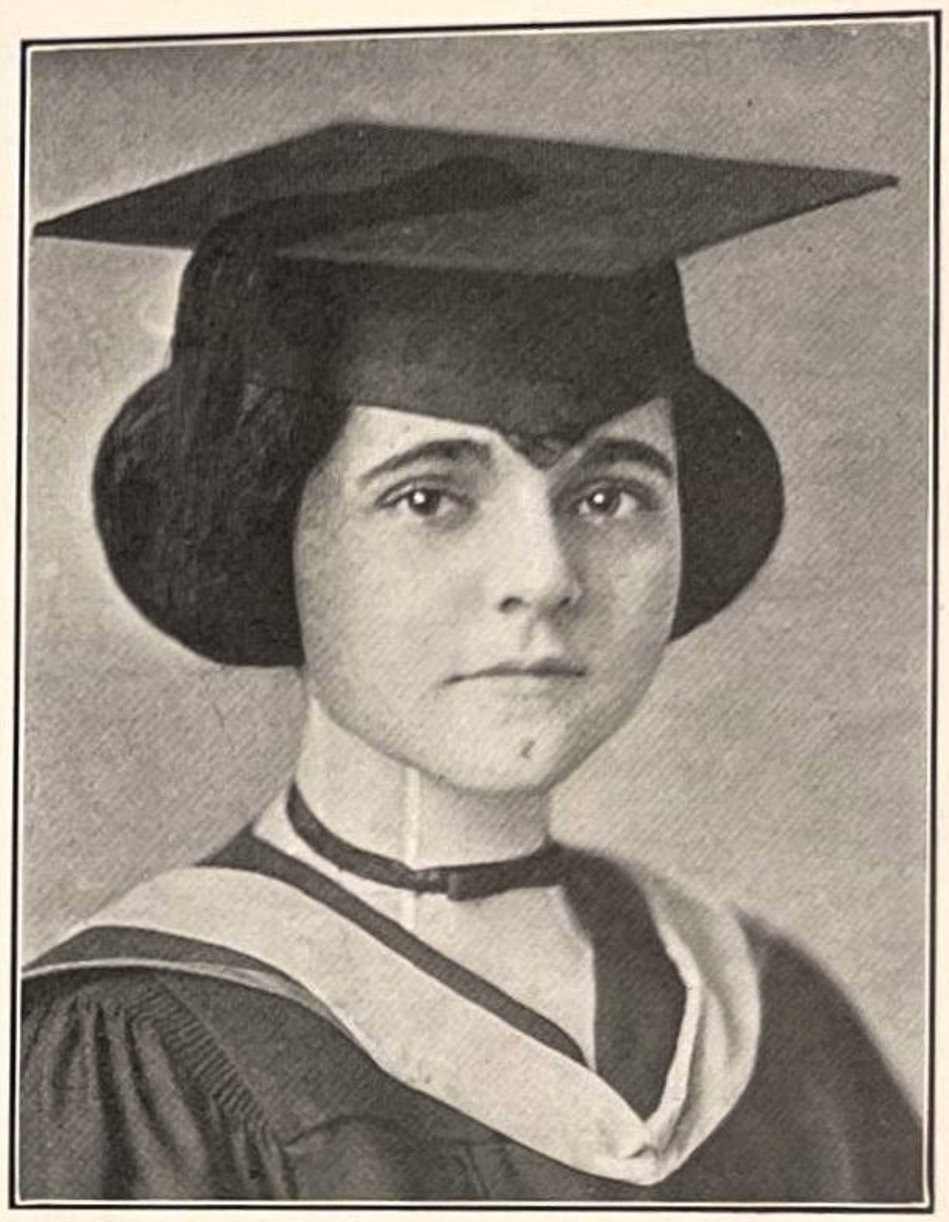
"Ever Ready"

Editor-in-Chief of *The Well.*
Song Committee.
Secretary of Classical Society, 3.

With a true spirit of comradeship, Helen started the introductions around our Freshman table and within the first few weeks knew everybody in the Class. The widespread acquaintanceship did not limit itself to the Classs of '22 but extended up to '19. After her frequent protestations against cases, is it surprising that Mary became alarmed at her gymnastic contortions, when in an effervescence of pent emotion she begged Mary to "Take her to the door"? After that the visits became regular and it was second nature to turn down the spread before parking for the night. Love agreed with Helen, for by the end of the year she tipped the scales ten pounds more than before.

As a Sophomore she became the "vamp of '22." Her nights were never spent alone and certain Freshman friendships were strained when each groped in the dark for the same hand. Many a night did the family downstairs, a martyr to the cause, suffer from Helen's faithfulness to vigorous calesthenics, which were aided in their ultimate end by rigorous dieting.

If they say it's a characteristic of genius to be absent-minded, we wonder if the frequent loss of her fountain pen and her oblivion to conversations directed towards her were marks of genius or signs of love—but then, Helen doesn't believe in love. Was it the teacher's interest in her or her own admiration for Milton that made her so successful in English II? The roguish-faced Senior and Captain of a Fire Company kept Fourth North in a perpetual turmoil, despite the fact that she was a guardian of the quiet. Her nights continued to be peopled. We wondered how she could "Barrett." Her humorous sarcasm found subtle outlet in the timely waters of *The Well,* which periodical claimed her closest attention and ever kept before her mind the motto, "All's well that ends *Well.*"



CATHERINE LINUS SULLIVAN

FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Something Different"

Vice-President of Senior Class.
Secretary of Chemical, 3.

Catherine's directions were rather mixed when she first came to Washington, but with a few strong pulls on the right strings, she made a "Bea" line towards Trinity and '22. Her rent bills would have been high had she not early in the year acquired the art of the "six-inch rule." To break the monotony of Freshman year, a convenient but honest-to-goodness cousin took it upon his shoulders to show her the sights of the National Capital. Her individuality asserted itself when she scorned the arts for the sciences. Henceforth, "acids, bases, and salts" vied with "magnetism" for popularity despite the fact that they necessitated late hours. The magnetism extended to roommates, for whoever saw the brunette without the blond? The responsibility of a doubly heavy correspondence was a most substantial part of her schedule Junior year. Her chief post of duty was assembly Tuesday and Thursday mornings. It wasn't a case of "out of sight, out of mind" with Catherine, but nevertheless, "a bird in the hand" was not neglected and the latter found a willing ally in a certain member of the Faculty, who allowed St. Mark's to supersede Chemical classes.

The "weeping-willow" eyelashes proved irresistible to two Freshmen from the "wooly West." Was it her scientific aptitudes or some one's lack of mathematical precision that procured for her the extra dance permission Junior year? She confided in Mary but not in the Dean. Catherine felt right at home as our social director, since previous years of experience had made her an adept at arranging dates. Was it her love of society that prompted her to join the movie throng every day? Dignity disappeared with the hair net and during the nocturnal hours she was accosted on all sides by the query, "Why don't you wear it bobbed?" It took a "rugged" constitution to withstand the intervention of an indefinite article between "Si" and "Mese." We hope that Catherine will never get in "Dutch" on account of her interest in "Holland."



FRANCES JOSEPHINE SWEENEY

CHICAGO. ILL.

"New-found Dignity"

Frances was a delinquent in coming to College, but, in spite of forged valentines, trunks in doorways, and other "perfect idiosyncracies," she has always shown a dogged determination to overcome her puppyish tendencies, and so became a Senior a year ahead of time.

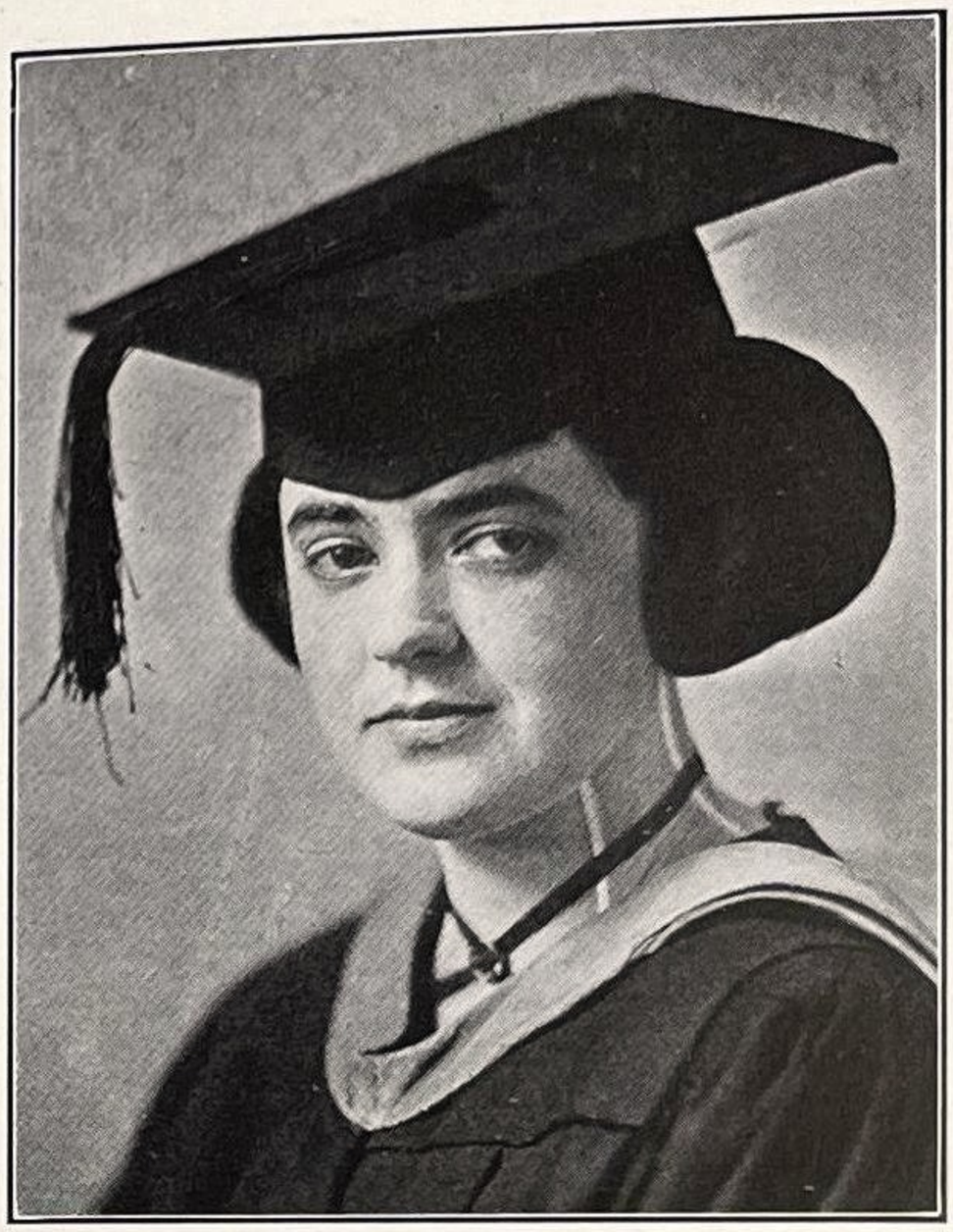
It is every woman's privilege to change her mind, so we cannot blame this worthy Senior for transferring her affections from the "Hierarchy" to the Court of '21, and worshipping there at the throne of Her Royal Highness. Roderick Dhu had nothing on Frances in his love for fair Ellen.

But why linger longer over ancient history? Though "there is still a little bit of blue and yellow mingled with the green" (from which, gentle reader, you must not infer that she has a yellow streak), Frances has lost all her oddity. The Tau Pi Kappa mourns her departure from its ranks and it is now her turn to be admired by the Class of Blue and White, not to mention the "Reds" of our loved College. She is frequently serenaded by canaries, and when not thus engaged, spends her time getting "marcelles" and catching "roaches."

One must not think from this that Frances is a Biology major. No, not even though her greatest ambition is to have an E. M. D. English 4, however, cannot subdue such genius, and even in Senior year her love for tricks frequently gets the better of her dignity (?) and her "Odd" friends must patiently bear the consequences. For, do they not observe the Golden Rule? Far be it from us to slam, but why is it that Frances fails to appreciate a joke when it's on herself?

Having proved in her Sophomore days that Seniors should always have ample space in their Memory Books for their last two weeks at College, she has undertaken this year to supply the necessary pages to all Seniors, present or future, and as Wekanduit Agent has done a rushing business. Her literary genius and musical ability have also been in evidence this year and her gifts are so many and varied that we wonder what the future holds for her. After her trip to Europe this summer, we wonder if she can settle down to being a school-marm, or if she will become wealthy by obtaining a patent on her unique and "original" handwriting.

Whatever fortune may bring, we are glad that we have had at least two years of her company "'neath the Red Roof," and we wish that '22 might have claimed her allegiance for all four years.



ALETHE MARIE TAYLOR

MT. PLEASANT, MICH.

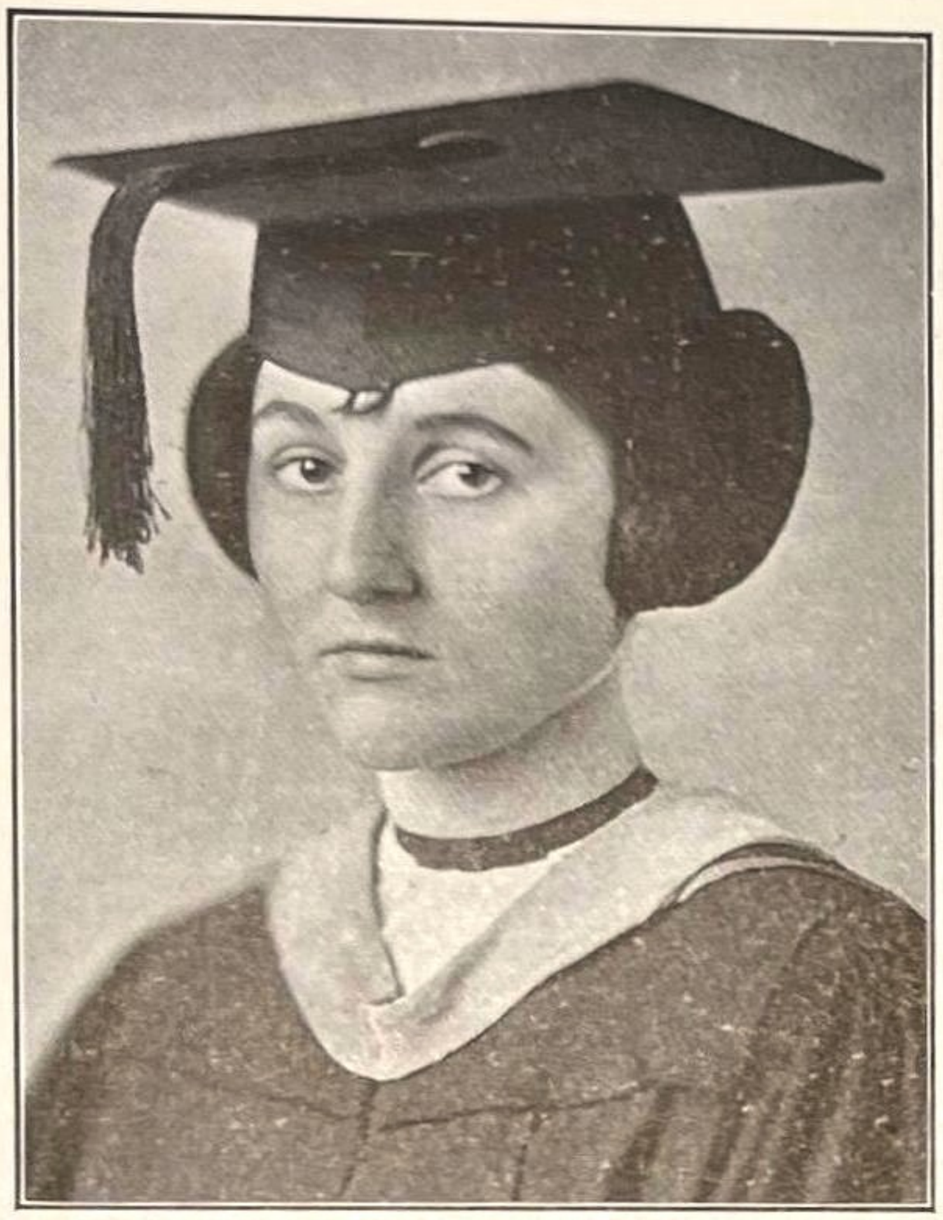
"Deliciously Sweet"

Vice-President of Class, 3.

Looking back four years gives us a picture of Alethe rather different from that of the gay and debonnaire Senior of the raven-wing hair, and endless wardrobe, that we have with us now-a-days. To be sure, her hair was just as raven and the wardrobe just as endless, but what a sad and tearful Freshman she was those first few weeks. The first tear vanished, however, with the purchase of a little Victrola, bought under rather adventurous circumstances, and its companions quickly followed under the sunny influence of numerous packages from Mt. Pleasant, and the smiles of a lovely Jo—I mean Junior.

It was one of Alethe's first trials that soon developed into one of her greatest happinesses, namely, a room on fifth floor. She quickly forgot the steps which led up to that real heaven, "Paradise Alley," of which she was the recognized "queen" for the next two years. Her neighbors even tell us that her room became a sort of shrine to which frequent, and soon, nightly pilgrimages were made. However, Alethe found a Peg on fourth floor upon which to hang her hat, and incidentally most of her spare and nocturnal time, so Senior year she packed up all her mahogany furniture and moved downstairs to be nearer the Art Gallery and the aforementioned Peg.

Alethe has been called "just plain sweet," but we have to eliminate the plain—she is one of our class beauties and one of the jolliest girls we know. Do you blame many of the Sophomores, then, for visiting O'Connor Hall so often, or the Pike for claiming her attention, or the fraternities for wanting her at all their parties? No, indeed, not after you have met Alethe Taylor.



JULIA SAUNDERS THOMAS

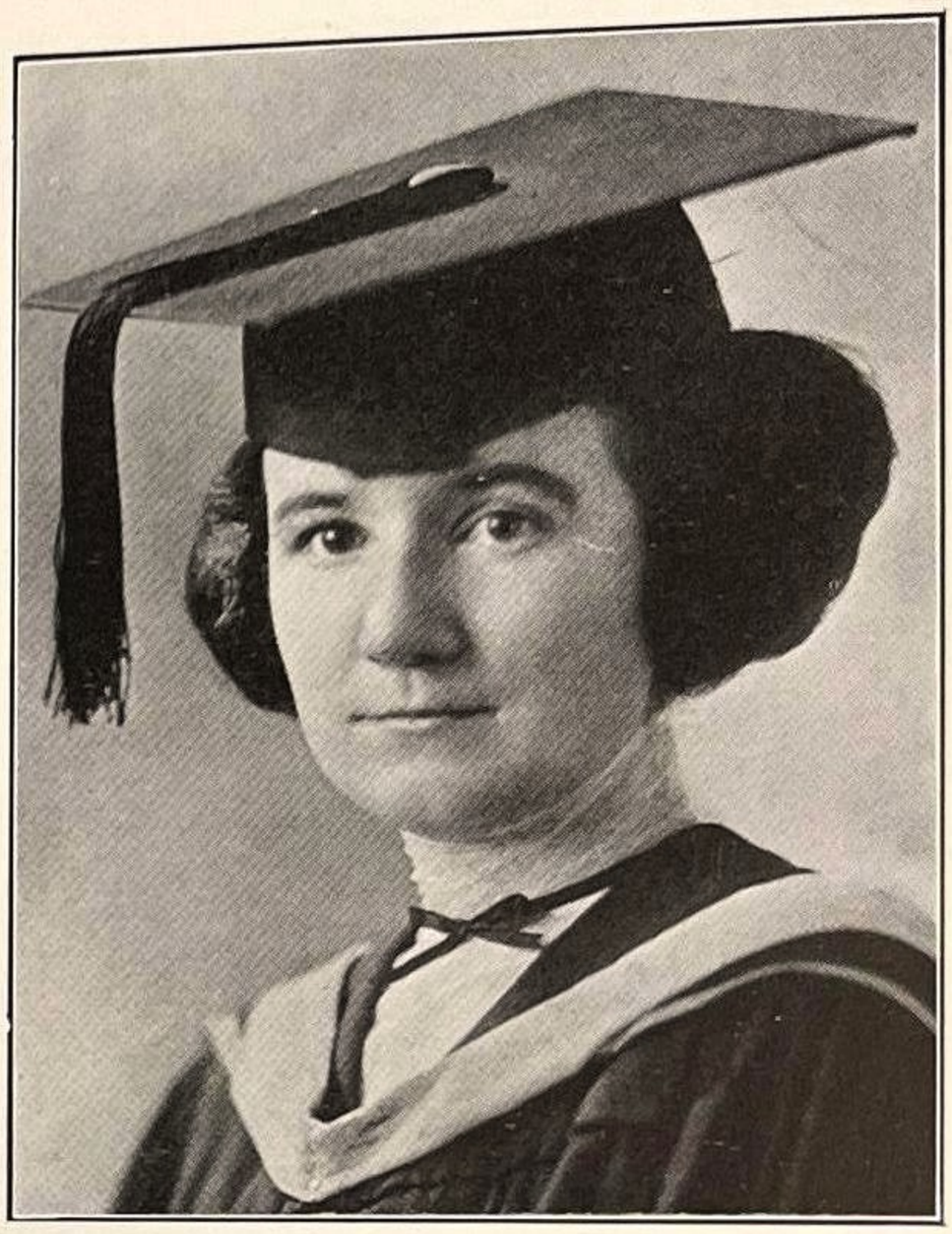
WOODSTOCK, ILL.

"Jule of Efficiency"

President of the Athletic Association.
President of the Trinity Foreign Mission Society.
Director of the Wekanduit Bureau.
Student Government Representative, 1.
Vice-President of Class, 1.

A Southerner by adoption, Julia exhibited her Northern energy as our first Vice-President. One could hardly call her a demure Freshman, since she was eagerly sought by three Seniors to complete their nocturnal card games. Nor were cards the sole attraction, for she centered much attention on the Student Government President. Was it in the book that luncheons and jonquils were prescribed? Truly cognizant of her devotion to the ideals of S. G. A., '22 chose her as representative second semester. In Sophomore year, Julia's amorous and dramatic abilities were exercised in the "Mildreds" and the "Rivals," and gave her sufficient practice to fill adequately and admirably the three heavy parts assigned to her in the Junior play.

The suggestion, "Let's be practical," had its effect on "Julie Wekanduit" and furnished an outlet for her love of children. We wonder if the course in "Forestry" begun during the summer did not facilitate the study of Romanticism with its return to nature. Perhaps this, too, tempted her to turn the Well ino a veritable forest on Junior Class Day. Week-ends became part of her scholastic curriculum and not the least of the advantages of a family in town was a machine. We wonder if it was her love of Southern atmosphere which prompted her to limit her tour of inspection to the colored districts when she took us "seeing Washington"? Senior year, her activities found additions in the presidency of the Wekanduits and of Athletics. Thanks to *The Well,* her distant admirers could not escape publicity even though they lurked, awe-stricken, across the hall. The never-failing Sunday Specials superseded the usual Sunday morning breakfasts and we trace their cause to the trip to Mount Vernon as "Bride and Groom." As a real bride we are sure that, as in all else, she will be "as high as the Alps in Quality."



M. JOSEPHINE TOOLE

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

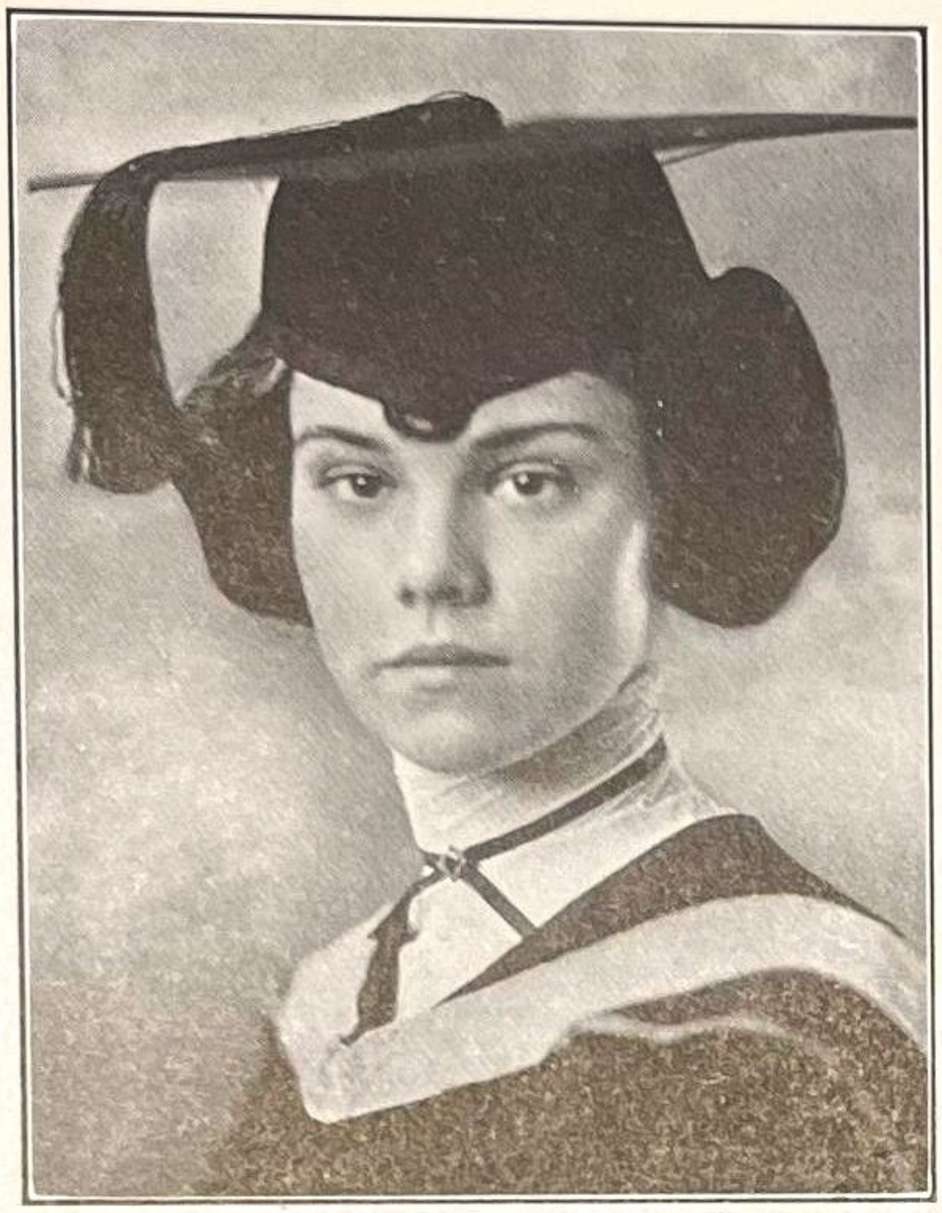
"The Pedagogical Prodigy"

President of the Spanish Circle.
Secretary of Student Government, 3.
Treasurer of Student Government, 2.

Jo took to the Flu and D'Arcy a week after her arrival at Trinity and didn't get an opportunity to know the place as soon as the rest of us, but the training was soon after undertaken by a "Reg." She proved an apt pupil and soon had us all marveling at her enduring drag with the powers that be. Her daily pound of mail and her nightly round of callers made her the recipient of many a mysterious gift—offerings at the shrine of the goddess made by a worshipper who considered even a chocolate cup cake none too good for her idol. Time and again we have been touched by Jo's generosity. On one occasion she parted with a much-treasured monkey-wrench so that a friend could drive a screw into the wall; on another occasion she even gave up (or down) an arm in the cause of comradeship.

Jo's religious fervor showed itself in her readiness to revise the traditional chiming of the bells at Mass. We feel sure that her idea of silence at the Sanctus with an original musicale following, will meet with the approval of the highest ecclesiastical authorities. Her proficiency in this line is equalled only by her original Webster-proof conception of "autocracy" and "polygamy."

Credit is a much sought for attainment among many of us, but with Jo it is already universally established, for whether here at school or among F Street's exclusive emporiums, she can obtain anything from a tin spoon to a Rizik frock. For Jo we wish the best that life holds and we earnestly hope that in putting into execution the theories of the "Great Educator," her achievements as such will be realized.



EVELYN MARIE WITTMAN

ERIE, PA.

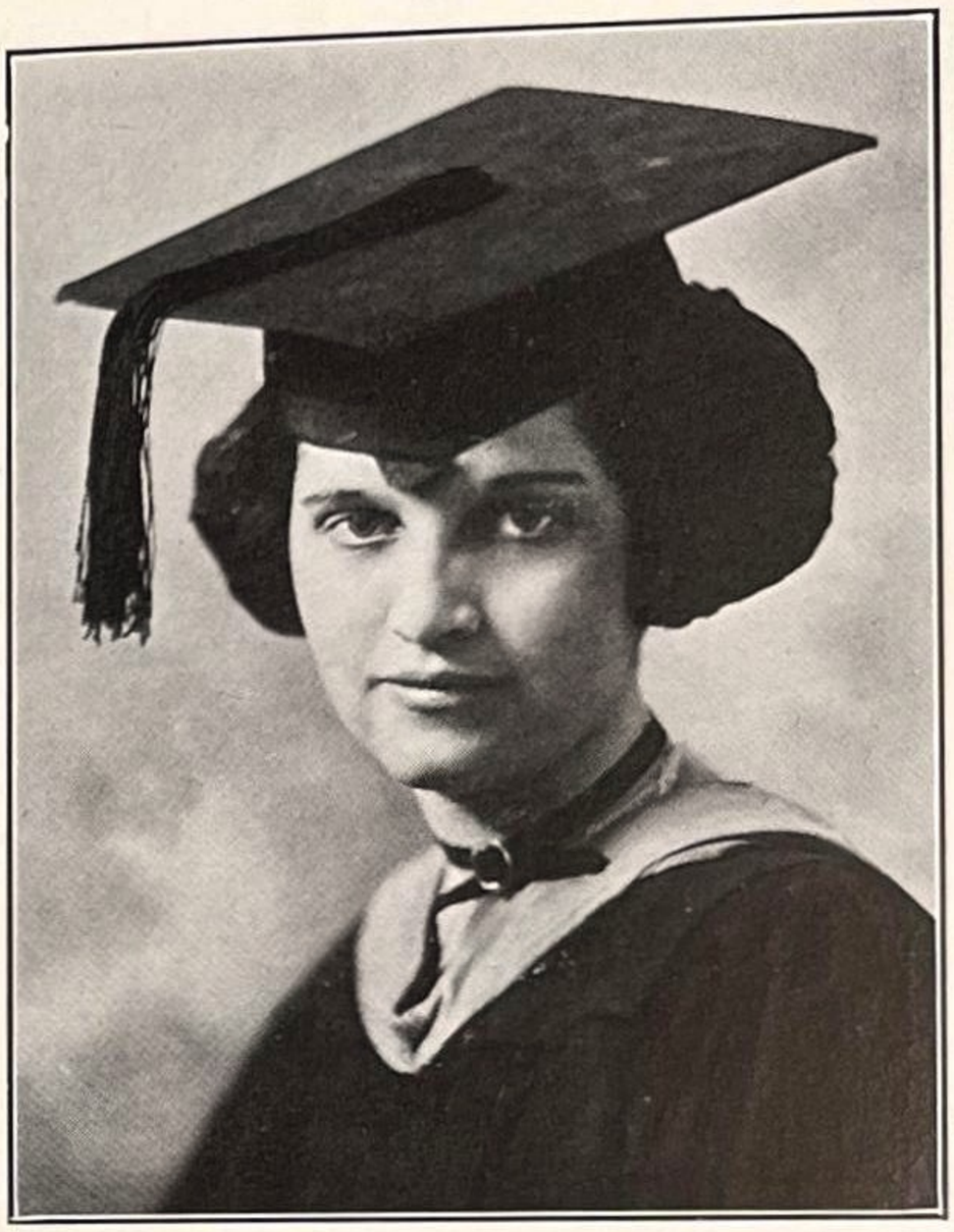
"Confidentially Yours"

Evelyn came to us with a sunny smile and cheery disposition which she has retained throughout her entire four years at Trinity. The black pall which hung over the transom of 16 South Hall concealed the beacon light that guided many a homesick Freshman to contentment and to the nut bread which made famous her weekly boxes from home. In spite of the compulsory use of the natatorium, Evelyn has never learned to swim—yet she has acquired a collection of medals that would seem to outrival Annette Kellerman herself. We wonder, Evelyn, if you've been cheating. She left us rather suddenly on one occasion in her Junior year and though we always believed that dead men tell no tales—when she returned we noticed a marked change in her repartee and that of her friends, which brought the conclusive evidence that the party wasn't as "funeral" as the official permission of the Dean would imply. However, that wasn't the only circus which Evelyn attended, for she was one of the famous group who cheated "Barnum and Bailey" out of half of their legitimate profit, attired more like a delegate from a kindergarten than one from an institution for the "Higher Education of Young Women."

Her schedule has never included Greek; nevertheless, sufficient emphasis has been placed upon this subject during her numerous week-ends in the city, and if she ever writes her autobiography, one chapter should certainly be devoted to "The Fraternity Houses I have Visited." Evelyn has never been officially identified with the social work of the College yet her advice has kept more than one heart happy and her daily routine of questions and answers surpasses the famous Beatrice Fairfax herself.

Good luck to you, Evelyn, and may you always have the success in your own affairs which your own advice has made possible to so many of us.

19 TRINILOGUE 22



HELEN ELIZABETH WOLOHAN

BIRCH RUN, MICH.

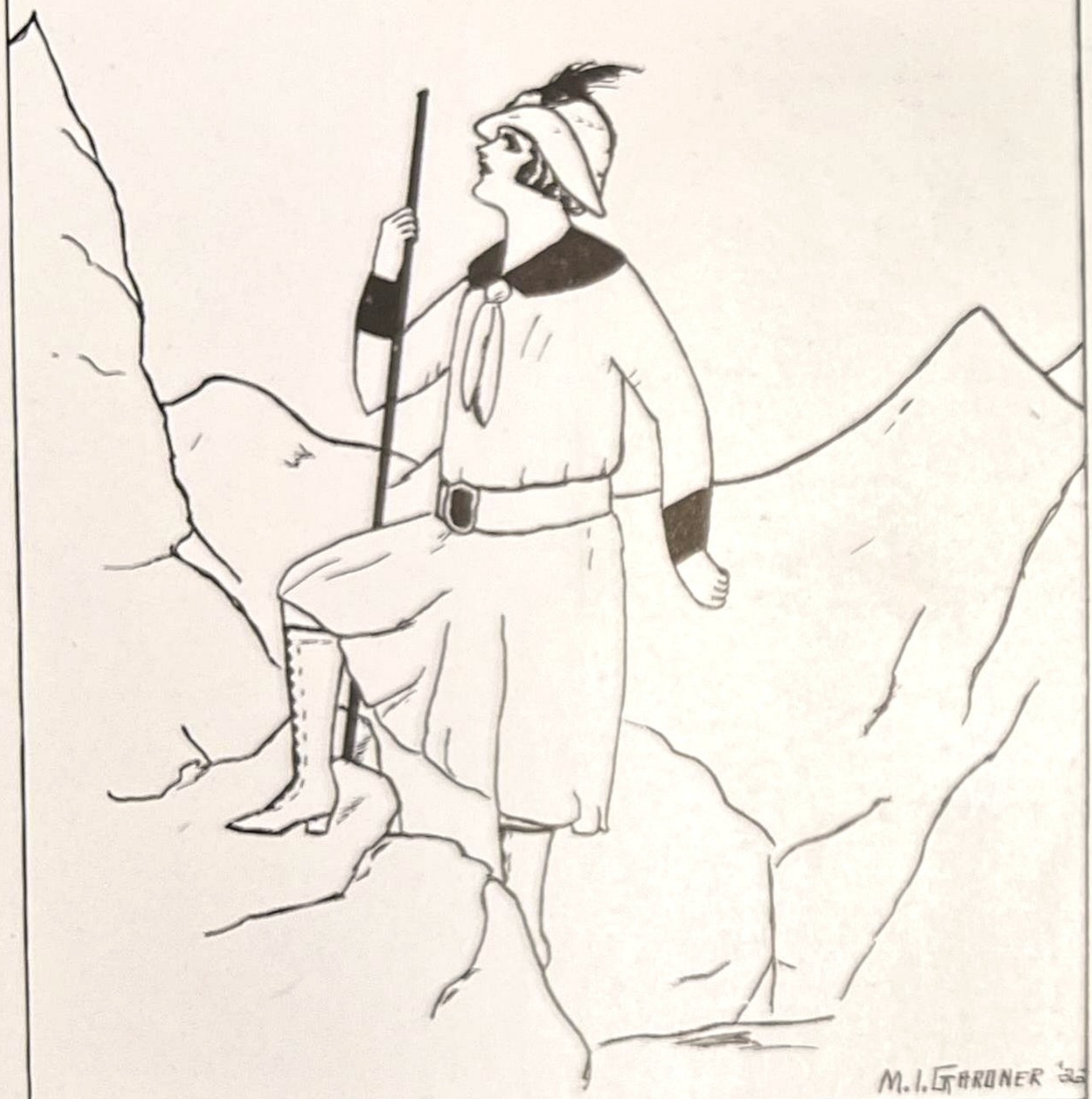
"Twentieth Century Unlimited"

In "Wooly's" phraseology, "Tell me the worst at once,"—and the worst of it is that she has only been with us two years; but in that short time, '22 has passed judgment on her new member as a regular girl, the typical American twentieth century style. You can see her almost any day, hiking it to the city or bound for Brookland town for cream puffs and confession—and all this with the collegiate cut of an outdoor girl to her stride. Probably this last characteristic is a clue to Helen's claim to the remarkable combination of youth for she is one of the few Seniors who can boast, "An extra pound here or there means nothing in my young life." But we all agree that such a jocular attitude toward such a weighty topic as avoirdupois can only be taken by one who possesses a remarkable sense of humor—and Wooly has that, as her table can attest, for daily she puts them all in kinks.

Knowing "Wooly" as we do, we can all understand her claiming a great preponderance of the Senior mail at assembly every day, but what interests us is the "extra postage" she frequently pays for letters stamped "over-weight." And her only response to our curious queries is: "Use your own jurisprudence." Probably Wooly has not as yet made public her intention of personally conducting sight-seeing parties around the C. U. campus, but we recommend her as being highly experienced in this line, for on divers occasions she has been duty bound to search out a brother in Gibbons, a notary public in Caldwell, or a professor in the Marist College, and it was on this last occasion that Helen was besieged by a crew of C. U. "cakies," who refused to unhand the young lady until she consented to have her picture snapped in their midst.

But aside from these and numberless other experiences, such as Annapolis, School-observing, or Child's, which she would probably rather relate herself, we have nothing but the best to say about Wooly, and we have found her a good pal, a brilliant student, and a true friend.

GRADUATE



STUDENTS



MARIE C. McGRATH

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"La Femme Savante"

B. A., University of Michigan, 1918.
M. A., University of Pittsburgh, 1920.
Ph. D., Trinity College, 1922.

If Hamlet could speak, many are the tales he would tell us of the wee sma' hours Marie has spent with him, poring over his eccentric convolutions—his *sulci* and his *gyri*. But our ghost (?) of the melancholy does not hold complete sway in Marie's affections. We could tell tales of her interest in the feeble-minded. She even sings to these unfortunates in more senses than one.

Without her eight cups of coffee the day goes as naught. We well remember the day when she swore off forever. She had the appearance of a Morpheus-struck rag-doll. The ambrosial nectar stimulates her and makes sleep a thing of no concern. But it was a tea and cake at a Freshman spread that caused the erstwhile guardian of Graduate Hall to think what a splendid proctor Miss McGrath was. Those were the good old days.

Far be it from our Ph. D. to arrive at a state of "patient endurance." She aspires to the lofty pinnacles which less learned mortals think of in terms of the *"Summa."* To strike awe into the hearts of those who have changed High-Brow Hall into Fiji Hall, is an art with Marie. In the years, will the little house on Lincoln Road echo our tempests of tea-pot and tongues? It will be rather lonesome without the famous mixed bunch. We are go-ing fast and furiously. Not least among our memories is that of one who has truly hitched her wagon to a star. We dare not speak of her brilliant mind for fear she might say that she's "used to being sat upon." Here's to you, Marie! To the College—it's Ph. D., to the Freshmen—Miss McGrath, to us, our friend through thick and thin—our pal!



MIRIAM DUNN

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

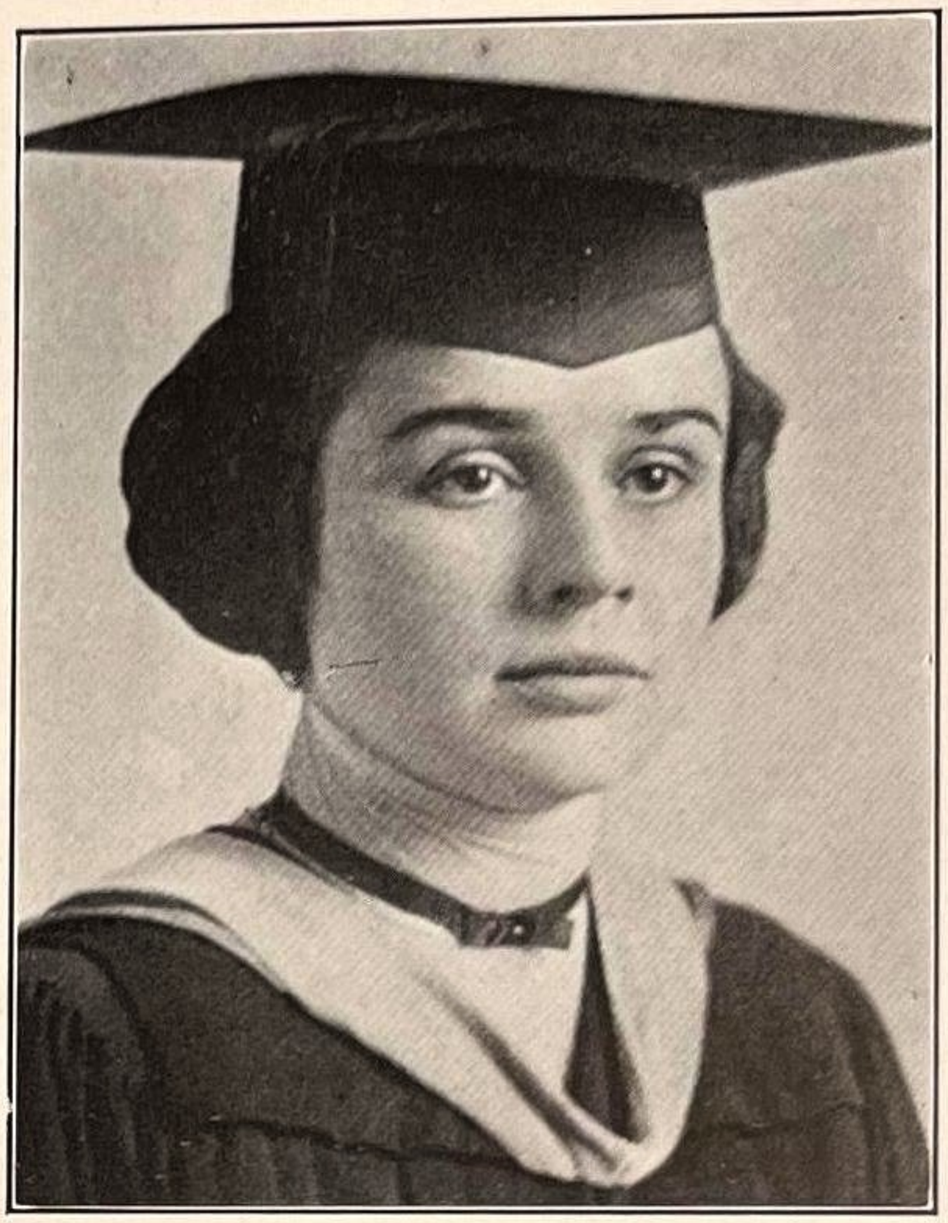
"The Unassuming Intelligensia"

B. A., Smith College, 1921.
M. A., Trinity College, 1922.

Miriam—it is hard to describe her! In fact, there is just a little elusive touch to her personality that baffles description. To some, this elusive touch may even seem exclusive in its quiet reticence. But when one has pierced this calm exterior he marvels at his previous errors. Miriam claims that she can really get "mad." Be that as it may, she does have an ever-alert sense of humor. Her musical giggle resounds frequently through the Marble Corridor, especially if you mention to her "the dancing master." This giggle is unique in the history of the College—it has a span of at least three octaves.

Miriam is a psychologist. Those dark realms of knowledge at the threshold of which the rest of us tremble afford her recreation. The attraction is mutual if we may judge by results. In this connection, there are a few riddles which we are unable to solve. Why do people stop Miriam on the street and tell her their troubles; or why do the squirrels frisk so gaily about Graduate Hall on the first day of the week; or, why do young men rejoice in being demonstrated as cases at the Clinic? Have you ever heard of a certain gentleman named "Hamlet" who occupies a great deal of this young lady's time? It is strange, but in spite of long hours, enjoyable hours she assures us, spent in his company, she cannot, or will not, tell us a thing about his mental development.

But "no fooling," Miriam is a real student, especially when she is engaged in calculations concerning "Space." Her Alma Mater Smith has trained her well in the scholarly art of application. To those of us who know New England only on the map, this is as it should be—a Massachusetts Miss could be nothing if not a student. And Miriam is a real Massachusetts Miss. Yet she has been taken for a Freshman. You cannot accuse the Professor of poor eyesight, because she is young enough actually to be one. With such a start on an intellectual career, we can only predict a Ph. D. in the near future. Good luck to you, Miriam, M. A.



CATHERINE LOUIS MANNING

WATERTOWN, MASS.

"The Bather"

B. A., Trinity College, 1921.

Not one of the Mack Sennet variety, you understand, but an advocate of the old-fashioned soap and sponge method. The gurgle of flowing water, and the appearance of Catherine arrayed with all the weapons of a good wash are simultaneous about 9:00 p. m. And it cannot be said that she has ever inverted the order of that wise old adage, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." You can see her braving the chill breezes that cavort down the halls in the early morning, on her way to awaken some sleep-loving Sophomores or Juniors for Mass. On especially cold mornings she may even close your window—and they praise some men for discovering the North Pole!

Although Catherine takes her Master's degree in Latin, and has led classes through Cicero and Vergil, she is adept at finding the fourth dimension of sleeves (that mysterious point between elbow and shoulder that is not considered immodest), and sewing them into our evening gowns. When erstwhile bobbed heads have reached the poetic but impractical shoulder stage, they are "done" in Catherine's room.

Anything Italian from macaroni to Madonnas elicits the greatest enthusiasm. "All roads lead to Rome" with Catherine, and, if she is as good a skipper as she is a hiker, we won't be surprised if she finally reaches the Eternal City. Perhaps she will find the Vatican Choir as entertaining as the C. U. concerts that lull her to sleep.

She is a member of the secret Order of the Two Apples, and has the faculty of speaking frankly, but when she says she walked to Baltimore, we wonder, and ask for souvenirs from Rome.



AGNES MOAN

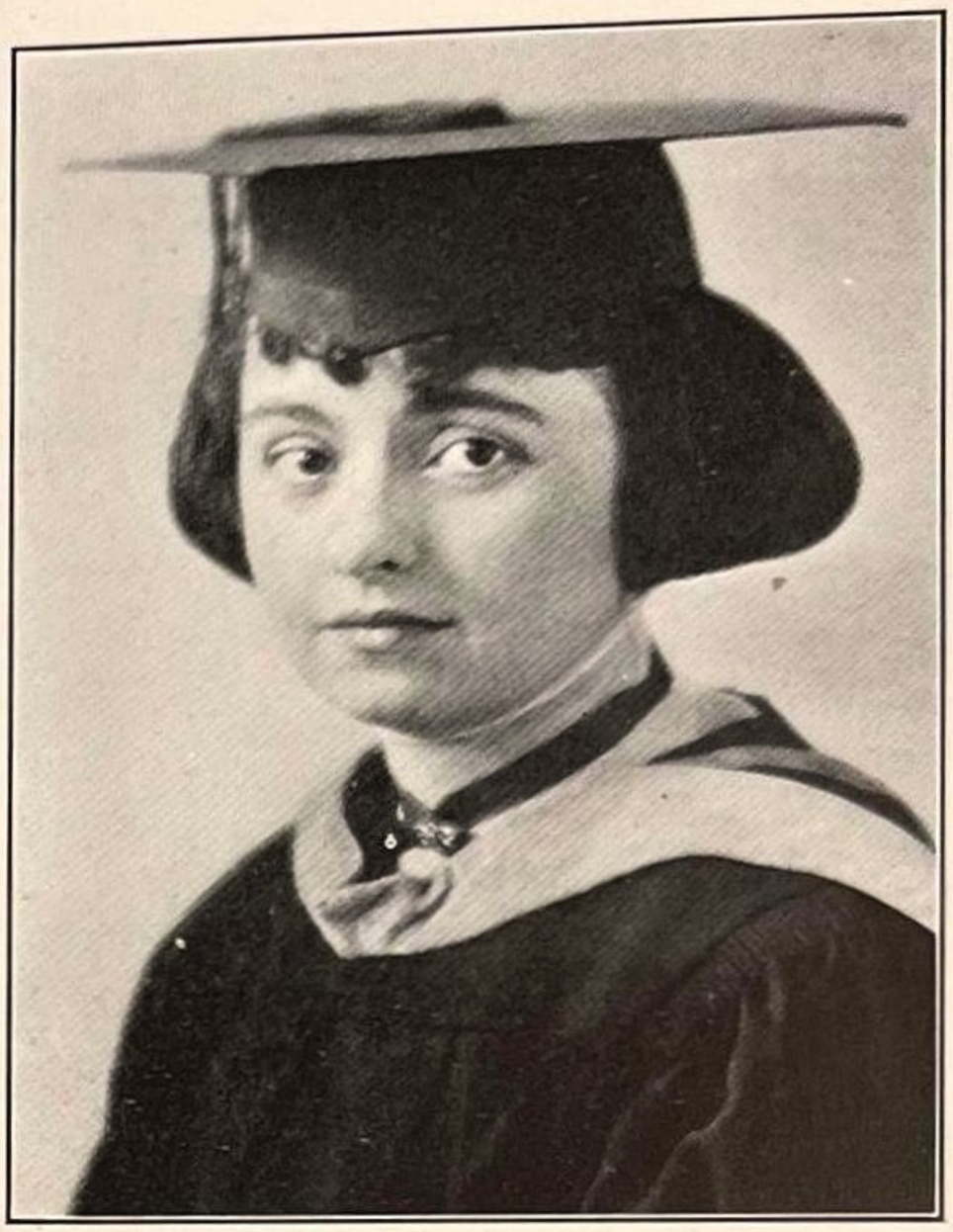
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Miss Diplomacy"

A. B., University of Minnesota.

Who? Which? What? This breezy Minneapolitan who joined Trinity's list of graduates this year! Blissfully young, at least in appearance (we won't vouch for experience), her personal dignity received more than one rap on account of such remarks as, "Who's the good-looking new Freshie?" thereby designating none other than our highbrow associate. Learning more later about her pedigree, we wonder now how she endures this secluded existence after the colorful life as viewed from a hotel lobby. "Pat" is an encyclopedia of information regarding conventions of bankers and lawyers. She likes them old; is it because the older they are the harder they fall? Her chief diversions are pipe-organ and social work—"cases" occupying most of her time. But we must not judge from this that her time is all spent in pursuit of the intellectual—for such is a *"non-sequitur."* She indulges profusely in dancing, swimming, tennis, and hiking—athletic pursuits are so good, especially when one is desirous of preserving one's sylph-like form.

Just one glance at Agnes would make any one join with us in being very glad that she transferred from the U. of Minnesota to try out the East in general and Trinity in particular. Even these few months at Trinity have proved that Agnes is eminently qualified to stage a Punch and Judy act at Keith's as a consequence of the personal experience she has acquired in handling "dummies." She would easily rate high in this position. We regret that the M. A. course prescribes only one year of study, but we know that Agnes will make the best use of her time spent here even though it is not long.



ELLEN JOSEPHINE RUSSELL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"A Bit o' Cheer"

A. B., Trinity College, 1920.

Back in September we found that "The Road That Lies Out There" does not necessarily lead off into paths hazy and dim, and once more we welcomed Ellen under the Red Roof. Graduate Students usually fill us with awe, but here was one of whom we need have no fear, since she comes to us from our big sisters of the Class of Red and White. She has "even" taken a leisurely course toward the coveted M. A. that she might receive it with '22.

Strictly speaking, no introduction to the little "Missy" is necessary, but since all of us are not psycho-analytically proficient, we would give a word of interpretation. The chroniclers of Ellen in her beloved '20 called her "a little brown study," partly because of a certain shy reserve, partly because she possesses the inestimable gift of being able to keep her own counsel. They speculated as to her plans, but, marking the laughter in her eyes, wisely allowed their readers to draw their own conclusions. Perhaps it was her love of deep thought that drew "Bobby" into the realms of Psychology—all branches. We feel sure that it was by a process of "Association" that she elected Sociology as her minor, for she valiantly and efficiently secretaries to our Professor of "Social Diagnoe-sis." No wonder that with such a preoccupied existence as that of student and business woman, she has often been heard to exclaim: "This is distracting!"

We almost forgot to tell you—but then you have read your *Record*—that yet another dignity is soon to come to her. She is to receive a K. M. degree, it seems, shortly after she flips her tassel. In this, as in all things, we wish her success and happiness. Wherever she may go, whatever she may do, she cannot but have

"Satisfying, well-spent days,
Made splendid by love's wondrous rays."

19 TRINILOGUE 22



PAULINE G. WRIGHT

WORCESTER, MASS.

"The Comeback"

A. B., Trinity College, 1921.

Yes, dears, and she has a comeback, too. If you doubt it, just say something exceptionally fresh or highbrow, and see what you get. And if you care to preserve equilibrium and self-respect, do not park at her table; her foodmates are generally in convulsions, while her own countenance remains tranquil. Her facial control is ap-Paul-ing. Who else could, with innocent eyes, ask an amorous female swain, "Why do you get red when I look at you?"

They tell us that Pauline is taking her M. A. in Latin, but we find her amply capable of writing a thesis entitled, "The Vagaries of the Liturgy." She is a worker of wonders whether pointing out to marvelling Sophs the innocent sports of paramecia, or paring potatoes for a feed. Her plans for the future are veiled in secrecy, but popular pastimes at present are looking through microscopes and playing jacks. Make what you will of these tendencies.

All in all, we approve of her. Our chief objections are that she prays too much and does not sleep o' nights. However, as her disposition is not affected, we forgive these defects, although we gasp at the anomaly of midnight parties and early Masses. We finish our ennobling eulogy with the advice to the subject to live up to her latest baptismal acquisition and to remember that her tassel has not yet completed its circuit.

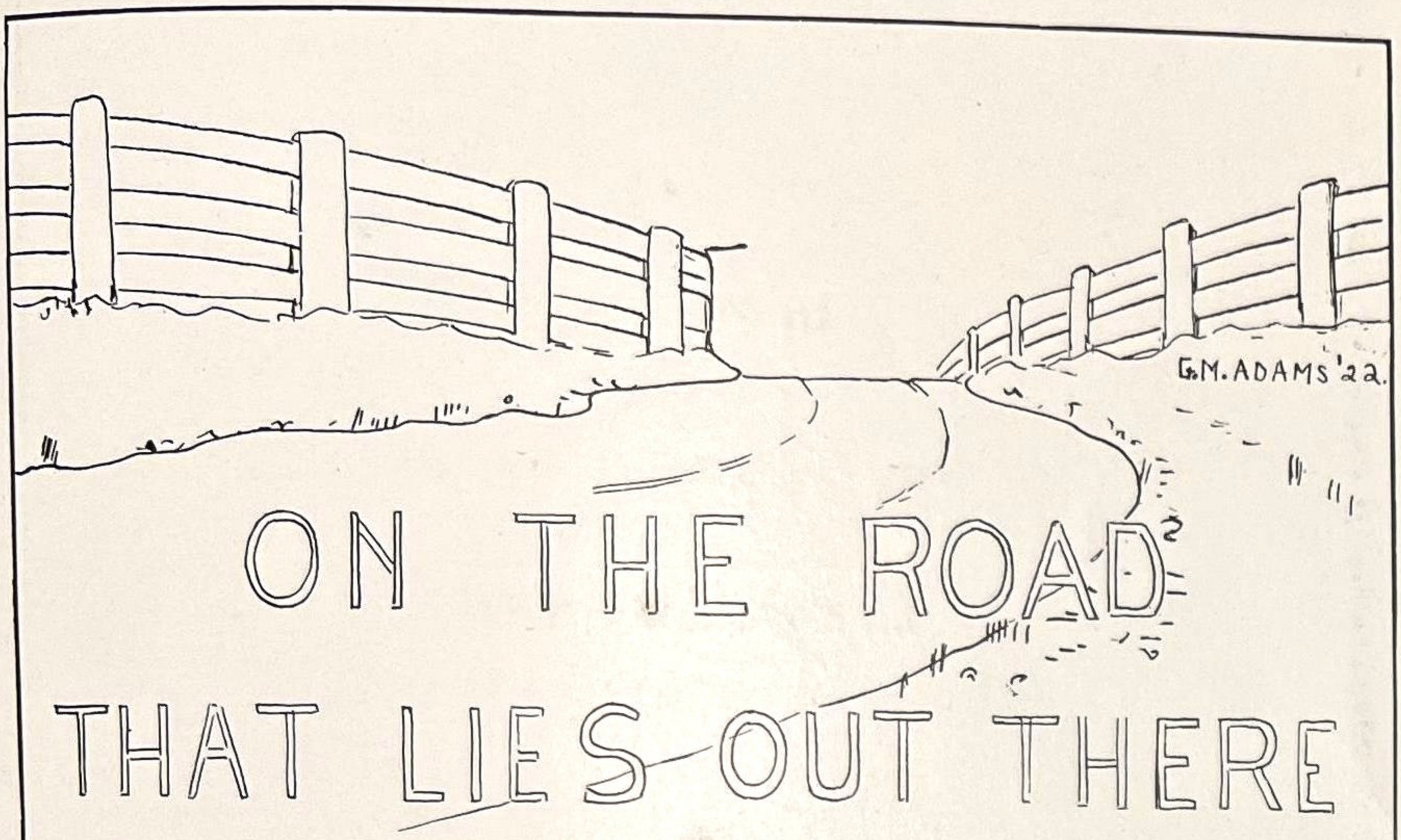
In Memory
of
Our Dear Classmates

LYDIA ZENGER
Who Died on April 14, 1921

and

GENEVIEVE HANLON
Who Died on December 19, 1922

May They Rest in Peace



ON THE ROAD THAT LIES OUT THERE

Bernadette Bagley
Sarah Burns
Rose Corbett
Frances Cummings
Margaret Duffy
Ruth Epply
Catherine Farrel
Jane Fitzgerald
Grace Daly
Ellen McLeavy
Helen Lussier
Marie Mc Phillips
Mary Myers
Monica Costello

Mary Gallagher
Regina O'Neil
Marie McGuire
Mary O'Neil
Emily Roe
Catherine Shanahan
Ellen Ryan
Henrietta Russell
Barbara Shepherd.
Catherine Sheridan
Florence Simpson
Grace Stinson
Margaret Tracy
Ellen Smith



Senior Class Addresses

Gladys Adams.....24 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, N. J.
Philomene Ambrose.....146 North Market St., Logan, Ohio
Maxie Béliard.....3 rue Choquet de Lindu, Brest, France
Dorothy Bennis.....401 Mahoning St., Punxsutawney, Pa.
Mary Catherine Boyle.....224 Walnut St., Johnstown, Pa.
Ruth Brock.....Stop 23, North Olmstead, Ohio
Gertrude Casey.....Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.
Pauline Casey.....612 Clay Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Angela Connelly.....30 East Corydon St., Bradford, Pa.
Marie Costello.....228 Second Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
Mary R. Coughlan.....135 Bank St., Abington, Mass.
Margaret Cross.....Osterville, Cape Cod, Mass.
Martha T. Crowley.....39 North St., Bristol, Conn.
Florence Davey.....52 Lothrop Boulevard, Beverly, Mass.
Rose DeBarber.....1210 Fifteenth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Helen Delaney.....5411 Swiss Ave., Dallas, Texas
Mary Donovan.....401 W. 147th St., New York City
Cornelia Duggan.....100 Second St., Towanda, Pa.
Edna Dwyer.....39 Academy Ave., Providence, R. I.
Mary Catherine Dwyer.....3 Burke Terrace, Rochester, N. Y.
Frances Faulkner.....1093 Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass.
Romaine Felix.....204 Tennyson Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kathryn Ferguson.....97 Yates Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Marie M. Fischer.....517 Wabash Ave., Evansville, Ind.
Aileen Fitzgerald.....1007 Third St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Margaret Flaherty.....35 Thomas St., Portland, Me.
Dorothy M. Flynn.....447 Highland Ave., Fall River, Mass.
Mary I. Gardner.....101 East Baird St., Barberton, Ohio

Catherine Gauthier	445 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Grace A. Griffin	2400 Sixteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Agnes Harron	1919 Tamarind Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rosalia M. Hartman	356 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Hester Healey	3311 Olinville Ave., New York City
Elizabeth Herbert	306 So. 4th St., Columbia, Pa.
Marguerite Hopper	102 W. 75th St., New York City
Mary Térèse Hugentugler	1056 South High St., Columbus, Ohio
Mary G. Kelley	139 Massachusetts Ave., Providence, R. I.
Emma Kenning	237 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.
Martha Louise Kunkel	3054 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Josephine Leonard	380 Scott St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Ruth Leyendecker	1925 Seventh Ave., New York City
Josephine Lyon	2049 East 77th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Grace McDermott	194 Central Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
Alice McLarney	874 Lexington Ave., New York City
Mabel McNamara	1717 Noble Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Lillian Manganaro	138 Griggs St., Waterbury, Conn.
Eleanor Monahan	26 Monument Ave., Boston, Mass.
Catherine Mullen	11 Fairmont Park, West Bangor, Me.
Monica Murphy	Reynolds, N. D.
Carol O'Brien	331 Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jessie O'Connell	227 Burncoat St., Worcester, Mass.
Mary Gertrude O'Donnell	209 Cherry St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Marie O'Reilly	4903 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Alice E. Padgett	1833 Park Road, Washington, D. C.
Winifred M. Price	253 Midland Ave., East Orange, N. J.
Marjorie Quinn	Hotel Endicott, New York City
Loretta Rank	1564 N. Van Ness Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marion C. Rieckelman	2406 Jefferson Ave., S. Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio
Denise M. Roach	1639 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Florence V. Rodgers	219 North Third St., Olean, N. Y.
Erin Samson	1716 Kilbourne Place, Washington, D. C.
H. Fidelis Scanlan	2020 Broadway, New York City
Mary Catherine Scanlan	5212 Greene St., Germantown, Pa.
Marion Louise Schanauer	6757 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.
Genevieve Shaw	588 West Park St., Dorchester, Mass.
Eleanor Skahan	91 Grove St., Belmont, Mass.
Helen M. Somers	33 King St., Worcester, Mass.
Helen C. Spence	238 Union St., Rockland, Mass.
Catherine L. Sullivan	347 Whipple St., Fall River, Mass.
Frances Sweeney	5112 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.
Alethe M. Taylor	687 Hazelwood Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Julia S. Thomas	408 Jackson St., Woodstock, Ill.
Evelyn Wittman	812 American Ave., Erie, Pa.
Helen Wolahan	Birch Run, Mich.

Junior Class

1923 made its debut in the inevitable white of the sweet girl graduate at the Student Government reception in 1919. The hospitality with which they were received by the student body left its impression to such an extent that they eagerly welcomed hostile Sophomores to their phantom Freshman spread. Deeply religious, too, were these ingenues, as the echoes of the rosary recited at the atrium will testify. The arrival of royalty during their first year with us drew 1923 from the cocoon of ingenuity into the whirl of courtly wisdom. Their basket-ball team proved a perfect constellation in that it was composed of all stars and will forever shine in the annals of Trinity athletics. 1,000-word papers second only to the terrifying anatomy of the amœba and crayfish failed to grind the "gay young Sophomores" for, having the will and the way, '23 returned as "jolly Juniors" in September, still cherishing a "thought for '21." Their golden glamor warmed the hearts of the lonely "blues" for whom they have proved efficient guides. As upperclassmen, '22 and '23 have traveled hand in hand and we are confident that the Commencement of 1923 will bring "The end of a perfect day."

Junior Class Addresses

Grace Adams	24 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, N. J.
Hannah Agan	216 W. Madison Ave., New Castle, Pa.
Leonora Aprea	Court Apartments 2, Savannah, Ga.
Eleanor Black	207 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
Helen Blum	98 Main St., Dansville, N. Y.
Rose Callaghan	122 Main St., Haverville, Mass.
Katherine Callahan	5 Court St., Plymouth, N. H.
Margaret Christie	35 Bayview Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Helen Coleman	2515 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.
Marian Collins	121 Grant St., North Attleboro, Mass.
Regina Curley	10 Congress St., Milford, Mass.
Marie Curtis	11 Elm St., Peabody, Mass.
Helen Dalton	34 W. Main St., Warren, Mass.

JUNIORS



Vivienne de Pasquale	917 Grant Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Rose Marie Derivaux	623 High St., Newark, N. J.
Margaret Driscoll	139 N. Michael St., St. Mary's, Pa.
Aurelia Duffy	36 Godfrey Road, Montclair, N. J.
Bernadette Durgin	156 Garden St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Florence Enright	419 No. 29th St., Billings, Mont.
Hannah Fahy	2909 13th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Mary Margaret Farrell	184 No. Walnut St., East Orange, N. J.
Marie Teresa Fenlon	167 Secor Lane, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Mary Fennessy	491 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Margaret Fitzgerald	213 Garden St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Marie Flannelly	22 Alpine St., Roxbury, Mass.
Virginia Flanagan	1225 N. Tenth St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Grace Flynn	75 No. Van Dien Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.
Mildred Flynn	2614 Bryant Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Mary Guarnieri	123 Market St., Warren Ohio
Germaine Güntzer	51 N. Regent St., Port Chester, N. Y.
Mary Gwinn	The St. Paul, Baltimore, Md.
Catherine Haage	1920 Perkimon Ave., Reading, Pa.
Louise Harrigan	61 Marlborough St., Lowell, Mass.
Catherine Hartman	238 Darragh St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
M. Frances Hetznecker	123 Haines St., Kane, Pa.
Mae Holland	46 Thorndyke St., Brookline, Mass.
Lucille Horan	1773 Grant St., Denver, Colo.
Ruth Horan	24 Oakdale St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.
Beatrice Mercedes Hornsby	Country Club Park, Havana, Cuba
Irma Horton	1744 Lamont St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Vivian Jennings	508 E. Eleventh St., N., Portland, Ore.
Mildred Kaveny	1146 N. Negley St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Helena Keane	27 Seaton Place, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Helen Kelly	268 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Margaret Kelly	414 West Main St., Waterbury, Conn.
Margaret Kennedy	Fall River, Mass.
Anna Kilday	915 East Main St., Stamford, Conn.
Helen Leary	2200 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Julia Lecour	745 Chicago Ave., So., Kankakee, Ill.
Winifred Ledwidge	Cottonton, Ala.
Mary Leonard	4124 Rose Hill Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Elizabeth Lynette	84 Clay Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Alice Loughran	2238 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Junior Class

Margaret McAuliffe.....2214 So. Ridgeway Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Louise McCarthy....."Ingleside," Ridley Park, Pa.
Marion McCormick.....187 First St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Mary G. McDevitt.....319 W. Seymour St., Germantown, Pa.
Cornelia McMahon.....127 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Mildred Manning.....66 Crawford St., Boston, Mass.
Katherine Megargee.....1600 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Katherine Mongan.....1601 Monroe Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Sadie Murray.....5 Strath Allen Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Evelyn Nee.....1341 Girard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Madeleine O'Brien.....15 Seaton Place, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Frances Oddi.....Yatesboro, Pa.
Catherine O'Donoghue.....2300 First St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Sarah O'Neill.....7914 Champlain Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Helen Ormond.....909 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Caridad Pamintuan.....4 E. Kirke St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Natalie Parton.....417 Tenth St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
Eileen Powers.....119 E. Sixth St., Tulsa, Okla.
Anna Quinn.....86 Frances St., New Britain, Conn.
Elizabeth Rourke.....86 Vernon St., Worcester, Mass.
Elizabeth M. Rouse.....80 Ridge St., Orange, N. J.
Elizabeth Ruppert.....1402 12th St., Washington, D. C.
Alice Scanlan.....2020 Broadway, New York City
Marian Schwartz.....Gaithersburg, Md.
Frances Skahan.....91 Grove St., Belmont, Mass.
Sarah Skahan.....91 Grove St., Belmont, Mass.
Loretta Smith.....619 13th St., College Point, L. I.
Catherine Somers.....33 King St., Worcester, Mass.
Anne Sullivan.....6915 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary Sullivan.....488 Hood St., Fall River, Mass.
Ruth Sweeney.....St. Mary's Pa.
Louise Venable.....12 Quincy St., Chevy Chase, Md.
Kathleen Elwood.....203 N. Main St., Pleinse, Pa.
Margaret Marsden.....443 6th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.


SOPHOMORE
2
M. E. Flynn.

Sophomore Class

When '24 came to Trinity they were not just new students who served their terms as Freshmen and then grew to be Sophomores. Indeed, no! They were the little sisters of '22 who caused the whole college to sit up and take notice, and they have held our attention ever since. We knew from the very first that we could always count on them to keep alive the pep of the Evens, and they have lived up to our highest expectations.

Beset by the heavy schedules of Sophomores, '24 has never failed to find time for all the little things which endear them to the hearts of their Big Sisters. Neither have they failed to live up to the high standards they set for themselves on their first class day. The same cleverness and originality dominated everything they undertook. On the morning of their Sophomore Class Day, we found the well transformed into a fairyland of red lattices and white doves, where '24's great red heart was pierced by '22's green arrows.

The unusual success which has attended all their undertakings is due largely to their intense loyalty to their class and to the staunch support they give their well-chosen leaders.

'24 has brought great happiness to '22. Our saddest thought in leaving is that we must say good-bye to our little sisters of the Class of '24.

Sophomore Class Addresses

Marie Ahern	461 Audubon Road, Boston, Mass.
Louise V. Andres	100 Powell Ave., Evansville, Ind.
Lillian Busian	807 College Hill, Rochester, Minn.
Bernardine M. Butler	26 Benefit St., Worcester, Mass.
Louise A. Callahan	39 Fairfield Ave., Holyoke, Mass.
Charlotte Chopey	695 N. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Alice M. Conroy	88 So. Munn Ave., East Orange, N. J.
Anna Rose Conti	713 South St., Vicksburg, Miss.
Eugenia Dierkes	3003 Observatory Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mary Louise Dolle	4020 Rose Hill Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Alice Gertrude Donohue	12 Beechmont St., Worcester, Mass.
Ruth F. Donohue	50 Edwards St., Springfield, Mass.

Eleanor M. Donovan	15 Westwood Road, Somerville, Mass.
Margaret R. Dooley	1192 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Katharine Driscoll	21 Kent St., Brookline, Mass.
Jane Du Brul	Beecher and Melrose Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Elizabeth Duffy	1735 Columbia Rd., Washington, D. C.
Katherine G. Duncan	1210 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.
Marguerite Dwyer	11 Railroad Hill St., Waterbury, Conn.
M. Virginia Ennen	21 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Jessie Evans	221 So. 13th St., La Crosse, Wis.
Edith Fay	808 Howard St., Altoona, Pa.
Mary Catherine Farrell	666 S. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Constance Feeney	512 Cherry St., Fall River, Mass.
Agnes Felin	5030 Greene St., Germantown, Pa.
Dorothy Flanagan	1225 N. Tenth St., Washington, D. C.
Rita R. Flanigan	386 W. Main St., Milford, Mass.
Patricia Flinn	467 Lorain St., Sharon, Pa.
Marie F. Flynn	9 Waldo St., Somerville, Mass.
Mary Priscilla Fogarty	607 So. 5th St., Springfield, Ill.
Alva T. Gallagher	505 North 10th St., Sterling, Ill.
Mary R. Glaccum	162 Washington St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Virginia M. Goodwin	512 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Margery F. Grant	315 Insurance Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Madeline Guilfoyle	3418 Prospect Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Virginia D. Hallinan	501 Vine St., Victoria, Texas
Rosemary Hanlon	7051 Hamilton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mary Elizabeth Harty	26 Prescott St., Torrington, Conn.
Miriam Hayes	41 Washington St., Peabody, Mass.
Mary M. Hearn	9 High St., Westfield, Mass.
Elizabeth Heffernan	27 Dunneath St., Roxbury, Mass.
Maria Luisa de Heredia	5500 Cabamere Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mary E. Hampsey	724 N. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Catherine F. Hoey	60 N. Clinton St., East Orange, N. J.
Gertrude Homan	2340 Grandview Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Emily M. Hornig	924 Tenth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Mary J. Hummel	3436 Berry Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mary Angela Hynes	636 E. D. Woodruft, Indianapolis, Ind.
Alice Marie Jackson	7 E. 87th St., New York City
Anne M. Joyce	712 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia.
Florence D. Judge	601 E St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Helen Keller	346 Clark St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mary Agatha Kelly	17 Belden Ave., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
Julia E. Kennedy	2723 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Eleanor Lenahan	183 N. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Anna McCarthy	355 Main St., Lewiston, Me.
Mary Anne McGannon	Lyons, Mich.
Mary A. McLarney	874 Lexington Ave., New York City
Helen L. McMahon	33d and Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Marcella Virginia MacHale	5800 2d Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
Mary E. MacLaughlin	83 Clarke St., Manchester, N. H.
Mercedes Mansmann	716 N. Negley Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Cecilia Martin.....2496 E St., San Diego, Cal.
Regina A. Marsden.....443 Sixth St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
Mary Louise Masterson.....65 Crawford St., Roxbury, Mass.
Mary Frieda Mazuzan.....77 Lake George Ave., Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Katherine F. Melady.....623 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Lucy Mae Moloney.....6309 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Nathalie Moran.....44 Ashford St., Allston, Mass.
Angelina Morrissey.....1117 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss.
Kathryn Mullins.....3015 N. Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Katherine Murphy.....731 Fairmount Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Mary L. Murphy.....2151 California Ave., Washington, D. C.
Lucille Murphy.....Atascadero, Cal.
Regina N. Neligan.....1434 Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D .C.
Mary Noble.....75 Beard Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Helen F. O'Brien.....10 Marlboro St., Belmont, Mass.
Helen C. O'Brien.....310 Walnut St., Waterbury, Conn.
Elizabeth O'Connor.....102 S. Bluff St., Monticello, Ind.
Catherine M. O'Connor.....937 E St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
Elizabeth M. O'Neill.....14674 Euclid Ave. E., Cleveland, Ohio
Agnes G. Perrot.....1405 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Gertrude L. Quinn.....1596 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.
Beatrice L. Randel.....St. Davids, Pa.
Kathleen E. Ready.....1018 Florida Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Berenice M. Renkert.....1375 Market Ave., N. Canton, Ohio
Hazel Ryan.....5647 Fenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mary Scott.....1199 So. Orange Grove, Pasadena, Cal.
Helen Frances Shannon.....Krebs, Okla.
Helen B. Sheehan.....36 Salmon St., Manchester, N. H.
Agnes Cornelia Sullivan.....540 W. 3d St., Lexington, Ky.
Lillian Margaret Swift.....1909 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.
Mary Louise Tinley.....312 So. 8th St., Council Bluffs, Ia.
Margaret Kent Toole.....144 Townsend Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Florence A. Tucker.....1627 Lamont St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Helen J. Walker.....144 Hauks St., Lowell, Mass.
Marie F. Walsh.....450 Church St., Mobile, Ala.
Catherine E. Wirtner.....612 N. Penna. Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
Frances C. Wolff.....1748 Lanier Place, Washington, D. C.
Mary Lillian Wolford.....610 Woodland St., Nashville, Tenn.



Sophomore Class

freshman class

freshmen are always interesting; they are so new and shy and different, and they make the "grave, old Seniors" feel so much older and so much graver by contrast. Did we say shy? We correct the impression as we check up on our memories in regard to the advent of the class of nineteen twenty-five to Trinity. We knew that they were here the minute they arrived, and we were mighty glad to see them. We told them so on the morning of Cap and Gown Sunday and we stick to the same story.

'25 has been true to its colors of blue and white but they never adopted the blue as a symbol of the state of their disposition. It was a merry, peppy group of eighty-six that located the bluebird of happiness in the well on their first class day. '22 always welcomed the arrival of class days because on these occasions the freshmen leave their own private dining-hall to sing to us in awe, in the big dining-hall. The time must seem to the freshmen far distant when in nineteen twenty-five they will reign supreme at Senior tables, but we know that when four years have rolled around, '25 will have a long list of achievements written in the Book of Fame.

'22 will miss its little freshmen friends next September, but we shall be wishing you the greatest happiness and success.

Freshman Class Addresses

Delphine Acerboni	8150 Grand St., Middletown, Conn.
Odile Ashford	3907 Canal St., New Orleans, La.
A. Louise Barley	208 Stuart Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mary Vivian Barr	1239 Lawrence St., Brookland, D. C.
Alice M. Barrett	41 Wellington St., Worcester, Mass.
Genevieve Beauton	136 Edwards St., New Haven, Conn.
Margaret Mary Brand	6259 Savannah Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Edith M. Branson	614 Eleventh St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
Rose V. Brennan	45 Cleveland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mary Margaret Briley	5845 Centre Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Blanche Brunini	1924 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss.


FRESHMAN!
A. O'HARE

Dorothy M. Costello.....228 S. Second St., Saginaw, Mich.
Helena Marie Crowley.....392 Ashmont St., Dorchester, Mass.
Helen Eugenie Cummins.....Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Mary F. Devitt.....2249 Harcourt Drive, Cleveland, Ohio
Julia E. Diggins.....323 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.
Ruth Dockweiler.....957 West Adams St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Lucille Downs.....611 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Margaret Ruth Doyle.....Stonington, Ill.
Lillian P. Duffy.....36 Godfrey Road, Montclair, N. J.
M. Edith Duncan.....1210 N. Capitol St., Washington. D. C.
Gertrude M. Espey.....19 S St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Agnes Fahy.....2909 Thirteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Kathryn Fischer.....13 Bellaire Drive, Montclair, N. J.
Inez Helen Fitzpatrick.....1510 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Dorothy A. Flynn.....75 N. Van Dien Ave., Ridgewood, N. J.
Anna Gloria Foley.....114 Elue St., Worcester, Mass.
Eleanor Theresa Geier.....111 R St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Irene Gould.....625 Remington St., Ft. Collins, Colo.
Kathleen Marie Harlow.....1013 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.
Rena Hays.....15 High St., Bristol, Conn.
Hildegarde Hicks.....1116 Monroe St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Helen Holland.....46 Thorndike St., Brookline, Mass.
Catherine P. Hughes.....35 Elm St., Douer, N. H.
Anna Belle Hunt.....801 Findlay St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Lorraine O. Hurley.....50 Fairmount St., Marlboro, Mass.
Margery D. Hyman.....3001 S. Fairfield Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Dorothea A. Inerny.....220 So. Taylor St., South Bend, Ind.
Pauline Agnes Jackson.....162 Willow St., Waterbury, Conn.
Mildred M. Judge.....1710 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Antoinette Keane.....3935 Keokuk St., Chevy Chase, D. C.
Mabel Kelly.....2888 Erie Ave., Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio
Helen Margaret Kinniery.....186 Liberty St., Middletown, Conn.
Eleanore Leonard.....380 Scott St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Louise E. Leyendecker.....1925 7th Ave., New York City
Margaret C. Lucey.....622 Pearl St., Ottawa, Ill.
Ruth C. Lyons.....790 Main St., Waltham, Mass.
Agnes McDonough.....122 Washington St., Hartford, Conn.
Margaret McDonough.....1429 Pittston Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Margaret Mary McGowan.....121 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Mary Antonio McInnis.....Eagle Rock, Va.
Florence Terese Mattimore.....799 Irving St., Brookland, D. C.

Dorothy V. May.....5431 Stanton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Marian Martha Mazuzan.....77 Lake George Ave., Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Mary Mehen.....1642 Woodland Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio
Mary F. Missett.....S. W. Cor. 63d and Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Marianne Mittinger.....124 Illinois Ave., Youngstown, Ohio
Angelique Molloy.....2514 Ingleside Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Frances Mary Moore.....110 Beech St., Lowell, Mass.
Catherine L. Mullaly.....1303 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.
Gladys Veronie Murphy.....119 E. Main St., Cobleskill, N. Y.
Madelene G. Murphy.....51 Unity Road, Newport, N. H.
Katherine Murray.....5 Strathallan Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Agnes J. Nee.....1341 Girard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Alma Mary Neligan.....1434 V St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Alice G. O'Heir.....241 Clark Road, Lowell, Mass.
Ellen Mary O'Heir.....241 Clark Road, Lowell, Mass.
Elise M. Pauley.....616 Fourt St., Deer Lodge, Mont.
Inez Marie Quinn.....229 S. 46th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Helen A. Reagan.....Gardner Neck Road, So. Swansea, Mass.
Mary Elizabeth Rieckelman.....3047 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Frances L. Roach.....1639 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Katherine Jane Ryan.....46 Revere St., Waterbury, Conn.
Anna Eulalia Smith.....Oak Lawn, R. I.
Susanna Smith.....P. O. Box 445, Springfield, Ill.
Elizabeth Thomas.....408 Jackson St., Woodstock, Ill.
Melba Tobin.....1630 Irving St., Washington, D. C.
Regina Vachon.....633 Washington St., Brookline, Mass.
Gertrude Velten.....20 Fremont Ave., Ft. Thomas, Ky.
Dorothy Walsh.....6212 Pennsylvania Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Margaret Walsh.....135 St. Paul St., Brookline, Mass.
Petronilla Wilcox.....125 Mauston Ave., Eau Claire, Wis.
Mary J. Wilson.....1429 Madison St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



Freshman Class



Thirkers



"Bored"



Thome More



3-4-'24.



Shahans Ltd.



Odd-and-Even Pals



Aint we Got Fun!



The Flynn Family.



Klass Day Kiddies



"OB"



Say it with Flowers



Mary



Sophomore Freshies



Oath



Trinilogue Board

BOOK TWO
ACTIVITIES



"The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

—STEVENSON.

Student Government

Officers.

RUTH H. LEYENDECKER, '22 ..... *President*
CATHERINE GAUTHIER, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
MARY GWINN, '23 ..... *Secretary*
PATRICIA FLINN, '24 ..... *Treasurer*

The year 1922 has indeed been a milestone in the history of Student Government. It has given us not only a fresh source of interest and authority in the person of our new Dean, but in addition it marks the tenth anniversary of the foundation of Student Government. The silver jubilee of the founding of our Alma Mater finds here its joyous echo. Although inaugurated as recently as 1913, it has become year by year a more vital part of student life at Trinity, not only in the fact that it represents student thought and action, but in that it aims to give expression to the ideals and hopes that animate every true Trinitarian. Student Government has become in very truth a common meeting ground for all, be they Odd or Even, Freshman or Senior, Student or Faculty. It is a melting pot in which individual interests, even conflicting aims, find new expression for the good of the many.

It is in this role of interpreter that Student Government will with certainty attain to its fullest success. Herein lies its hope of future greatness and expansion. As such no changes of time or authority can effect it except for good. With this realization, may each succeeding year find all its associates striving for the noblest interpretations of Catholic womanhood, as well as for the truest and best in college life; so that each and all may say with truth:

"Trinity, our lives are living thee,
Our Trinity!"


STUDENT-GOVERNMENT
A. O'HEIR

Beta Sigma Phi Society

Officers

MARY GARDNER, '22 ..... *President*
LORETTA RANK, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
CATHERINE HAAGE, '23 ..... *Secretary*
MARY FENNESSEY, '23 ..... *Treasurer*

Although familiarly known as the "Literary Society," our full-dress name is the Beta Sigma Phi. The principal use of the latter cognomen is its convenience for letter-heads and for society pins. Our interests vary from the latest free verse to the heaviest volumes of Knut Hamsun. Yet there is one appellation to which we strenuously object, i. e., "highbrow," in the sense that people mean when they say it with that upward shrug of the shoulders and that downward curve of the mouth. We delight in simple and frivolous pastimes like the rest of humanity and insist upon having it known. Which reminds us of divers occasions when we forgot our appalling dignity. On October 21st, the new members were whole-heartedly welcomed into the society by a supper party, preceded by an entertainment and followed by dancing. The old members made their début on the stage and silver (?) sheet in the latest revisions of such well-known fantasies as "Bluebeard and Citronella," "Annabel Lee," and "Lochinvar." The newly-initiated came as other characters of fiction, so altogether there was a choice assemblage of illustrious spirits present. Another occasion when we allowed ourselves to unbend quite alarmingly was at the Christmas surprise party. Each member received a gift which was pointedly amusing, while the verses which accompanied it were equally *à propos*.

But to turn from our penchant for frivolities to our more sedate selves. We are limited to the number of forty, and great is the difficulty each year to choose between the aspiring geniuses who seek admittance to our circle. At times the general camaraderie of our meetings gives place to heated discussions of the relative merits of the leading contemporary authors. Not always do we agree. Tarkington, Ferber, Canfield, Kilmer, Rose Macaulay, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Arnold Bennett, and Hamsun have furnished occasion for these symposiums, and we pride ourselves in keeping up-to-the-minute in their latest works.

LITERARY SOCIETY



Dramatic Society

Officers

ROSALIA HARTMAN ..... *President*
MARY THERESE HUGENTUGLER ..... *Vice-President*
MARY SULLIVAN ..... *Secretary*
ALICE JACKSON ..... *Treasurer*

Faint heart will never attain Dramatics! With all apologies to the author of the original quotation, the liberty is taken to apply the above words to these famous, secret, and fear-inspiring try-outs which even Trinity Bernhardts and Barrymores must go through before they can be led to the footlights to make their début in our college plays. But once the ordeal is past to the successful aspirants, the greatest pleasure comes in looking forward to the production of the plays.

The Sophomore, Junior, and Senior plays are always welcomed by the student body and looked upon as special features in the college year, for it is then that the real ability shines forth, and friends are seen lost in the personality of some charming lover or hair-raising villain.

'22 first attacked "The Rivals" in Sophomore year and their reputation thus gained in this clever costume play has never been surpassed but was made greater by the presentation of a delightful comedy, "The Show Shop," in Junior year. "Green Stockings," with all its thrilling scenes, crowned the success of our former triumphs. We look with sadness to the time when our little troupe of thirteen must separate. To those whose interests also lie behind Trinity's footlights, we leave the work of helping the society to grow with its Alma Mater and we bid them keep the name of which the Red Dome School will ever be proud.



DRAMATICS

Glee Club

Officers

PAULINE CASEY .....*President* LORETTA SMITH .....*Secretary*
JOSEPHINE LEONARD....*Vice-President* MARGARET DOOLEY .....*Treasurer*

Glee Club may be defined as one of Trinity's greatest assets. An egotistical statement, perhaps, but one whose truth will be recognized by all who have ever been so fortunate as to witness the splendid performances of the Club and who have been, as a result of their good fortune, deeply impressed by the tuneful and perfect rendering of a difficult cantata or by the rare sympathy with which a lighter musical number was interpreted by Trinity's capable songsters.

There are gala occasions at Trinity when illustrious personages or visitors of note are formally welcomed by our famed institution of learning and it is at times, such as these, that the coveted "limelight" hovering about, seeking an object worthy of its flattering rays, invariably comes to rest upon Glee Club, the "center of attraction" and the esteemed factor upon which the success of every ceremonial event practically depends. It may be mentioned here that the multiple successes which attend the efforts of Glee Club are due to the untiring work of its honorary president and to the loyalty, enthusiasm, and unselfishness which characterize its members.

Labor is the price of success, however, and there is a vast difference between the lilies of the field—"who toil not, neither do they spin"—and the members of Glee Club when, on every Thursday night, the latter assemble in the auditorium and utilize their vocal organs in an effort to attain that certain "finish," which, by the way, might be the term applied to the condition of the vocalists at the end of the hour, as well as to the perfected state of the musical study under consideration. The work was doubly hard this year owing to the fact that, in addition to its usual number of programs, the Club presented its first "regular" Glee Club concert.

The Class of '22 has ever been interested in and appreciative of the efforts of Glee Club and it is its earnest wish that every wave of the bâton may inspire the Club's members to newer and greater victories which will be a sufficient recommendation for their future establishment in the exalted choirs of the cherubim.

GLEE CLUB



Eurydice Club

Officers

EILEEN FITZGERALD ..... *President*
MARY G. O'DONNELL ..... *Vice-President*
MARIAN McCORMICK ..... *Secretary*
HELEN O'BRIEN ..... *Treasurer*

The fact that the Eurydice Club is always relied upon to add to the success of every college entertainment speaks for its importance as a necessary factor in life at Trinity. Not only on formal occasions such as the reception of our beloved Archbishop Curley or a program rendered to perpetuate our love for good St. Patrick, is the orchestra in great demand, but also in bringing the students together and fostering school spirit by frequent informal dances. In a word, when music is needed, it is always said of the orchestra, "Nothing else will do."

The regular Eurydice meetings are held the first and third Wednesdays of the month but the "irregular" ones are by far more frequent and at inconceivable hours. However, our concerts prove that the efforts of our gifted musicians have not been in vain. Under the direction of our honorary director, this harmonious organization has overcome the difficulties encountered in many favorite masterpieces.

Then the excellent attendance of all members must be mentioned also as bringing success to the orchestra. Rehearsals mean constant labor and frequently are the cause of great distress; particularly when there is an exam next day or a paper due at 9 P. M., but they have all been amply rewarded by the enthusiasm of an appreciative audience. Ideals established since the formation of our College Orchestra have been maintained and the Club has endeavored to surpass the achievements of former days. In the years to come we shall look back with fond memories on our many pleasant and profitable hours spent together in Eurydice meetings. '22 wishes good luck and success to all future members in their undertakings.

EURYDICE



G. M. ADAMS.

The Athletic Association

Officers

JULIA THOMAS, '22.....*President* HELEN KELLY, '23 .....*Secretary*
MARY COUGHLAN, '22.....*Vice-President* ALICE DONAHOE, '24 .....*Treasurer*

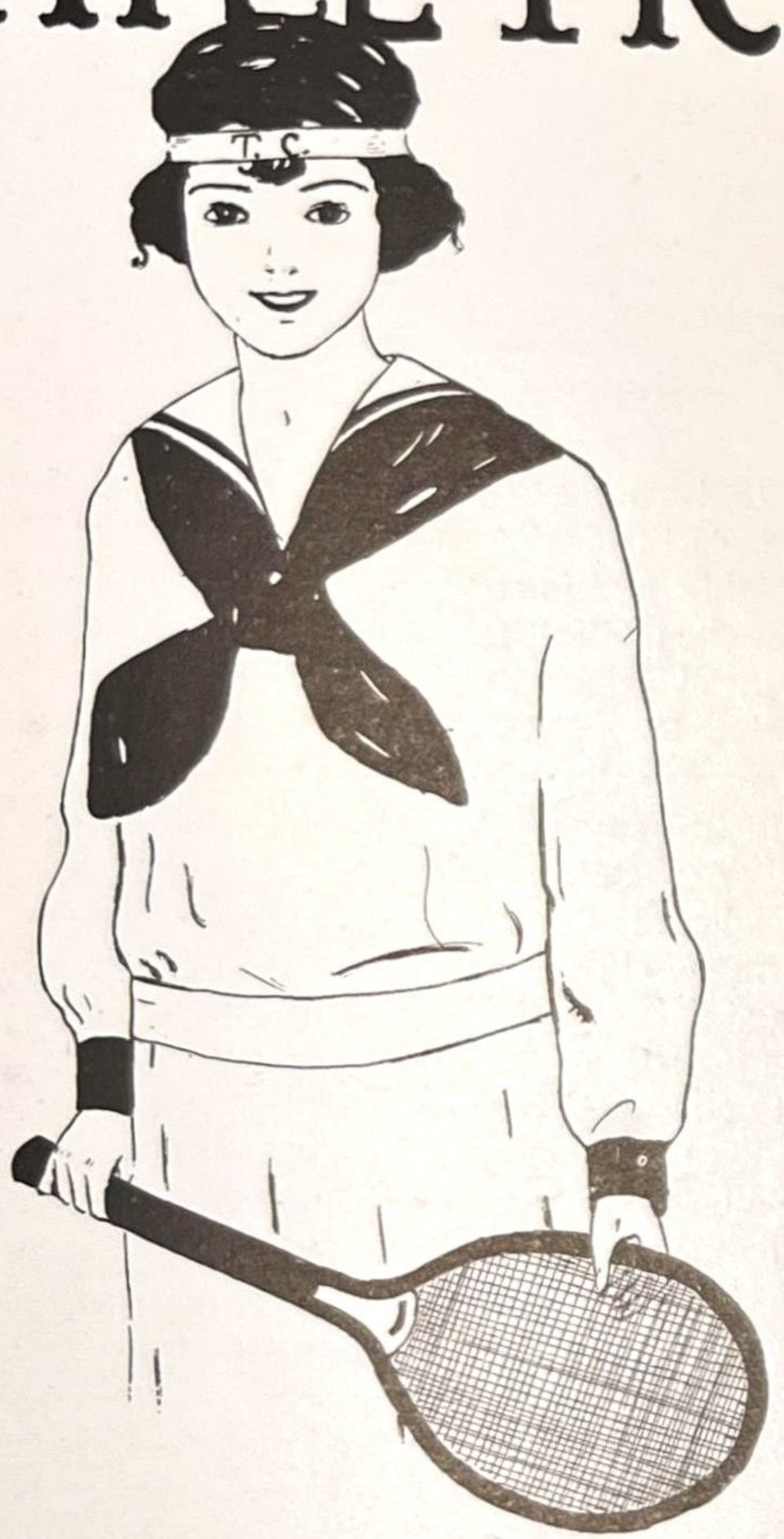
Progress means ever a step forward, ever a step higher. In the true sense of the word the Athletic Association has made great progress during the year '21-'22. Its chief aim was to arouse in the entire student body a love for the sports our equipment permitted. Success crowned its endeavors, for early in October a law was passed which made every student of Trinity automatically become a member of the Athletic Association. For the first time in the Society's career the cry, "Come one, come all," was answered, and the assurance of an one hundred per cent following was gained. We are proud to be able to look back upon that move as one of the great stepping-stones along our path.

With the loyal support of every Trinitarian, an increase in the year's athletic program was made possible. Two seasons of basket-ball and tennis were enjoyed not only by the combatants but also by the throngs of on-lookers and cheerers. The Spring season of both games was enhanced by the fulfillment of the saying, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Tennis tournaments were inaugurated in which the class teams met in contest for the silver trophy cup, which is to remain in the possession of the champion class until succeeding matches produce another victor. The longed-for hockey field was constructed too late to allow a season of hockey, but early enough to permit the "Babe Ruths" and "Ty Cobbs" in our number to display their latent qualities. Baseball furnished a new outlet for the youthful enthusiasm. Nor can we forget the swimming pool and the great part it played in Trinity's athletic achievements. Under the guidance of Mrs. Sage countless mermaids rose to fame and gave pleasure to their less talented classmates when at the swimming meets they made public their accomplishments. Should you meet one of these fair maids upon a summer bathing beach you will not fail to notice the emblem of her skill, the purple and gold "T. C.," proudly worn upon her bathing suit.

To Miss Mildred McCarthy, ex-'19, the Athletic Association owes much of its success. We hope that in her successor will be found as talented a director and as staunch a supporter as she has been.

In parting, '22 bids all who follow to "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand," until Trinity's Athletic Association shall be surpassed by none.

ATHLETICS



G. M. ADAMS 22

Current Events Society

Officers

ELEANOR U. MONAHAN, '22 ..... *President*
HESTER HEALEY, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
MILDRED MANNING, '23 ..... *Secretary*
MARY J. HUMMEL, '24 ..... *Treasurer*

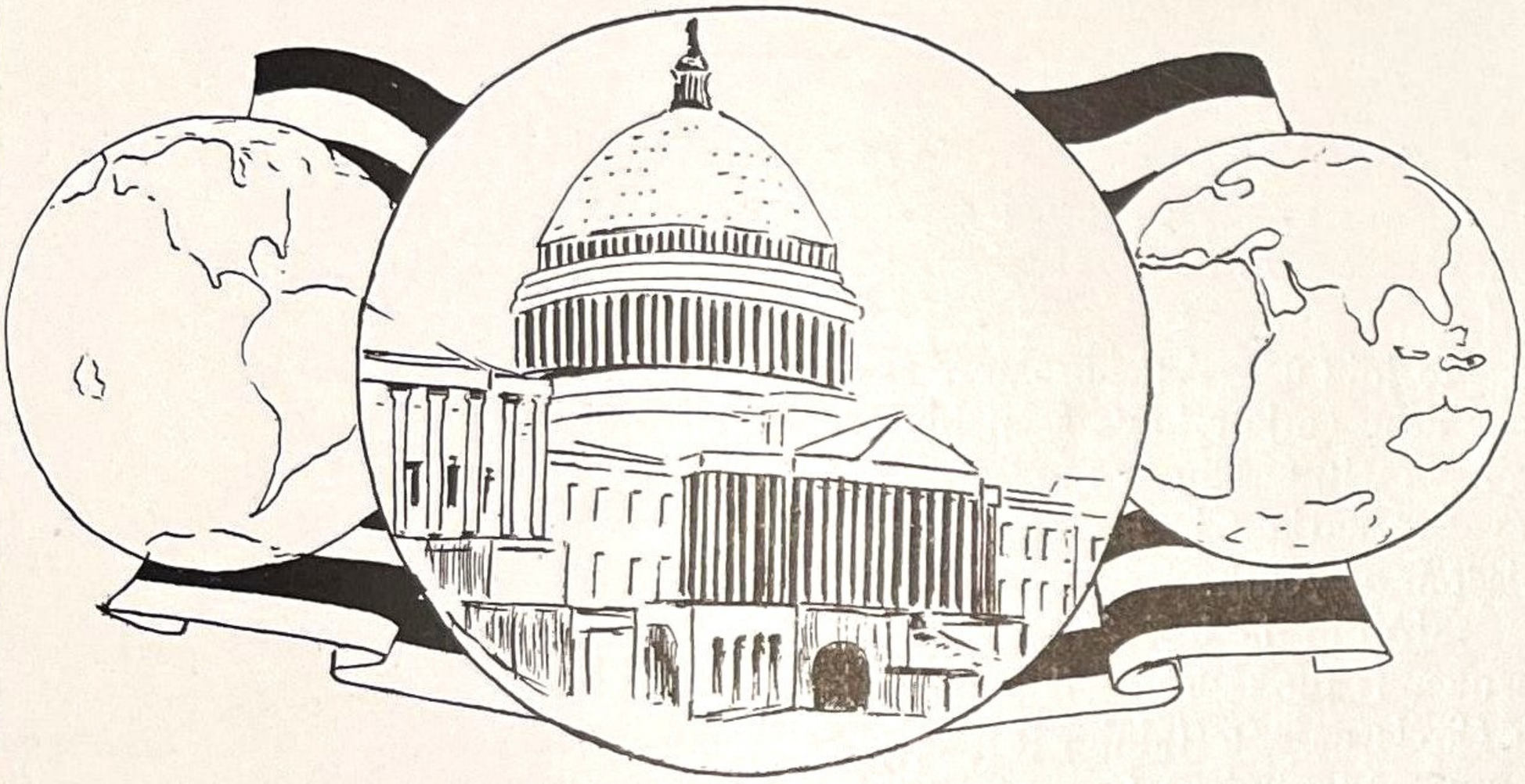
Ever eager to keep up-to-date with current topics, Trinitarians have found the Current Events Society a splendid source of information and direction. The bi-monthly meetings have been stimulated by reports from New York *Times* for respectability, from *The Tribune* for political pep, and from *The World* for social reform, and conservative Whaley-Eaton letters, both domestic and foreign, have given ample material for lively discussion.

The world famous assemblies have afforded most interesting and apropos subjects for lengthy debate and the Armistice Conference held in Washington has given members opportunity, not only to see and hear the illustrious statesmen and world leaders, but to study at first hand, events and views prevalent in the era of international progress.

Numerous and versatile have been the interesting lectures with which the officers of the Society have supplemented its immediate work.

Since activity and progress are particular characteristics of the twentieth century, 1922 cannot but hope that under the skillful direction of its Honorary President they will always find expression at Trinity through the Current Events Society, and that as the events of our day take their place in world's history, future Trinitarians may continue to find the enterprising Society a source of abiding interest, instruction, and enjoyment.

CURRENT



EVENTS

G.M. ADAMS 22

Le Cercle Francais

Officers

DOROTHY M. FLYNN, '22.....*President*
WINIFRED PRICE, '22.....*Vice-President*
JULIA LECOUR, '23.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

With a limited membership our exclusive society started the year by displaying the greatest enthusiasm. After one or two meetings of just our old members we formally received the fortunate applicants for admission who had successfully passed the oral examination and had been deemed sufficiently wise to join us. As characters from *La Fontaine* we gathered, and could the poor dear author have seen his creations talking together socially or could he have witnessed our modern interpretation of his fables, he probably would have sat upright in his grave and thereupon composed another fable on the wisdom of youth.

Firm in the belief that that which is learned in an agreeable and pleasant manner is the more easily retained, we endeavored to make the meetings of th Circle as entertaining as possible. Our intellectual debate held between Deans and Student Government Presidents will long be remembered, while Father Delaunay's lecture on the deaths and elections of Popes created an indelible impression.

A modern language society means work, but we earnestly hope that this year the work has been so successfully joined with play as to further interest and mark progress in our knowledge of French.

In closing, the officers of the Circle for this year wish to express their appreciation to the Honorary President for interest and never-failing assistance, and to the members for their hearty coöperation. To the incoming officers we wish greatest success and joy in planning programs that are different. May they continue the good work of this year and never let our Circle die. *"Vive le Cercle!"*


FRENCH
M.C.D
'22

El Circulo Espanol

Officers

JOSEPHINE TOOLE, '22 ..... *President*
MARY C. SCANLAN, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
MARGARET KELLY, '23 ..... *Secretary*
EUGENIA DIERKES, '24 ..... *Treasurer*

¿ "Hace un año que Vd. estudia Español?"

In order to become a member of the Spanish Circle one must give the answer to this question in the affirmative. On account of the growing interest shown everywhere in the study of Spanish, El Circulo Español was founded in the year 1919 and has since taken its place as one of the leading societies of the College.

The purpose of the society is to acquire a more thorough acquaintance with Spanish conversation and thus place the members in a position to converse on a subject as the occasion might demand. Since the beginning of the society the membership has increased as the study of the language itself has become more intensified, and this year the society has a membership of thirty-five, including Señoritas from all four classes in the College. El Circulo Español meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month. At these meetings conversation is carried on in Spanish and subjects of current interest are discussed. This year the Circle has been indeed fortunate in having a real Señorita from Madrid, who is every ready to answer questions and tell, in a most interesting way, of the manners and customs of Spain, in which we are deeply interested.

Although the Circle is still in its infant stage its progress has been marked and we feel sure that the members will go out prepared to cope with the oft-found quotation, *"Aquí se habla Español."*


M.E.DWYER
SPANISH-CIRCLE



Officers

HELEN SOMERS .....*President* ELIZABETH HERBERT....*Vice-President*

Every Trinity student cherishes the title of Child of Mary. This year on the eighth of December, eighty-eight new members were enrolled in Our Lady's Sodality. All who have ever been enrolled are remembered in the Masses said for the Sodality, and partake of its indulgences.

On every third Sunday of the month we remind Our Lady that we are her children by wearing the little blue Sodality ribbons at Mass, when the entire student body receives Holy Communion. In the evening, after Benediction, we recite the Office of Our Lady. This year the Society has provided a Small Sodality Library with the hope of increasing it year by year.

May Day is one of the most enjoyable days at Trinity. In the morning the girls join in the field day sports with great enthusiasm, and in the afternoon, after assembling in the Chapel to recite an Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, we march in procession to the shrine of Our Blessed Mother on the campus, where we sing hymns and recite prayers. Supper is served on the Court, and the first strawberries of the season form part of the menu. The various classes take part in the May Pole dances and the evening is passed by singing College songs. As a fitting close for the day we visit once more the shrine of Our Lady, and all join in thanking her for her favors and asking for further blessings.



PUBLICATIONS

19 TRINILOGUE 22

The Record

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief
PHILOMENE F. AMBROSE

Business Manager
GRACE A. GRIFFIN

Assistant Editors
M. PAULINE CASEY, '22
DENISE ROACH, '22
ALICE McLARNEY, '22
ELIZABETH LYNETTE, '23

Assistant Business Managers
KATHRYN FERGUSON, '22
LORETTA RANK, '22
MONICA MURPHY, '22
CATHERINE HAAGE, '23

The Editor's Easy Chair seems to us a misnomer. Ours isn't even the proverbial swivel one that you've grown up with in the newspaper stories; the kind that turns abruptly with its occupant when the timorous contributor approaches for the first time. (Far be it from us to discourage *any contributor.*) Ours, to repeat, is straight-backed, conducive to anything but soft ease, and the common property of the staff. At least we've never fought to occupy it. In that respect, the political influence behind the publication, if you're asked, is socialistic.

Our office, comprising that chair, a roll-top desk of no small size and importance, and typewriters somewhat perceptibly war-worn in the literary campaign. occupies a unique place on South Hall First. Diagonally opposite the post office and adjoining the Music Studio, its advantages are apparent. Efficiency, the watch-word of the day, is promoted in the business management by accessible postal service while cultural "atmosphere" is supplied to poet and author. Then, again, have you ever attempted typing with musical accompaniment? There are keys and keys. Ours, by the way, is held in mysterious keeping.

Seriously speaking, there are ten of us on the Staff—eight Seniors and two Juniors (the latter, chosen that they may succeed as Editor and Business Manager the following year), the publication is quarterly and is the literary organ of expression in the College. In its pages we have tried to gather some of the written thoughts of the students and to keep alive through the alumnæ department the past for the "Now Ares" and the present for the "Have Beens;" (that classification, of course, being relative, and from the standpoint of graduation).

All things move forward or backward, we are told. For the *Record* we wish never retrogression but always steady advancement to the ideals it seeks to inculcate



"The Record" Staff

The Well

Staff

Editor-in-Chief

HELEN C. SPENCE, '22

Assistant Editors

MARY G. O'DONNELL, '22
MARIE T. FENLON, '23
HELEN T. McMAHON, '24
INEZ QUINN, '25

Businesss Manager

MARGARET CHRISTIE, '23

For centuries, astronomers had peered into the heavens to behold the constellations, before the wisdom of the college maiden conceived the brilliant idea of reflecting the movements of the stars in the dancing waters of "The Well." Truly, the most youthful of our publications bestows upon the world, unassisted by the ungraceful telescope, a lively and amusing view of the sallies of the stars of Trinity—stars dramatic, poetic, satirical, and humorous. Some of our observations may have been a trifle vague, but remember, brave reader, that is a part of the science. Mystery never ceases to be fascinating! However, unlike the proverbial star-gazer, we lay no claim to the characteristic of absent-mindedness. Alas, how unfortunate it would be for Trinity if we were to lose our mental presence so utterly as to neglect to issue "The Well." On the other hand, however, we wish to express our gratitude to those whose mental abstraction furnishes us with the ever popular jokes. In our rôle of observer and scribe of the stars, we do not necessarily boast opera glasses or front row seats. Indeed, we may often behold the most amusing details in the back row of the balcony. Furthermore, is not the balcony Trinity's own box?

Serious speaking, although "The Well" does not endeavor to be serious, our progressive paper has now completed its first full year of existence and has been warmly received by Alumnæ as well as by the present students. Its increasing circulation augurs well for the future of the College and of the papers, since a college paper promotes publicity at all times beneficial to progress.

The Class of 1922 relinquishes to 1923 its guardianship of "The Well" with the wish that it endure through the future and, that growing old, it may always have young ideas.



"The Well" Staff



Officers

MARY COUGHLAN, '22 ..... *Chairman*
MARGARET KELLY, '23 ..... *Vice-Chairman*

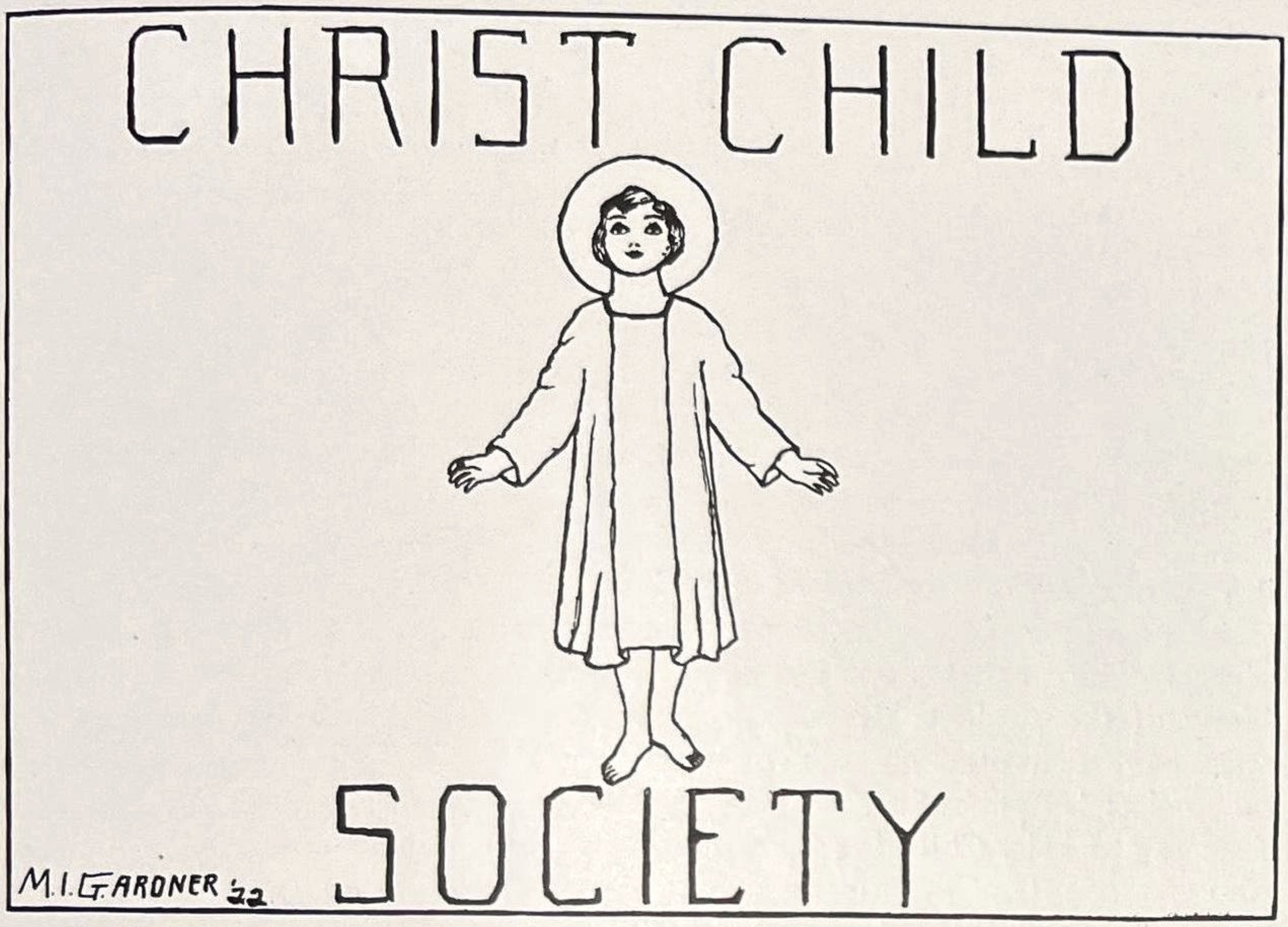
Assistants

NATHALIE MORAN, '24 RUTH DOYLE, '25

"It pays to advertise." How well Trinity advances its belief in this time-old slogan, through the medium of the Publicity Committee!

Although only in the second year of its existence, this flourishing committee has done much to enhance the reputation and the knowledge of Trinity throughout the length and breadth of the land. When it undertakes to describe in detail the social functions which are of such great interest both in and out of the "old red-roofed, grey building," even "Paula Patterson" has reason to fear a rival. And yet it does not confine itself merely to descriptions of our best party dresses, even though said dresses may exist only in the minds of Trinity's budding reporters. It devotes much time and energy to the description of our more serious pursuits, and it must be indeed a very trivial matter which cannot set the typewriters clicking and the pencils flashing in a more or less hurried endeavor to get the news ready for the press.

Trinitarians exhibit unfailing interest and curiosity with regard to the Publicity results. Who is the girl with mind so incurious that she does not like to see her name in print? Be the motives personal or not, be its aim news or fame, the Publicity Committee will carry on its work, assured of the good wishes of all who are eager to see Trinity known and loved in every corner of the earth, be it ever so remote.



Officers

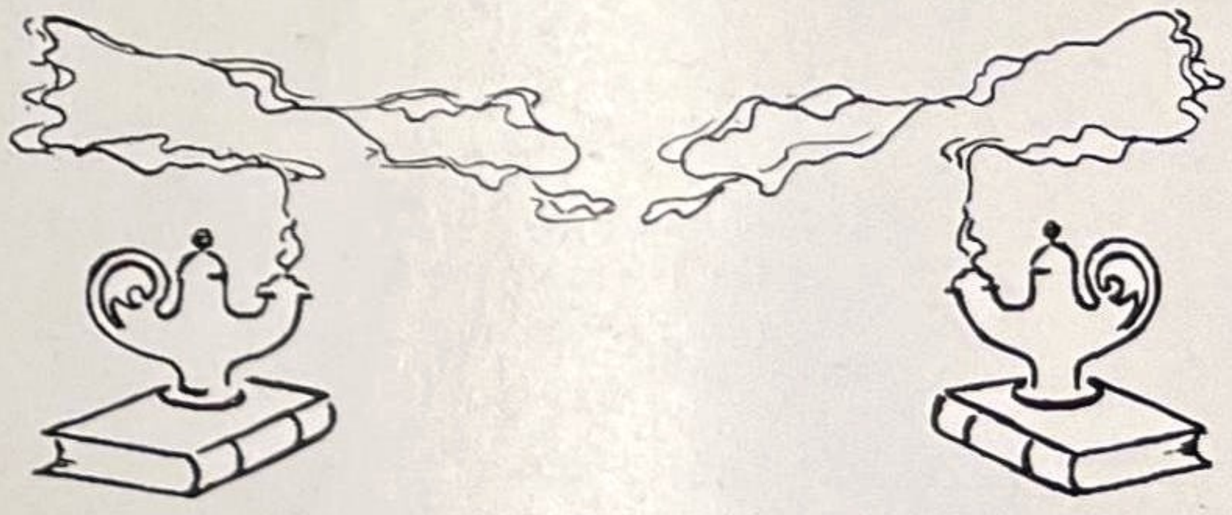
LILLIAN MANGANARO, '22 ..... *President*
ALICE McLARNEY, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
MARY LEONARD, '23 ..... *Secretary*
MARY McLAUGHLIN ,'24 ..... *Treasurer*

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
'Til over the buttons we fall asleep
And sew them on in our dream."

You may happen to stroll in the vicinity of the English Room some Monday evening and hear the clattering of scissors and tongues. If you peek in you will not be long in suspense. You will see a semicircle of girls gathered around numerous baskets. Some girls are even on the floor. No, not on account of lack of chairs. They always sew tiny garments which are not doll clothes for you guessed wrong that time. They are baby clothes. Each

industrious one cannot help imagining a little darling in the garments, maybe a little colored darling. The fifty members are divided into groups of basters, stitchers, button-hole makers and last but not least, those humble ones who pull out the bastings.

The meetings are very informal and the atmosphere encourages confidence and gossip, while many a battle is fought (metaphorically speaking) over the pros and cons of college life. The needle ever tends to whet a woman's tongue when two or more are gathered together. In October, tag day proved very successful at the College. For Christmas time the Christ Child members planned a surprise for some children of the city's poor so several dainty articles were raffled off and the proceeds netted a nice sum. Many of the students dressed dolls, whose costumes varied amazingly and must have delighted many a little mother's heart. However, the work of the Society is not confined entirely inside the college as several girls give their services at Christ Child headquarters by teaching religion and sewing. Those who cannot attend the meetings but whose spirit indeed is willing, help out this good work by stitching on the machine at spare moments during the week. Need we say that the aim of our society is to help as well as it may "the least of Christ's little ones?"





Officers

JULIA THOMAS ..... *President*
HELEN SOMERS ..... *Vice-President*
ALICE LOUGHRAN ..... *Secretary*
MARY NOBLE ..... *Treasurer*

As a charitable organization the Trinity Foreign Missions Society is open to every member of the student body, and its call for the much-needed dollar was nobly responded to by all classes.

As a working organization, it is limited to a group of fifty-five members who form the well-known body, "The Wekanduit Bureau." Its name has dominated its every act, and no matter what the job may have been, a willing pair of hands has been found to do it. United the members have cheerfully supplied Trinity with an efficient telephone service; separated into groups they have performed the many duties which have come within the scope of committes for sewing, pressing, laundry work, typewriting, or miscellaneous. They have indeed been "Jacks of all trades." Their ingenuity has often been called into play when appeals for more funds have required new activities. Its chief display occurred when the Bureau gave its annual circus in the gym. Barnum and Bailey were put to shame by the side shows; the Willard dainties were rivaled by the delicacies served; and the truth was brought home to all present that work and play could go beautifully hand in hand.

The Bureau has not limited its activities to the field of work alone. It has extended to literary zones as well, and is proud to be enrolled among the editors of the monthly *Missionary Digest* published by the Crusade.

"God Wills It" is our motto and under it we have faithfully striven to do our part.



Officers

EDNA DWYER, '22 ..... *President*
JOSEPHINE LYON, '22 ..... *Vice-President*
JULIA LECOUR, '23 ..... *Secretary*
MARION McCORMICK, '23 ..... *Treasurer*

This year has been a particularly successful one for the Classical Society, due to the active interest and generous participation of the members, whose faithfulness at meetings and whose willing preparation of papers have made the semi-monthly gatherings extremely interesting and enjoyable. Contrary to the usual custom, Sophomore members were admitted at the beginning of the year rather than at the annual party which is held in the spring, and the support given by them to the society throughout the year has been ample proof of the wisdom which prompted the innovation.

A finer appreciation of classical writers and their works together with an increased facility and pleasure in studying them is the end towards which the efforts of the society are directed, and perhaps it is not among the least of its achievements to have reached a more perfect understanding of the important influence exerted by the culture of classic antiquity upon the everyday life of our modern society. Not all people can understand the motive which prompts an intensive study of Greek and Latin, but for those who have ventured within the forbidding portals and who have been awakened to a sense of understanding and of intellectual achievement a wider field of artistic appreciation lies open; for them the Classical Society is intended.

TRINITITIANS



Officers

JOSEPHINE LEONARD ..... *President*
ALICE SCANLAN ..... *Vice-President*
LOUISE ANDRES ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

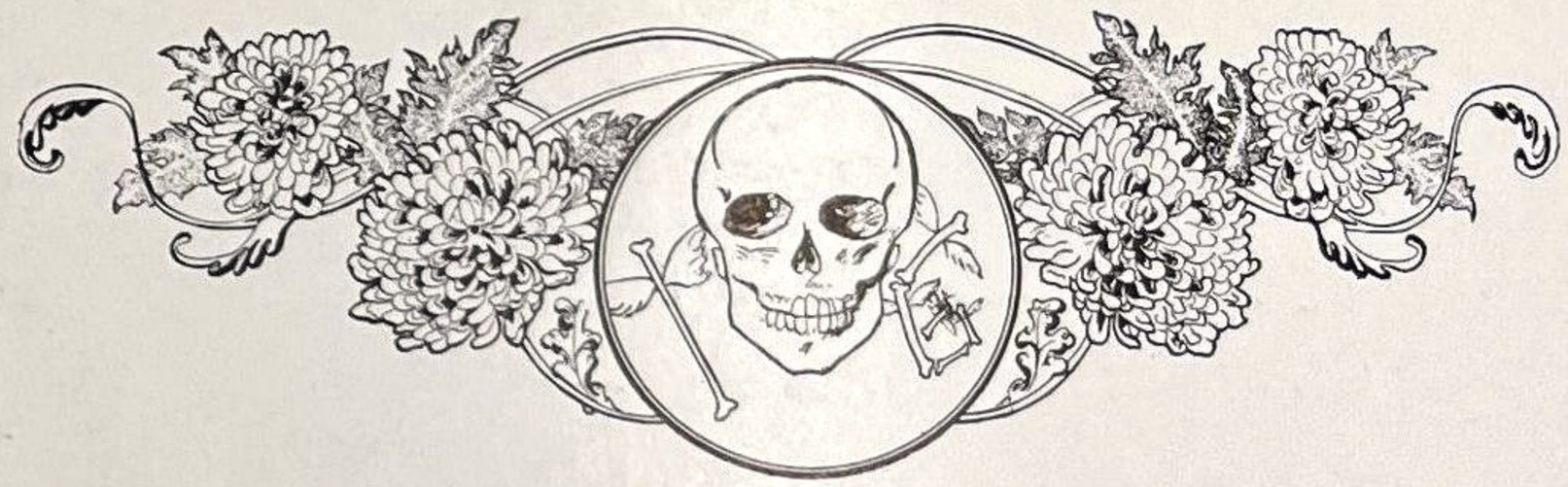
Behold the shining lights of Trinity, in other words Trinity's boast, her youngest, most exclusive and most unique society in the College, the Trinititians. Who would think that after all we suffered as children because of our red hair and freckles, we would be looked upon by all with envying glances

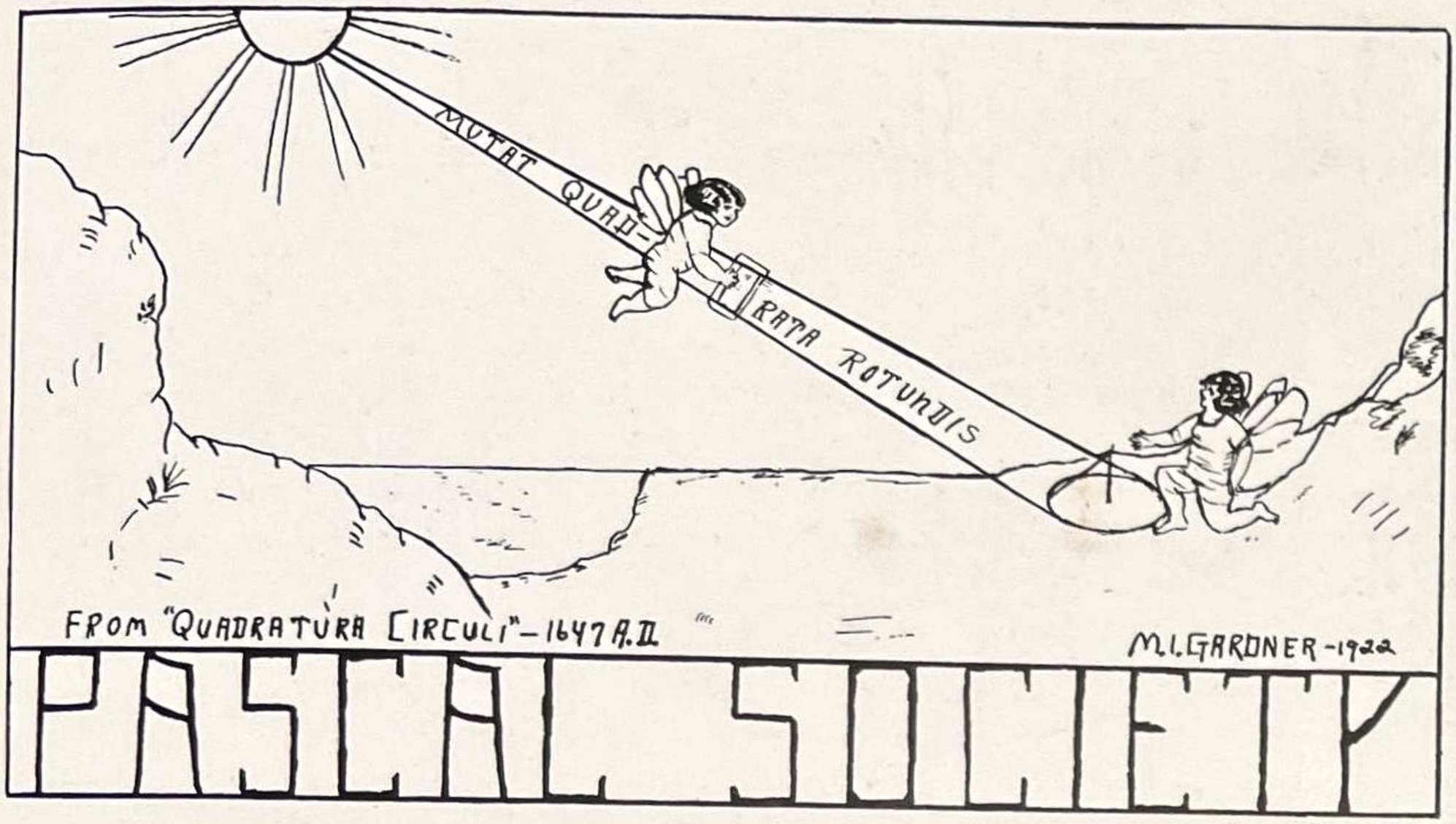
and that we would be the cause of many rushing off to patronize the hairdresser in hope that a henna rinse would put them among the envied?

To the red domes of '20 we owe our foundation, and '21 and '22 have succeeded in making the prosaic public recognize us. Who after seeing the famous minstrels could ever doubt our talent? After looking at the Trinititians, we can understand why it was said "a red-headed woman made a wreck out of me," for proof of this, we only have to watch the admiring glances that follow a red head through Trinity's halls.

We may not be able to boast of our quantity, but it is not quantity we are striving for but quality, and no one can disagree after looking at the twenty-seven Trinititians that we have the quality, and we are glad that even though some are not able to recognize "a thing of beauty" but insist on calling a titian carrots, or red, or such nomenclatures, we can smile because "many are called but few are chosen." The Titians are the chosen few.

We were all proud to welcome the new members from '25 and hope that the Trinititians will increase and prosper, always the shining lights of Trinity.



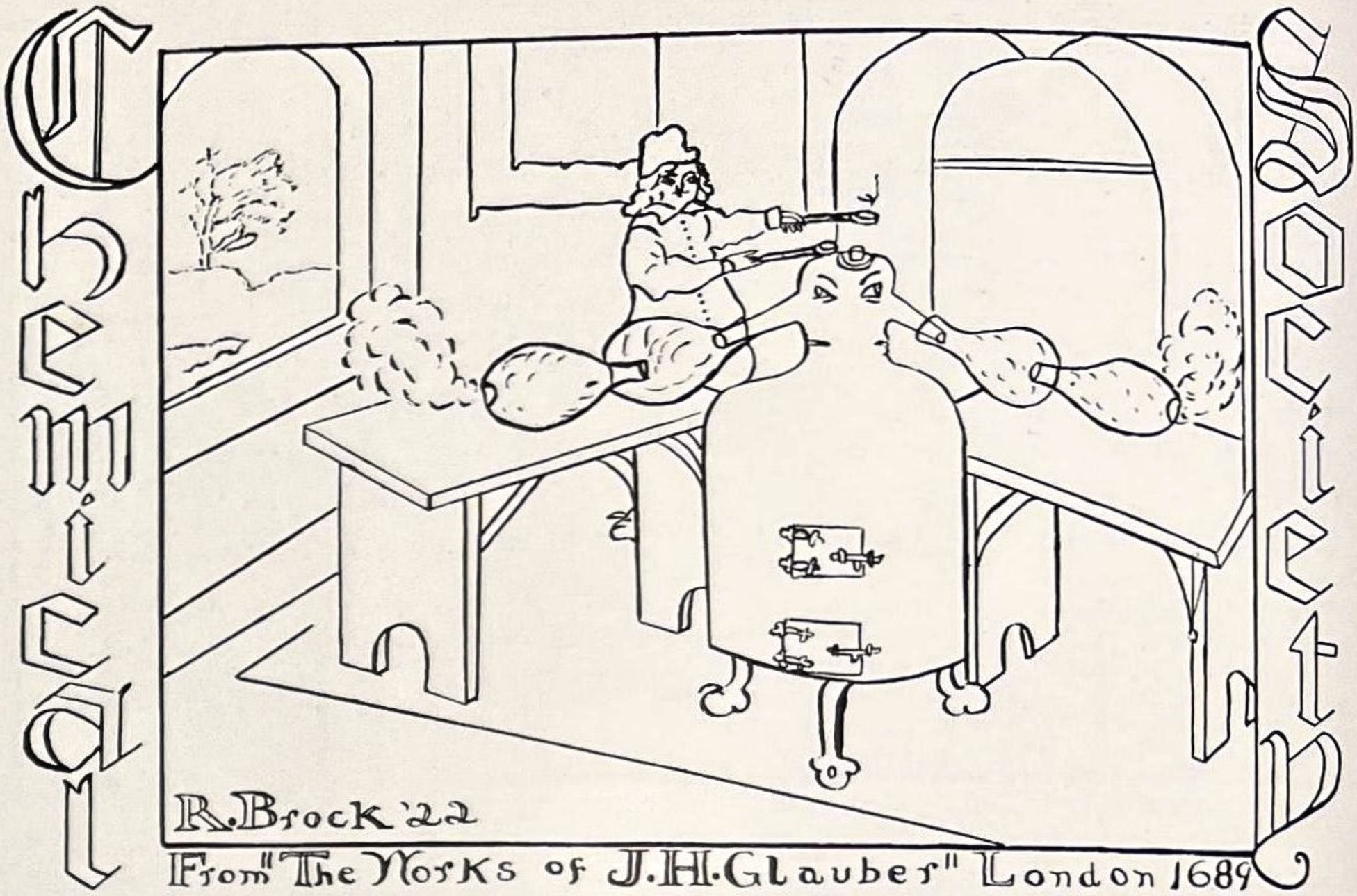


Officers

MARY G. KELLEY, '22 .....*President*
MARTHA CROWLEY, '22 ..*Vice-President*
HELEN ORMOND, '23 .....*Secretary*
MARGUERITE DWYER, '24.....*Treasurer*

For lovers of Mathematics, there is a society at Trinity called Pascal Circle, which was named after that great Mathematician of the seventeenth century, Blaise Pascal. The number of students who choose Mathematics as a major, or as an elective, is never a large one, as current opinion pronounces Math to be "high brow" and quite beyond the average feminine mind. However, we Pascalians are thirty-five in number this year, despite the new entrance requirements of the society concerning a high per cent in the college mathematics courses. We are endeavoring to prove that it is not a "high brow" subject, but just as easily suited to the minds of women as to the minds of men. Surely, woman may triumph here also. Many of the students envy us in our privilege to wear the Pascal Pin, designed by Margaret Sheehan, '19, and to use the Pascal stationery, for they have both been pronounced "very good looking."

On Tuesday evening, twice a month, the meetings are held, and the hour passes very quickly with discussion of everything mathematical, from match tricks to Einstein! The humorous side of the members was brought out at one of the meetings which took the form of a supper party, given for the new members. It was carried out in true mathematical style from the toasts to the feature of the evening, an original one-act play, "A Trinity Triangle," and was truly a most successful party. The members of '22 feel that our Pascal Circle is now well established, and that it will increase in greatness (quality + quantity) just as steadily as Trinity herself is certain to do.



Officers

FLORENCE DAVEY ..... *President*
RUTH BROCK ..... *Vice-President*
MARGARET DRISCOLL ..... *Secretary*
MARY LEONARD ..... *Treasurer*

The Chemical Society started on its year of 1921-1922 under the guidance of a new honorary president. She has a deep interest in the progress of the society, having seen it grow from the very first when back in 1915 the Chemical Society started out to take its place among the societies of Trinity.

Every first and third Monday brings together the select gathering of Trinity's chemists who meet for pleasure as well as to gain and display knowledge. The history of Chemistry has been treated during the year and also modern inventions, inventors, discoveries, and discoverers.

On the thirteenth of February its fifteen new members were entertained at a dinner party. The table was fittingly decorated with evaporating dishes, ring stands, bunsen burners, and scales, giving a very analytical atmosphere to the occasion. Toasts were given to the various chemical courses and then to prove the ability of the new members they were given tests, prizes being awarded to those who passed the test most successfully.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

One of the best phases of the society is keeping the old members "who have gone out from their Alma Mater" in touch with those who have not yet left the "Red Roof." Frequently girls holding chemical positions return and talk to the members of the society, explaining their work, giving their experiences, and advising those interested into what fields of science they should enter.

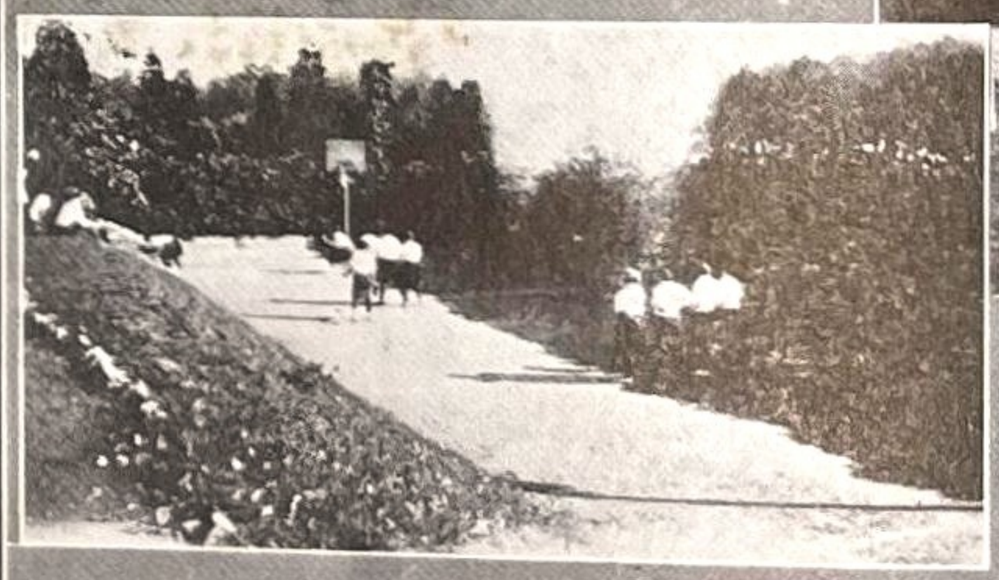
And now that it is time for 1922 to leave, we hope that the society will have an ever increasing membership, and advance in progress, and we trust that those who will undertake the work we are leaving will realize the ambitions which have not yet been fulfilled.

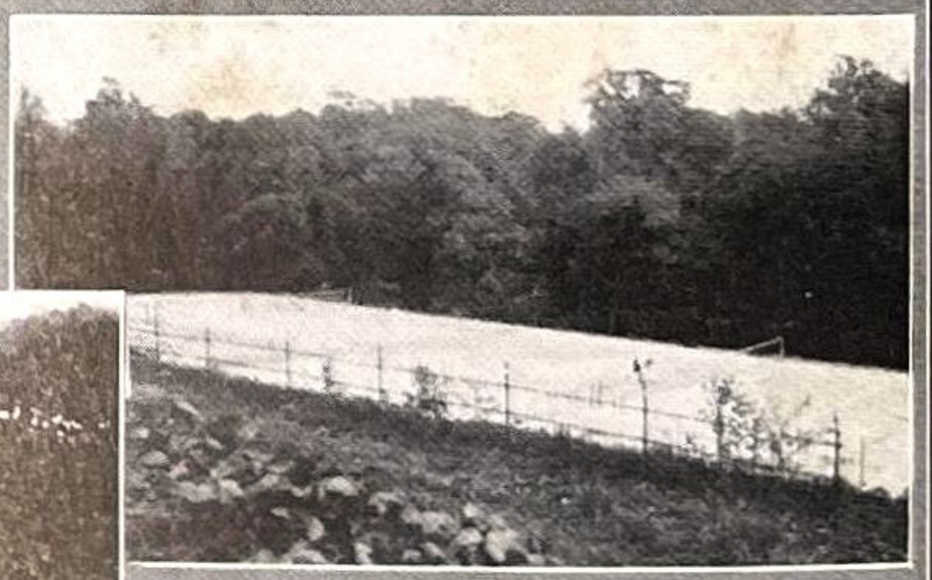












Snapshots

BOOK THREE



CLASS DAY

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Commencement Program

Sunday, June 4, 1922

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS

Celebrant

THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS J. SHAHAN, S. T. D.
Titular Bishop of Germanicopolis

Assistant Priest

THE REVEREND LEWIS J. O'HERN, C. S. P., S. T. D.

Deacons of Honor

THE REVEREND PATRICK J. MCCORMICK, S. T. L., Ph. D.
THE REVEREND JOHN O'GRADY, Ph. D.

Deacons of the Mass

THE REVEREND NICHOLAS WEBER, S. M., S. T. D.
THE REVEREND JOHN M. COOPER, S. T. D., Ph. D.

Masters of Ceremonies

THE VERY REVEREND GEORGE A. DOUGHERTY, S. T. D.
THE REVEREND RICHARD J. QUINLAN

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

THE REVEREND THOMAS V. MOORE, Ph. D., M. D.

Monday, June 5

4:30 P. M.

PRESENTATION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Tuesday, June 6

4:30 P. M.

CONCERT

THE CÆCILIAN SOCIETY

Wednesday, June 7

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF TRINITY COLLEGE

4:30 P. M.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Thursday, June 8

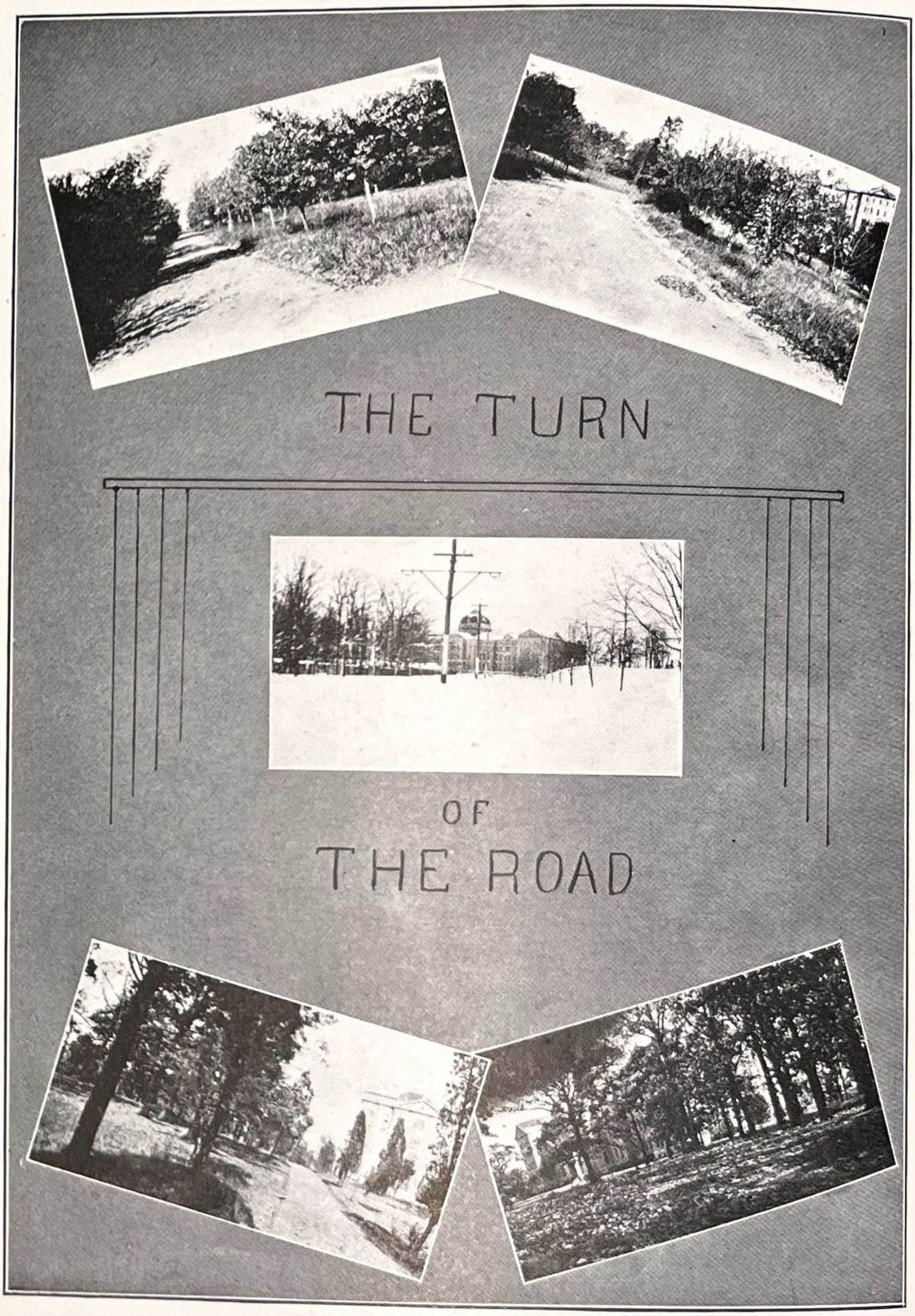
11:00 A. M.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

THE MOST REVEREND MICHAEL J. CURLEY
Archbishop of Baltimore

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

THE HONORABLE MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN


THE TURN
OF
THE ROAD



CLASS HISTORY



G.M.ADAMS '22

As her biographer, I now present to you,
The bashful Freshman Daze of Miss 1922.



T WAS war time. From her home already saddened by the departure of her elder brothers to France, Miss 1922 de-departed Capitalwards to do her bit. For, you know America was beginning to see that women were rapidly filling the places of the men at war, and that their higher education was to be encouraged. With the thought of her Promised Land, Trinity, foremost in her mind, she entered the Union Station at Washington. She realized how willingly America's people were answering to their country's call as she gazed upon the uniformed men on all sides. But war and its horrors were forgotten in her eagerness to arrive at that red-roofed old grey building. It was ten-thirty when she drove up to the college (for this she would have been campused later) and Trinity was in darkness. Then, she came to the sudden realization that her slogan henceforth must be "early to bed and early to rise." She awoke in the morning with a sudden start, grasping her pocketbook and the picture of her—er—brother. Was there a fire? No, merely the breakfast bell—and she was so hungry! Then she swallowed the big lump in her throat and hastened down stairs. As she watched the stream of unfamiliar faces glaring up at the schedule board, the tears crept slowly down her face, and it was not until after the Student Government reception that her homesickness disappeared. But lo! Friend Flu a few days afterward brought her down to the Infirmary, and she found that she was quarantined for a whole month. During convalescence she knitted and attended a few classes held to keep the "survival of the fittest" out of mischief.

The silver lining of the flu cloud proved to be the signing of the armistice. Miss '22 will never forget the day that Sister Mary announced it in the dining-

room. Eating was forgotten and all hurried (just as fast as the Brookland car would permit) to the city to join in the National Capital's celebration, for it was proclaimed a free afternoon even for Freshmen. The dawn of peace resulted also in the return of the sugar bowl, and Miss 1922 could now sweeten her own coffee!

The days passed slowly for the Freshmen, and at the close of each day a subtraction made of the weeks, days, hours, even the minutes, from that huge number which must elapse before Christmas vacation. At last the longed-for day came, and oh, the wonderful feeling of that first day at home. She was the center of attraction (at least she thought she was) as she walked down Main St. Her towns-people eagerly watched her, and after a "weighty" discussion, decided emphatically that Trinity certainly did agree with her! She recorded in detail all the happenings at T. C., making special mention of a unique and very odd funeral at which she, in her chapel veil, was one of the chief mourners. In this narration of the first class day which she saw, she also told them of the use to which a certain key was put that day, but since it was a skeleton, I prefer to closet it!

The vacation days were all too short, and the day of returning was spent exchanging the "buzz" (namely, where they went, who they met, and how wonderful looking he is). But Miss 22's social intercourse came to an abrupt but very serious end. She quaked with fear at the very thought of her first college exams—ah, she was young and foolish, then! With the aid of strong black coffee she spent many an hour after ten pitying herself and trying to decide which was the easiest way to learn in one night a subject covering the work of a whole semester. But her reverie would be broken inevitably, and the door forced open would reveal her double guilt, the gaslight, and the couch cover over the transom. But "we live to learn," said a grave old Senior to her, and Miss '22 immediately turned her thoughts to the Trinity Dance, the greatest of Freshman privileges, which was only a few weeks off. Trinity's bud blossomed forth that night, and judging from the popularity she has reaped, sowed good seeds in her springtime.

She now put all her time and energy into preparations for "the" day of the year, Class Day. On March 17th, garbed as an Irish peasant in the colors of the verdant Freshmen, her originality and pep assured the rest of the college

that indeed she was not green. That evening, she presented, in a realistic way the Pathé news, and from the report of the Faculty, Miss 22's first class day was ladylike and not a bit boisterous.

Her first May day was a rainy one, but this did not dampen her spirits, and the strawberries and cream tasted just as good in the gym as they would have tasted out on the court. While this thought was still fresh in her mind the exam schedule was again being posted, and Miss '22 began preparations for her leave-taking. As she packed her trunk, she was reminded that her first college year was at an end. Her swimming and gym suits were no longer a necessity twice a week, her napkin ring would be moved to the Sophomore table, and her room contract brought before her the visions of the room she would occupy next year. Next year! Yes, she was coming back, on one condition; namely, that the Faculty be willing!

Next came her gay young Sophomore Days,
The hardest, yea, a veritable maze!

Again Miss '22 left the home town fully prepared in health and spirits to battle with her hardest year. Her schedule, when made out, resembled a time table for the Grand Central Station, and she looked remorsefully at the afternoons which she must spend in class when others would be off for Columbia Road or Brookland Town. Although not an upperclassman it was an elevating feeling to write home that she had a course in Philosophy with Dr. DuBray, that she was delving into a college science, that the course in Argumentation was pretty stiff, etc., etc.

And yet, it was due time for the Freshman spread, and since it was Miss 22's duty, shall I say, privilege? she was determined to break up that party. Her nights from ten to two, without the consent of the Dean be it remembered, were spent below second floor. All by herself, armed with a searchlight, and listening attentively for the pitter patter of Freshman feet en route to the gym, one dark night her patience was rewarded. '22 was the shout that aroused the 300 sleepers under the Red Roof and a Saturday campus was the penalty. It was her turn to do the hazing now, and at Miss 22's circus the class of '23 were the clowns, but we will admit, real sports!

After seeing all the societies enumerated beside the pictures of the graduates in THE TRINOLOGUE, Miss '22 decided to enter into the activities of

"try-out" week. Her rendition of the scale, from do to do, gave her immediate admission into Glee Club, while her remarkable presentation of "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" (plus the necessary lessons in elocution, of course) made her a member of Dramatics. In her initial performance, "The Rivals," Miss '22 again displayed her versatility; but her dramatic, literary, and musical triumphs were combined and centered in the musical comedy entitled "Ta, Ta Aloysius," (Copyright, 1920. All rights reserved.) given for Trinity's building fund, a cause so dear to Miss '22's heart. The play was most successful. Her enthusiasm and interest in her college as shown in this production has never lessened, and never will cease.

Miss '22 had a real thrill when Trinity conferred the degree of Dr. of Letters for the first time. The recipient was Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, and Trinity opened wide her portals to King Albert and to Leopold, Duke of Brabant, as well. As she gazed upon the Queen sitting so majestically upon the platform in Trinity's Auditorium, Miss 1922 was secretly wishing that she might change places with her. But it was a different sort of thrill when she did take her place on that very same platform a few days later. True, it was minus the palms and the Belgian colors, but Henry Clay himself would have been quite overwhelmed had he been present at her debates, for her arguments were new and different, and the old proverbs were given a new twist. For instance, on the question of the exclusion of the Japanese from the United States, it was prophesied that just as one bad apple in a barrel spoils all the others in that barrel, so also will one Jap ruin the rest of us! Her slogan, "Say it with gestures," was vigorously made use of, and the whole effect was most convincing! Her forensic was finally completed after spending many hours at the Congressional Library with the other great debaters, such as Congressmen, Senators, Judges, and the like.

On her second class day she was Miss Shamrock, displaying her *even* ability three-fold in her songs, decorations, and entertainments. The spiritualistic séance in the Gym that night revealed black spirits from the dead and brought forth tables that rocked under cover of darkness. Truly, Dr. Liljencrants would have found all his theories overthrown had he been a witness! About this time Trinity welcomed another distinguished visitor, Eamon De Valera, who arrived just in time for our St. Patrick's day concert. In his

address he made the statement that college has always reminded him of a jail, and needless to say, much applause followed.

The serenade and Commencement meant much to Miss '22 this year, and her loyalty displayed itself even in the finest details, since her Sister Class was leaving Trinity for "The Road that lies out there." It was sad to say goodbye, yet Miss '22 rejoiced that she had two more years to spend "neath the dome of Trinity."

Her Junior Days were her sweetest days,
Her jolliest days, yet her fleetest days.

With both feet firmly placed on the second highest rung of the A. B ladder, Miss '22 returned to T. C. with greater eagerness and with a deeper appreciation of her college life. She was "big sister" now to the Freshman Class, and at their baby party assumed the guise of a guardian angel, disclosing to them a bit of heaven. In this, her stellar rôle, Miss '22 feels that she has always been successful, for '24's appreciation is at all times most evident.

She was truly an upperclassman now, for she was allowed to remain out of the college until seven o'clock once every week, without special permission. It was such a deliciously free feeling when she could camly gaze at the Freshmen and Sophomores running after the five-forty car from the city! She was also permitted to take some courses with the Seniors and it gave her much pleasure to ask one of them in a confidential tone, "What is *our* assignment for tomorrow?" Last but not least, speaking of permissions, it was her privilege now to go to four dances from September to June, not even counting the Trinity dance.

In English 15 and 4 she learned how to read and write poetry, and on Blue Monday, after she had done seven-eighths of the assignment, she was called on for the other eighth! When she saw the zero being placed beside her name she was ready to burst into tears, but a whisper in her ear said, "Junior Banquet tonight." Ah! that was food for thought! The caterer (oh, yes, there was a caterer) presented a menu "with" this and "à la" that, but its translation spelled some of Miss '22's favorite dishes.

About this time she was attacked with a contagious disease, Bobbed-hairitis. After days of effort to ward off this dire fatality it came suddenly

upon her and the operation was performed. The period of convalescence was one of alternating doubt and dispair; doubt, when a classmate would say, "How well you look!" and dispair, when she would consider the inevitable look of reproach on her mother's face and that of—er—something more than reproach from Dad. Why do men hate bobbed hair? Miss '22 wondered how they liked the idea of having women accompany them to the polls. She cast her vote in Trinity's ballot box November second, and although Cox received the majority here, the lights from the monument and Capitol, as she watched for them from South Hall windows, proclaimed Harding the victor. Perhaps it was her experience that night which helped her to carry on her own little political campaigns so cleverly later on in the year, for she is now convinced that there is "safety in numbers."

Miss '22 determined to make a good Retreat this year and—this is the blow—a silent one. Footsteps and the click of knitting needles were the only outward signs of her presence in the college. Truly this was a triumph for womankind! But her voice was not forever stilled—indeed not—as witnesses on the basket-ball court or at the College Sings may testify! Her college spirit found its echo in these Sings so successfully introduced in her Junior year, and Miss '22 feels that they will always be regarded as one of Trinity's treasured traditions.

On March 17th the well was transformed by Miss '22 into a beautiful flower garden of which she was justly proud. This center of Trinity's activities was the inspiration for the naming of the college paper, *The Well.* With its deep and lasting qualities so evident from the very beginning, Miss '22 feels assured that it will never run dry.

The feast of St. Joseph, 1921, was a memorable day in Trinity's as well as Miss '22's history, for on that day the ground was broken for the new chapel. It gave her a real thrill of pleasure when she thought that "in *her* time" Trinity has grown from two to four buildings, for Graduate Hall was opened in her Sophomore year. The cornerstone for the chapel was laid on Sunday of Commencement week. On Degree Day, 1921, the first Ph. D. was given to a Trinity Student. As Miss '22 watched '21's long line of Seniors march into the Auditorium that day she continued to repeat, "I shall be next." She was glad, yet sad, but she must hasten, for her train homeward bound was due to leave in an hour.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Here are the best, her Senior Days,
Marking the parting of the ways.

Trinity was not the same when Miss '22 returned to don her Cap and Gown. There were many changes. Sister Mary was nowhere to be found, and the loss of her sincere friend, her loving counsellor, her Trinity mother, was keenly felt. The telegram received on Cap and Gown Sunday was typical of her omnipresent tender solicitude, and helped to make that day the greatest one in Miss '22's history. It was an exalted feeling to stand upon the threshold of Seniority, and Sister Mary Isabelle, the new Dean, contributed in a large measure to the happiness attending that feeling, for her words of welcome won for her the immediate coöperation of the entire college. As head of the chemistry department, she was known and loved by many, and Miss '22 wishes Sister Mary Isabelle the continued success she so justly deserves as Trinity's Dean. In the Education Department there was a change also, and at the end of the very first lecture Miss '22 decided that Dr. Jordan was "simply great." Her grade in his first test seemed for a few days to alter her opinion, but after considering that "the first hundred years are the hardest," she humbly admitted her wrong, and Dr. Jordan came into favor again, there to remain!

Once upon a time, Miss '22 was a noisy little Freshman herself, and now as a Proctor, a guardian of the silence after eight o'clock every evening, she was campusing noisy little Freshmen! How times do change. She did not feel like a grave old Senior, yet that high collar did make her feel dignified whether she would or no! It seemed hardly probable that it was she this year who sang the Christmas Carols and played Santa Claus for the others, and was the first lady of her college when it came time to do the honors!

In her Senior Class Day musical comedy, she moved Trinity from Washington to Cuba, but there were times when her patriotism and appreciation rose to the highest pitch, and she longed to tell the whole world how wonderful it was to have Trinity located in our Nation's Capital. At President Harding's inauguration, witnessing all the great men (whom she had previously seen merely in the "International News" at the movies); at the impressive ceremonies of the burial of the unknown soldier at Arlington on

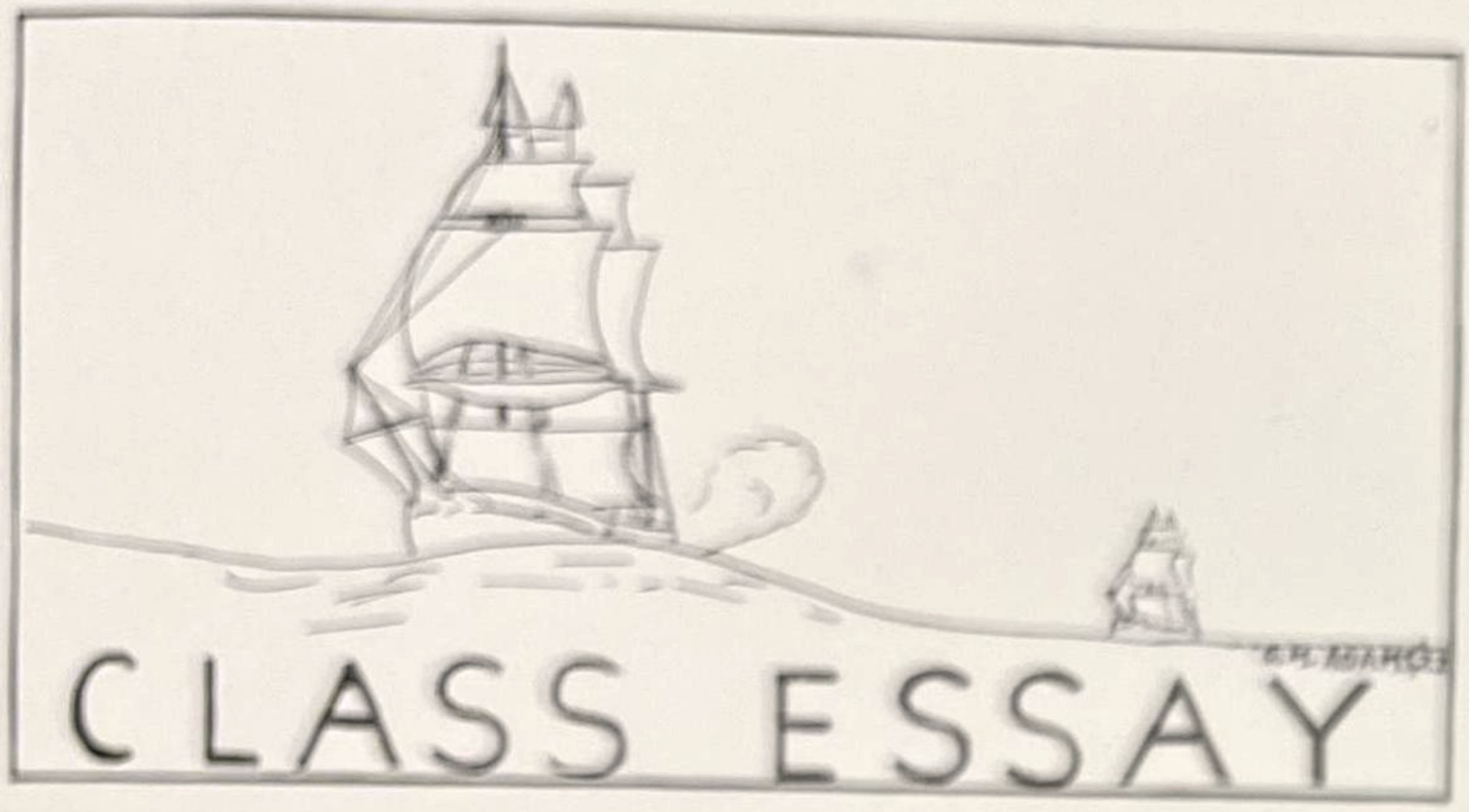
19 TRINILOGUE 22

Armistice Day; gazing enraptured at the magnificent arch erected for the Limitation of Armaments Conference—these were exciting moments for Miss 1922.

Her history would not be complete without mentioning the progress of Student Government. It has made rapid strides, and has accomplished much, having introduced the Honor System in examinations during Miss '22's Sophomore year. This year it has fostered college spirit by means of many "get-together" jazz dances in the gym, and this, its tenth year of existence, bids fair to bring added laurels and the realization of cherished hopes. On Student Government's festive occasions from now on there will be the singing of the College Song given to Trinity by her loyal alumnæ. It was fitting that we should be permitted to sing it for the first time this year for Trinity was founded just twenty-five years ago. On Founder's Day, May first, Miss '22 assisted in making it a very enjoyable and successful field day in honor of the Silver Jubilee.

She is preparing to leave Trinity, and she finds it hard to say farewell. Hers has been a momentous history whose events can never sink into oblivion, for the many changes in the great outer world from September, 1918, to the present have all shaped and influenced the history of Miss 1922. She has seen the painful throbbing of the world at war give place to comparative peace. The supreme ruler of the Church on earth, Pope Benedict XV, has been followed by his successor, Pope Pius XI. Our former President Woodrow Wilson, with his high ideals of world democracy, has had to yield his position to President Harding. In this Archdiocese the great Cardinal Gibbons, revered and respected by the whole Nation, has been called to his reward and succeeded by our esteemed Archbishop Curley. Even here in the college the Sisters who filled for so many years the offices of President and Dean, have been chosen for duties elsewhere, and two former members of the Faculty have taken up their work. All of this is a most forceful reminder to Miss 1922 that she too, must yield her place to others. As she steps forth into the wide, wide, world, whatever road she may travel, always in her mind she will keep foremost the beloved memories of her Alma Mater during her happiest days. Her appreciation has found and always will find its expression in the chorus of Trinity's own song:

"Trinity, our lips are praising you,
Trinity, our hearts are loving you,
Trinity, our lives are living you,
Our Trinity."



America and The Beautiful

WE HAVE long been accustomed to hearing America designated a utilitarian country, devoted only to the production of useful articles, which may be sold at a profit for the enrichment of her coffers. Europeans would readily transfer Ruskin's characterization of his own age to us: "Men in the present century understand the word Useful in a strange way, or at least . . . they act its more limited meaning farther out, and give it more practical weight and authority." Even thoughtful Americans would accept this description, and we hear such men as Dr. Cram, of Boston, crying out against our native ugliness, and preaching a Gothic Revival and a return to the Christian living of the Middle Ages, as the one hope for bringing into our lives the appreciation and cultivation of the Beautiful. Mr. Harold Stearns remarks with fervor that "we have no great art because our age is not great and has nothing to express." That is a hard saying, and we cannot completely deny its implication. It would be unbecoming in Youth to contradict the statements of older and wiser heads; but, since many of us are to be graduated in the Arts' Course, it does not seem wholly improper that we should attempt an answer to the question: Have we, as Americans, an appreciation of Beauty, in spite of our obvious Utilitarianism? We cannot disavow that Materialism has taken deep root here in America, but neither can it be asserted with truth that in this country there is no regard whatever for the Beautiful. The Arts have not been wholly neglected here.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Formerly, when skyscrapers first began to rear their heads into the pure air above our large cities, we were derided as wanting in artistic sense. And we doubt much whether those who first builded these homes for our growing industries thought of the beauty of their appearance. But to-day, does anyone look at the spectacle presented by the waterfront of New York, or of Chicago, without a feeling of pride? We think not; and the pride comes not alone from the fact that those buildings represent our wealth and power; for the Woolworth Building in New York and the Wrigley Building in Chicago are marvels of symmetry, proportion, and order. Cardinal Mercier, viewing the New York skyline from the Bay, asked his companions what were the many Gothic buildings. His Eminence marvelled when told they were houses of business.

While all public buildings throughout the country cannot be pronounced artistically perfect, still we cannot forget such monuments to the skill of our architects as the Capitol and the Library of Congress. Nor are we wholly wanting in an appreciation of the Gothic, if we may judge by some of our big Cathedrals and Churches. With regard to our homes, we can say, that although this is an age of apartments and apartment hotels, there are, nevertheless, residence sections in our cities which point to good taste in the planning of dwellings. Lest this be judged a burst of youthful enthusiasm, listen to the praise of Mr. William Archer, an Englishman, who declares New York "the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world—a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination. . . Business has put off its grime and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. . . In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway stations in Europe, Frankford, Cologne, and the Paris Gare d' Orleans, are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and of travertin, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central termini . . . The Library of Congress and the public libraries of New York and Boston are stately and splendid beyond comparison. . . In domestic architecture, America easily holds first place."

We cannot here examine the attitude of Americans with regard to each one of the Arts, but we would merely call attention in passing to the many fine pieces of sculpture in our parks and public squares, as evidence that we

have some esteem for this particular expression of Beauty. In the Art of Painting, we are far from leading other countries, but it may not be positively affirmed that the American eye is wholly indifferent to pleasing combinations of color.

The question of color leads us to speak of Art in Industry. It has long been the complaint of critics that Americans banish Beauty completely from Industry. Recently Mr. Frank Purdy, speaking through the *Arts and Decorations* magazine, invited several prominent people to contribute their opinions on the present Industro-Art problem in America. The replies agree, in that all believe that America is awakening and is quickly beginning to realize the worth of art in those things that apply to everyday life. Mr. Irving T. Bush gives the following comment: "The people are beginning to demand higher artistic standards in the products which they buy and the manufacturers are finding that their best salesman is an artistic designer. . . . As time goes on, the product of the American factory will hold a high place in the markets of the world through American art in industry." We believe this to be in a great measure true. It seems but natural that the appreciation of Beauty among Americans should be increased through manufacturing and industry, since we are an industrial people. A homely example of the introduction of Art into daily life was but lately cited by a member of the class: Not many years ago, rainy-day attire on the patrons of the crowded street cars was indicative of anything but a regard for the æsthetic. If the coat was long and heavy, the hat one that its owner no longer cared for, the rubbers serviceable, and the umbrella without holes, no one thought further. Glance about to-day as you pause in the persual of your newspaper on a rainy morning. Milady wears a thin rubber coat and perhaps a hat to match; she carries a dainty silk umbrella with a handle of ivory, amber, or silver; and if her footwear is brown, she will in many cases be wearing rubbers to match. Is not this an instance of an awakening sense of the artistic?

We come now to Music and Poetry and their effect on the American people. There is not much doubt but that America has an appreciation of Music. Many of our large cities have provided that municipal band concerts be held in the parks and in halls rented by the city government for that purpose. Jazz has wrought its havoc and deadened our appreciation of the

work of the masters, perhaps, but these concerts are well-attended, although the program is not made up of an endless variety of Blues Songs. And our people can rise even higher. The Opera, Symphony Concerts, and the Recitals of noted artists are always overcrowded. Newspaper accounts tell us that the line of those waiting for the doors to open, that they may purchase standing-room sometimes stretches for blocks. Some of us who have tried to secure tickets a fortnight before a concert of Kreisler, for instance, could tell our own stories of the number of music lovers.

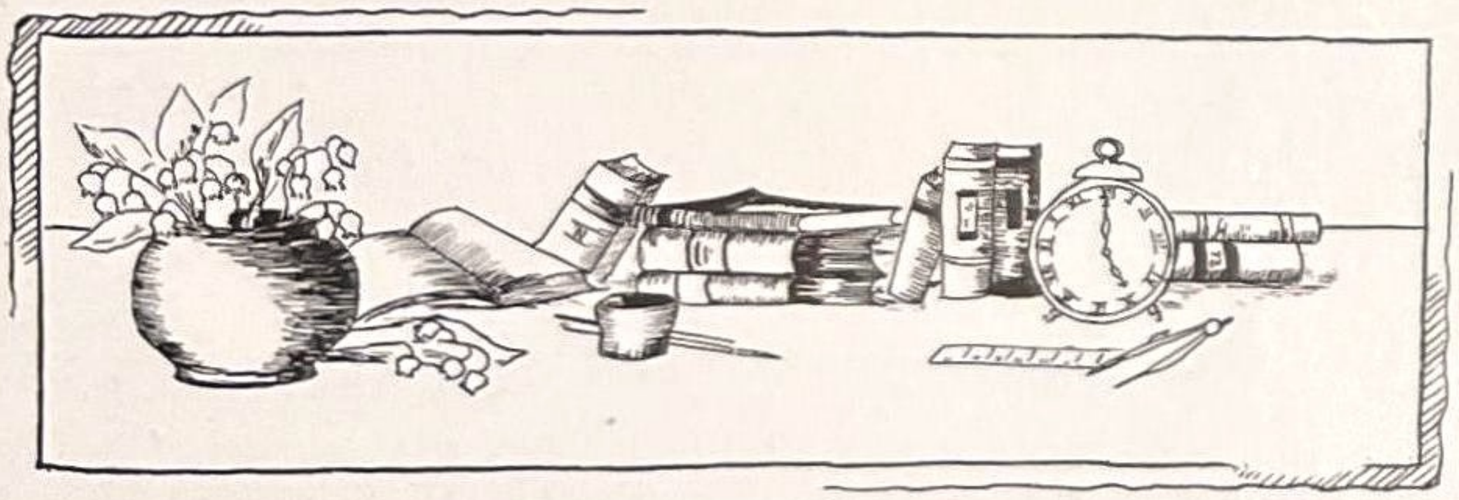
With regard to Poetry, we must say that America has produced no great poet—no Browning, no Tennyson. It is to be doubted whether the American mind could leap to the heights scaled by these two. Longfellow, derisively catalogued by Theodore Dreiser as a "useless rhymester," is the poet of the home, the bard of the children. Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes—all are Americans and are still read. Whitman is considered by many our greatest poet, and the type of verse he wrote is becoming more and more prevalent. But Americans do not rise to their feet to do homage to the poet, as do the Italians, for example. Yet among us, there is a realization of the refining influence of Poetry. No school or college curriculum is complete without courses devoted to the study of the great poets, and this study is often prescribed. We read not long since, that in one of our large cities, classes were being conducted for foreigners, and that it was the aim of those in charge to help these people to grow spiritually as well as practically. Accordingly, the excerpts of the literature of these various peoples are studied, and the teachers make it a point to read and interpret one poem at the close of each class. If the teaching of Poetry is considered an essential feature in a program for Americanization, then surely, we may state, that among Americans there is an appreciation of the Beauty of Poetry.

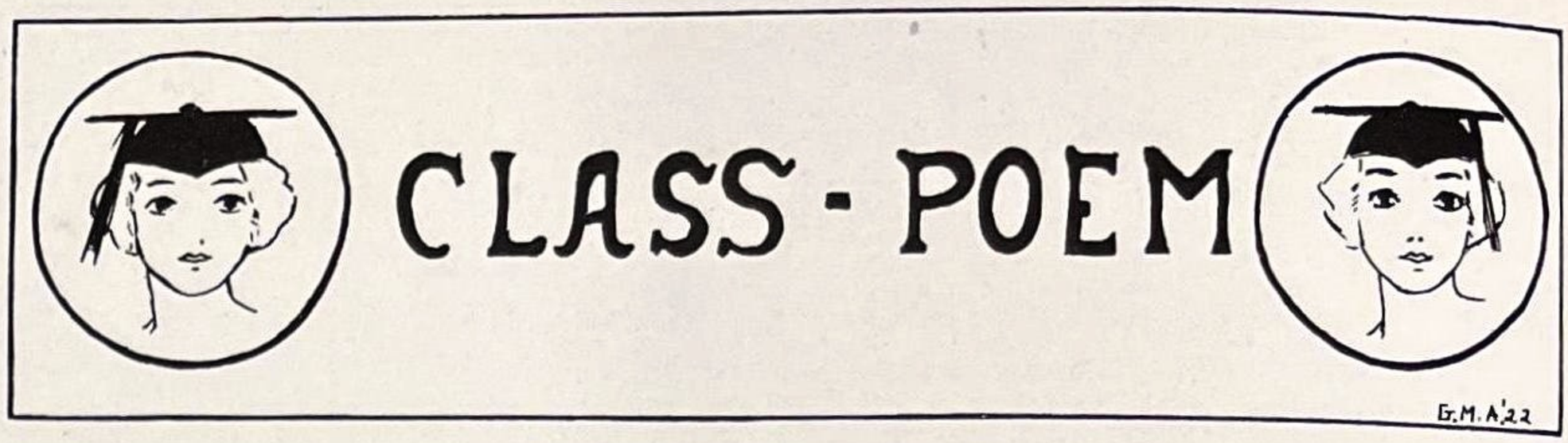
It is well to remember in speaking of the Fine Arts, that they draw their materials from Nature. Americans have a very real esteem for the beauties of their native land. We hear constantly that our city governments are appropriating money for the laying out of new parks, and for the upkeep of old ones. The number of automobile tourists increases every summer, whole families setting forth to spend the day in the country's garden spots. Niagara Falls is visited by thousands, trips through the American waterways are be-

coming more and more popular, while the glories of the Rockies and of the "Golden West" never fail to charm. This appreciation may be seen to some extent in the number of scenic pictures that the managers of the cinema-drama set before the public. The pictures are often tinted, that the beauty of the scene may be the more easily perceived; and the music played with these views is in nearly all instances lovely indeed.

But let us gather up the threads of our rather informal treatment of a big subject. Youth is expected to be optimistic always, but we are especially required to be so when after four years of happy college days, we stand at the commencement of life with high hopes and shining ideals. Trinity has tried to interpret life to us, and we are not unmindful of America's sin of too much Utilitarianism. Yet, while we cannot speak broadly and say that as a nation America is a lover of Art, we believe that America has a message to give to the world, and that among Americans this esteem for Beauty exists. And in our optimism we voice our confidence that, as she has so admirably grown in other ways, she will grow in the appreciation of the Beautiful.

MARION LOUISE SCHANAUER, '22.





Long years ago in distant eastern lands,
All day at looms the wonder weavers wove
Their tapestries of silk and woolen strands,
And with each passing of the shuttle strove
To catch each thread in place, lest one might rove
In wanton fancy with the weaver's thought
Beyond the pattern set for him. Above
His head it hung; its outline fraught
With forms of things unseen except to him who wrought.

His mind's eye with the prophet's vision saw
The meagre pattern lines distend, transformed
Into a perfect thing; and so with awe
And reverence he kept his ideal warmed
By fires within his heart; though outside stormed
The criticism of his fellow-man,
He recked it not, if working he conformed
Unto the contours of the given plan,
His trust allotted by the Master Artisan.

The blue of Oriental sea and sky,
The red glow of the summer setting sun,
Pale yellow of the moon and stars on high
He caught and toned with softer shades to one
Exquisite harmony. The motif done
With patience infinite, each detail thread
Minutely worked—withal perfection won
By blindest faith, for as the shuttle sped
The wrong side of the work before him spread.

Like weavers old so weave we all in life,
From out the warp and weft of yearning years,
Each one a storied picture-fabric rife
With good that glows, attempts and sin that sears.
The noble act in radiant hue appears,
The sin creates the sadly sombre shade,
But greater far than these the web adheres
To neutral tints—of half-way tones is made.
So great a part the mediocre self has played.

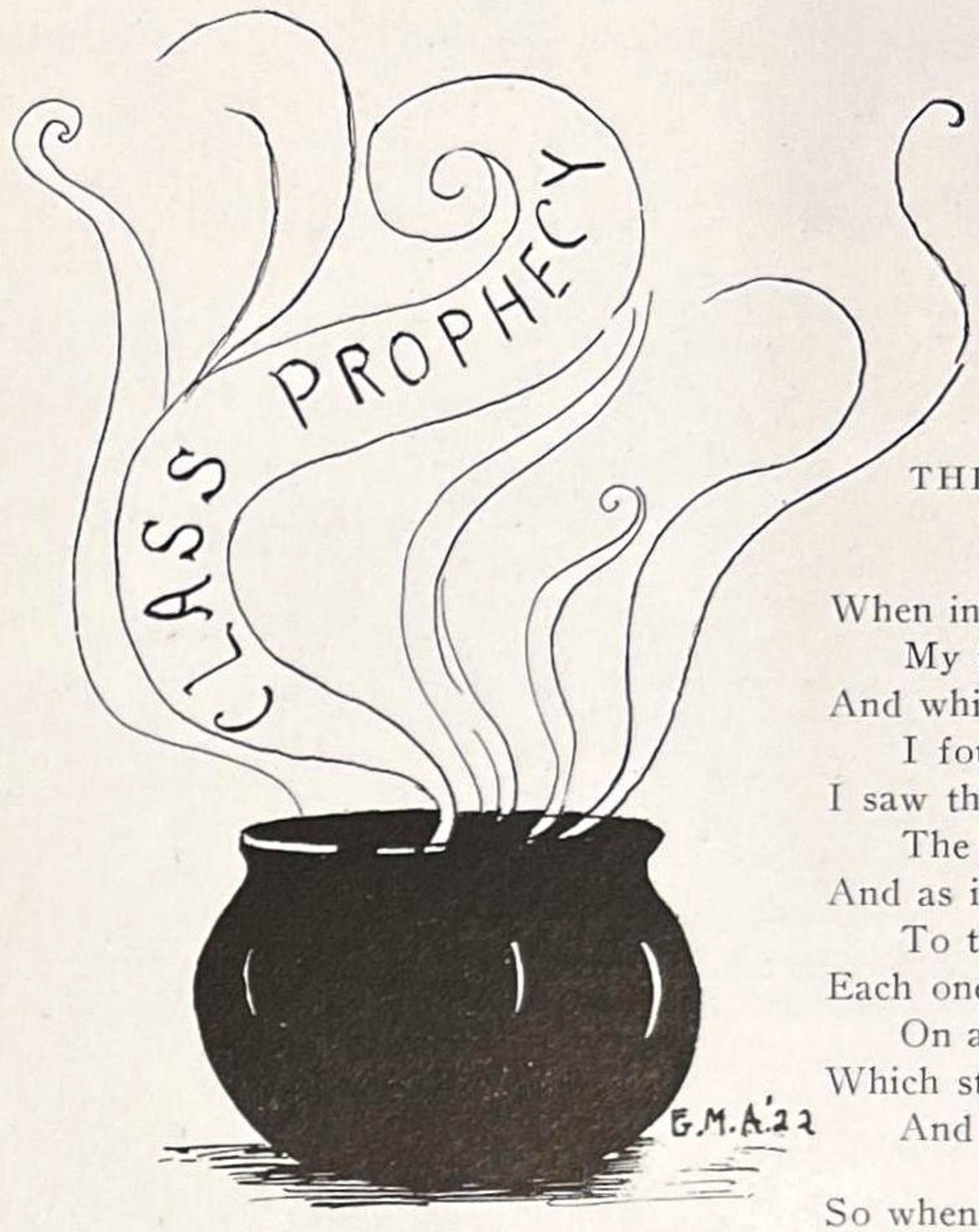
19 TRINILOGUE 22

It matters not if consciously we weave
Or no; each moment of the day and night
The tapestry takes form; with no retrieve
For stitches lost, save future going right.
As on we work, the wrong side to our sight
Alone is shown; to God in clear array
Stretch forth the fabrics dulled or bright,
As finished records of our work and play,
In make of common stamp, perhaps, or rare Beauvais.

Now as we break with grief, the thread that ends
The section of our life-web added last,
The part of college; apprehension blends
With sadness and our hopes with fears are cast.
The folds ahead seem harder than the past
Ones were to weave; and yet may we incline
To future hope, and to ideals hold fast,
Go forth in faith and by-gones not repine,
If we worked out, as best we knew, the fixed design.

O Trinity, the light of hand and mind,
The inspiration of our weaving here,
When we have left your sheltered halls behind,
Bereft of their refining atmosphere;
When rougher workshops of the worn world rear
Their looms about us, may your guiding powers
Be with us still; direct each thread and clear
Entanglements; that every stitch of ours
May bear the priceless stamp of your gray walls and towers.

PHILOMENE AMBROSE, '22.



THE AEROPLANE FLIGHT OF THE
GREEN AND WHITE

When into the Future I tried to gaze,
My thoughts went up in the air,
And while wondering how I'd get them down,
I found what I sought right there.
I saw that aeroplanes had usurped
The conveyance of these days,
And as in everything else, '22 was first
To travel aereal ways.
Each one's success was marked in White,
On an Even, Green highway
Which started out from the old red roof
And the building with walls of grey.

So when I had taken a good long look,
I wrote what I saw in a Green Guide Book.



N A beautiful campus, including the former property of the Old Soldiers' Home, Trinity has rapidly progressed, and now counts among her possessions the Chapel, a science building, dormitories, and the long-looked-forward-to Gymnasium. The tennis and basket-ball courts, the hockey field, the track, and the athletic fields are busy all the day during their respective seasons, and campus life is the big thing for all the students.

Eleanor Monahan has patented a speed device guaranteed to get you there on time. It was a great success in Boston, so now Mary Gardner has opened an agency in Ohio.

Josephine Lyon has a private receiving station for candy and flowers, of which she gets so many that she is able to dispose of them throughout the hospitals and clinics of Cleveland.

Philomene Ambrose has written several sketches of Field Work in Social Service. Her short illustrated poems for children have surpassed even the "Raggedy Ann" stories in popularity. Phil has reformed Ann in a girl's club in Logan.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

In Indiana, Marie Fischer is busily engaged in designing fashions. Her word is the last thing in American styles, and short skirts have been assured of permanence.

Evelyn Wittman's well known love for hats and sweaters has led her to establish a most exclusive shop next door to Marie. Between them they rule the styles in Evansville.

In Chicago, Marion Schanauer has startled the world by her abilities. Not only does she teach dancing, modern and otherwise, but even while thus engaged, gives elocution lessons, and in her spare time writes numerous letters and book reviews.

It seems strange to find Ruth Leyendecker very far from New York, but she now lives there only during the season in the winter. She spends most of her time on her beautiful estate at Riverside, whence she directs many clubs devoted to the creation of verdant atmosphere.

Ruth Brock established a chemical laboratory in Olmstead, and there she has perfected a "Brochet Light" system of photography which has replaced the old-fashioned flashlight pictures.

Texas looms up on the horizon and in Dallas we find the fair Helen. The former Miss Delaney has a new hobby—a kennel for bridge hounds.

In Washington, Aileen Fitzgerald's latest successful achievement was to play with Kreisler in one of Mrs. Wilson-Greene's concerts.

"Eh Bien," says Miss Gertrude Casey, as she directs feature dances in all the Yonkers' entertainments. Kathryn Ferguson sometimes helps her, but Kathryn is rather busy as a society editor of one of Montclair's leading papers.

Julia Thomas, with her heart aflame, started a Foreign Mission Society in Woodstock, but when the circus came to town she was so harried that she gave up the attempt for sweeter enjoyments.

After leaving Trinity, Carol O'Brien studied for a few more years and became an architect. She designed a lovely home where Mary Gertrude O'Donnell, Marguerite Hopper, and Gladys Adams carry on a second Brook Farm experiment. Gladys paints moonlight scenes, "Hoppy" manages the place, while Mary G. has written a book on "French Folk Songs as I Found Them in France."

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Marjorie Quinn made her fortune with her eyes. She blinked soulfully at a millionaire, tossed her black curls naturally, and thereby launched herself on a path of roses.

Helen Somers teaches History in Worcester. Her favorite part is all that happened B. C.

Pauline Casey has continued her study of music and has written some beautiful ballads. Her "Hints to Beginners" is a feature article in *The Ladies' Home Journal,"* but her specialties are hymns and musical comedies.

Mary G. Kelley is hostess at the Providence Trinity Club and thus she keeps in touch with all her friends. Grace McDermott drops in often, when she is in town shopping. Grace started out doing social service work, especially among children, but she has now given it up, believing that charity begins at home.

Mabel McNamara has made good use of her B. L. degree. Her forte seems to be translating Spanish love songs and romances.

After leaving college, Connie Duggan became more interested in the problems of Folk Psychology and she still worries about the color of Adam. That is, she does in her spare time, for Connie looked around and finally decided on a millionaire with ambition and all such necessary requisites.

Before leaving Massachusetts, Jessie O'Connell opened a small tea room for one season. The special attention given to the new bell hop service gained great favor, but Jessie had to give it all up for Pennsylvanian allurements.

Alethe Taylor has had many experiences in civic problems. Once all the men in Mount Pleasant struck and "Fifi" was a strike-breaker. She took charge of the post office for a short time and since then she has sent telegrams and has repented of her own past epistolary endeavors and receipts.

In a thriving metropolis of Punxsatawney, Dorothy Bennis has given wonderful example as a very devout young lady and also a model "wave-keeper." She gives lessons in how to accomplish things quickly, quietly, and excellently.

It is rather difficult to find Grace Griffin, for she travels extensively, but she "kodaks as she goes," and her pictures are often shown in the Washington papers.

Peg Flaherty started to write for the Portland newspaper soon after Commencement. Her fame spread quickly and since that time Irving Cobb's popularity has waned.

Fi Scanlon has profited by her dramatic training received at Trinity. She is a popular reader at all the Women's Clubs, and her favorite piece is the "Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Angela Connelly and Florence Rodgers still contest the relative merits of Bradford and Olean, when they have time. Angela leads the Social Service work in Bradford and Florence is a noted Bacteriologist.

After the District obtained the vote, Alice Padgett's name was honored. She was among the most ardent workers in that worthy cause.

Frances Sweeney never recovered from the effect of all the English courses indulged in, Senior year, but she surprised the University of Illinois by her stupendous knowledge and her ability to serenely handle many classes.

With her ever-present law-like judgment, Mary Russell Coughlan taught French Grammar for some time, but meanwhile she was admitted to the bar and became famous. She grew so famous that extenuating circumstances finally convinced her of the advisability of renouncing law and gaining in-laws.

Edna Dwyer is still in Providence, where her talent for composing songs for any and every occasion, in any language, has brought her great notoriety.

Despite all expectations that Mary Boyle would adopt a literary career, we find her in Johnstown using her knowledge gained at the Clinic in helping along the post-deluvian reconstruction work.

Marie Costello has smiled her way successfully through life and is a shining example of "the smile that won't come off."

Denise Roach is official interpreter for the President in all his foreign communications. Every morning she trips off with her little bag clasped firmly, and then rigidly ensconced upon a stiff stool, she fulfills her duties with all her pristine tact, quietness, and scholastic ability.

Agnes Harron, on her extensive orange grove, leads a busy but secluded life. She is an authority on all questions of politics, being especially well versed in Japanese problems.

No anthology of American verse is now complete without a large selection of the poems of Marion Reickelmann.

Rochester has become the popular rendezvous of all artists, for there Mary Catherine Dwyer exhibits many of her best works and conducts private

dramatic presentations. In a nearby studio, Emma Kenning, when in the proper mood, gives instructions in and exhibitions of interpretive dancing.

Helen Spence began in the field of journalism and met with instant success; but her talent was soon devoted to one branch of the work. It seems that Helen wrote a book, "Practically Engaged," or "The Non-Existence of Love." This made a great hit, so she now has to conduct her own special "Loveless Column," which always falls from its avowed principles when distinguished or high-sounding names are mentioned.

Rose DeBarber and Marie O'Reilley have combined their forces. Marie has written a history by far exceeding any previous chronicle of the Great War. Rose is her Business Manager and housekeeper.

First in the municipal government of Stony Creek and then in the New York State Legislature, Mary Donovan gained great fame. Her next step is towards Congress, where she will do her best for the Naval Academy. In her spare moments she reads everything printed and because of her wealth of experience conducts wonderful correspondence courses.

Hester Healey joined a social organization in New York, and after a few weeks' trial was given a permanent position as "Blue-curator." Jo Toole is there with her. Jo helps all those who want to get things straight in Education and who desire to be musical.

Elizabeth Herbert is a conservative doctor in Columbia. She never gives her own opinion on a case until she has consulted a sufficient number of fellow-doctors. She contracted this habit during her years at Trinity.

Loretta Rank, at home in Hollywood, has made use of her experience as Chairman of the House Committee; she is noted for her efficient management of a large orphans' home.

Catherine Sullivan and Florence Davey have proved how useful a science course may be. They have an analytical chemistry laboratory, where they aid many struggling students of Chemistry. They both have lovely homes in the suburbs of Boston, but while the children are in school, they spend their time profitably.

Maxi Béliard went to Paris, after a year or so spent in travelling through America, and there she met a handsome young countryman and settled down, but not to oblivion, for her articles on a student's life in America kept her continually before the public.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

It was inevitable that Jo Leonard should become a doctor. She is very popular and her cases are really innumerable.

Nobody could tempt Margaret Cross from Osterville until an electric company of one watt strength drew her by magnetism.

Martha Crowley has become an interior decorator of great fame.

Rosalia Hartman leads the Community Sings in Buffalo. It took a hard fight to make the city see the need of them, but Ro's dramatic pleading turned the trick.

Winifred Price and Catherine Mullen keep a select school for young English girls, in East Orange. Catherine is there to help along in the French Department, and during recreation they both make beaded bags for Tiffany's.

Mary Térèse Hugentugler has made herself happy in a little house that Jack built.

After returning to Boston, Gen Shaw wrote for the woman's page of *The Boston Post,* but it wasn't long before she decided that all unmarried women were superfluous, and agreed to leave that class.

Catherine Gauthier's time is pretty well taken up with her correspondence. Since her return from college the Buffalo post office force has been greatly increased.

Now you'll pardon me, but surely it is no surprise to find Eleanor Skahan still near Boston. She conducts a very exclusive academy where the young ladies are taught to give the greatest care to their crowning glory, and as regards men, always seek character rather than good looks.

Mary Scanlan once started for the West, but on the way she stopped off to visit Monica Murphy, and in Grank Forks she met a gay young Lochinvar. Since then a little grey home in the west has been her home, sweet home. Mary found Monica teaching English in the Reynolds Academy, but she later heard that the quiet little lady had stepped off to St. Paul with her latest appendage, a husband.

For a while Romaine Felix tried to be happy in her own home town, but she soon decided that Minnesota had many more charms, so there she went to "live happily ever after."

Right here the road begins to seem very long and uninterrupted, but in a short time it grows greener and greener and then it comes to Ireland. Now,

it wasn't that Alice McLarney loved America less, but that she loved Ireland more. She's mayor of Dublin, and on the Board of Aldermen (and women) we find Lillian Manganaro and Erin Samson. Lillian is director of Municipal Charities and Erin is Dublin's walking encyclopædia.

From Ireland the road leads again to the West,
And I looked for a mark for me;
But just as I spied my future self,
The road stopped short at sea.

DOROTHY M. FLYNN.



NOTWITHSTANDING the era of hard times in which we are living and in spite of the pangs which many of us experience at parting with what is most cherished, we, the Class of 1922, realizing that we have come to the end of our Collegiate Life, and in a spirit of characteristic generosity publish herewith our last Will and Testament. It is our parting wish that it may ever remain a loving testimonial of our loyalty to, and love for our Alma Mater, and that as we too take our places in the "dim archway of memory" it may be to all who will follow us a sure guide along the path of good fellowship, earnest endeavor, and high achievement.

To the Graduate Students, we leave our sincere good wishes for a most successful future and the memory of happy days spent at Trinity.

To the Juniors we relinquish our places as "First Ladies of the College," together with the responsibilities and the dignity that title brings, feeling certain that they will find much happiness in Cap and Gown.

To the Sophomores we entrust all the Even traditions and songs, asking them always to remember '22's abiding faith in them, and the gratitude and friendship which have been so closely interwoven in our "strands of Red and Green."

To the Freshmen we bequeath our PEP and our unfailing college spirit, which have won for us a cherished place in the esteem and affection of all.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Florence Rodgers leaves to all of Trinity's shorn lambs her unfailing dignity together with the subtle art of appearing alternately a gay young flapper and a "grave old Senior."

Catherine Sullivan and Mary Coughlan, commonly known as Si-a-Mese, leave to all who find joy in the game, their skill at playing with "Jacks."

Marie Costello leaves to her sister Dorothy her nightly rounds through the house with the hope that she will find equal joy as a "Lamp-Lighter."

Grace McDermott and Mary Kelley relinquish their popularity with the underclassmen to Bunny Durgin with an earnest wish that she too may always have them "Rome Inn."

Genevieve Shaw, believing that actions speak louder than words, gives herself as a shining example that still waters do run deep.

Mary Boyle bestows upon the future editors of THE TRINOLOGUE her originality and her tireless zeal for its success.

Philomene Ambrose gives to Trinity Social Workers that artistic versatility of heart and mind which has made her a favored daughter of the hierarchy as well as '22's literary light.

Catherine Gauthier leaves her love for her sister class to 1926, hoping that they will always be as loyal to 24 and find therein as much joy as she has.

Winifred Price, Edna Dwyer, and Catherine Mullen, in a rhapsodic frame of mind, leave to the members of Glee Club their ability to set to music the great events of our day, be the tune even so reminiscent of childhood as the "Farmer in the Dell."

Marjorie Quinn donates to Betty Rouse her many banners, feeling sure that somehow, sometime, somewhere their collegiate tone will blend with the Oriental atmosphere.

Mary Scanlan gives to all, especially to Freshmen who have an educational interest in Annapolis, her unfailing loyalty to the Navy, assuring them that one need not go to Annapolis to Join Up.

Denise Roach bequeaths her perfectly prepared assignments to the day students, realizing that the "Hops" alone can appreciate the hidden value of a Roth-like memory.

Mary Gardner and Marion Riecklemann bestow upon Patricia Flinn and Mary Noble their guide book, "When to Hike and Where," with minute instructions to Kodak as they go.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Pauline Casey relinquishes to the incoming Freshmen her unfailing dignity which has won for her a place among the nobility with the hope that they may always appreciate the honor of being a "Duchess."

Mabel McNamara, with pardonable pride, leaves to Catherine Mullins the assurance that she will find Bridge a safe Port in future storms of loneliness.

Erin Samson in a spirit of triumphant though controvertial generosity bequeaths to Constance Feeney those extra assignments, knowing that after many a Georgetown Prom, they will surely come in handy.

Jo Leonard relinquishes to Regina Vachon her place on the basket-ball team with the hope that she too may be the mainstay of her team and at the same time, by her skill on the field may afford an outlet for the admiration of as many underclassmen.

Grace Griffin gives to all lovers of the night life of good old Broadway, permission to burn their gas at least until twelve P. M., cautioning them, however, to have on hand a ready supply of quarters.

Martha Kunkel bequeaths to all lovers of art for art's sake, the lovely portrait of her now gracing the art gallery and to the lover of art for her sake, the commission to cherish it in the days to come.

Frances Faulkner, now that she no longer requires it, leaves to Nathalie Moran that precious gift of securing for herself a mere ninety-eight in the monthly tests, urging her not to abuse this enviable heritage by spending more than an intensive half hour in the preparation and execution of said test.

Marguerite Hopper leaves to all future business managers the keen business-like qualities which have made her so successful in all she undertakes.

Hester Healy, realizing the echoing qualities of *The Well,* gives to Viviènne De Pasquale her megaphonic tones of voice which will enable her to communicate easily with all her friends in no matter which sections of the house.

Connie Duggan imposes on all who next year will reach their majority, the obligation to vote even if this suffragistic fidelity should involve a trip to the old Home Town.

Lillian Manganaro leaves to the next President of Christ Child the advice that not only a stitch in time but a full attendance will save her many a nine.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Agnes Harron leaves to Mary Valla the many movie magazines that are to her as home news, so that Mary may find pleasant pastime and may read therein news of '22's future star.

Florence Davy relinquishes to Mary Fennessey her enraptured love of the moon knowing that she alone is capable of seeing it wane, if not in a one-horse Shea at least from a certain window in South Hall.

Josephine Lyon leaves to Betty O'Neill not only her room but the love-sent Victrola and the continual stream of candy, flowers, and Specials which made her the envy of so many.

Alethe Taylor donates that intricate day bed to Peggy Toole with full instructions as to How and When to use it.

Helen Delaney relinquishes to Lucille Horan her carefully gleaned knowledge of the ways and by-ways of Georgetown, asking her not to monopolize her part of the "Kane."

Emma Kenning relinquishes to those entering with advanced standing her power to win a place for herself in her college and class as well as in the hearts of her friends.

Frances Sweeney, as a mark of particular friendship, bestows upon Angelina Morrissey the remarkable talent of taking three exams a day and getting at least ninety in all of them.

Dorothy Flynn leaves to Margaret Kelley her gladsome ability to arouse a laugh from her fellow-students, be the ability dramatic or otherwise.

Gertrude Casey and Kathryn Ferguson, worthy exponents of the art of seeing Europe in Ninety Days, give to all those contemplating a similar feat the advice not to attempt it without an able guide.

Aileen Fitzgerald leaves her power of stirring Trinity audiences with her fiddling tunes, to Helen Holland.

Mary Gertrude O'Donnell bestows upon future Seniors her pep and class spirit which in dullest moments have never failed to enliven.

Margaret Cross leaves to all those living within forty miles of Boston, commonly known as coming from Boston, her Boston *Post,* knowing that they will only too eagerly peruse the Home News.

Mary Therese Hugentugler leaves her place in the Senior line to Mary McDevitt with the assurance that the first will never be last, here at least.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Alice McLarney transmits her exclusive love of Graduate Hall to Rose Brennan and Mabel Kelley assuring them that it takes at least two years to make the heart grow fonder.

Fidelis Scanlan bequeaths to her sister, Alice, the interest in and for the family names, asking her to be Semper Fidelis to all that is Scanlan.

Josephine Toole gives to Herminia her interest in Spanish Circles with the wish that she may ever find them proverbially sunny.

Ruth Brock leaves her well modulated voice to all future proctors knowing that they alone can appreciate the value of quiet.

Angela Connelly, ever an ardent follower of Terpsichore, leaves to Hazel Ryan, her close second, not only her love of the art, but the sincere hope that there will soon be another St. Mark's in which she, too, may daily demonstrate her proficiency.

Loretta Rank with infinite joy and successful achievement relinquishes her position as Chairman of the House Committee.

Marion Schanauer gives her psychological insight and her sociological affection to Ruth Horan knowing full well that the common Jacksonian bonds will further their developemnt.

Mary Catherine Dwyer leaves to Alice O'Heir those remarkable qualities which have made her not only a promising artist, but a formidable rival of the Shuberts as a musical comedy producer and star.

Rose De Barber relinquishes the happy faculty of not doing what she does not like to do to Petronilla Wilcox, realizing full well that Pete has plenty of opportunity for development along that line.

Evelyn Wittman, with the confidence that comes with experience, gives to all that are interested, the assurance that there is real excitement for her past and their future in a tall dark man, and that if at first you cannot find, seek, seek again.

Eleanor Skahan, in the spirit of family pride, passes on to Sarah and Fanny all the Skahan traditions, urging them to keep the Home Fires Burning even under the Red Roof.

Jessie O'Connell, in a pang of loneliness, gives the parting advice to all would-be Pikers to choose an underclassman as the male partner, if unwilling to play widow for a year.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Mary Donovan bequeaths to all History 6 students her knowledge of all congressional workings and political questions, asking them to rescue their classmates from an ignominious "Not Prepared" by the more dignified means of blocking recitation through Filibuster.

Gladys Adams yields to her sister, Grace, that enviable collegiate air that will insure her a good time on the campus as well as on the pike.

Eleanor Monahan gives to the students of English 15 her ready wit and her reckless sense of humor which in moments of serious difficulty have proved almost as effective as her drag with the powers that be.

Helen Somers and Martha Crowley impart to those who may be discouraged in such affairs of the heart, often misunderstandingly referred to as "Cases," the optimistic philosophy that love for love's sake should be the ultimate guide and the motto: "Love those who love those you would be loved by."

Dorothy Bennis bequeaths to Mildred Manning that dainty little curl, together with the ingenious device which on all state occasions prevents it from becoming an exclamation point rather than an intriguing question mark.

Romaine Felix passes on to the ever-starving Susanne Smith her meal ticket at the Willard, assuring her that though frequently punched, there is always room for more.

Carol O'Brien, Radical, leaves to Louise Harrigan, Conservative, her many ultra modern ideas, knowing that they will always be carefully concealed by the same charming courtesy as her own.

Rosalia Hartman bestows upon the President of Dramatics her footlight talents which have made her a dramatic success ever since "Jack Straw's" day.

Helen Wolohan, in the interests of her perfect marcel, leaves to Regina Curley her appointments at Hepner's.

Marie O'Reilly and Alice Padgett leave to those who are separated from closer companionship by a forbidding difference in numerals, the encouraging example that it is never too late to be "Even-Odd" friends.

Julia Thomas gives to the Wekanduits her many hours spent in the telephone booth and the motto of Unselfish Service which she so consistently exemplified.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Maxie Beliart, with characteristic patriotism, leaves her tri-color to Gertrude Homan, that it may ever make her mindful of La Belle France and Maxie.

Helen Spence relinquishes to Alice Loughran her power of being thrilled, knowing full well that Alice will not exercise it except for a worthy cause.

Margaret Flaherty bequeaths not only her story-telling faculty, but her many thrilling collegiate experiences, to Anna McCarthy with an ardent "Now I ask you to uphold the rep of our Pine Tree State."

Elizabeth Herbert, eager for the quiet merriment of South Hall, bestows her girlish laughter upon Helen Beebe Sheehan, trusting that its joyous echoes may keep alive her memory in the hall she so unselfishly enlivened.

Marie Fischer leaves to Kitty Wirtner her stunning models of footwear, feeling quite certain that Kitty will give loving care to the "Boots."

Monica Murphy relinquishes to her cousin, Katherine, full right to her name and her room, urging her to live up to the characteristic Murphy philosophy of "Everybody Happy."

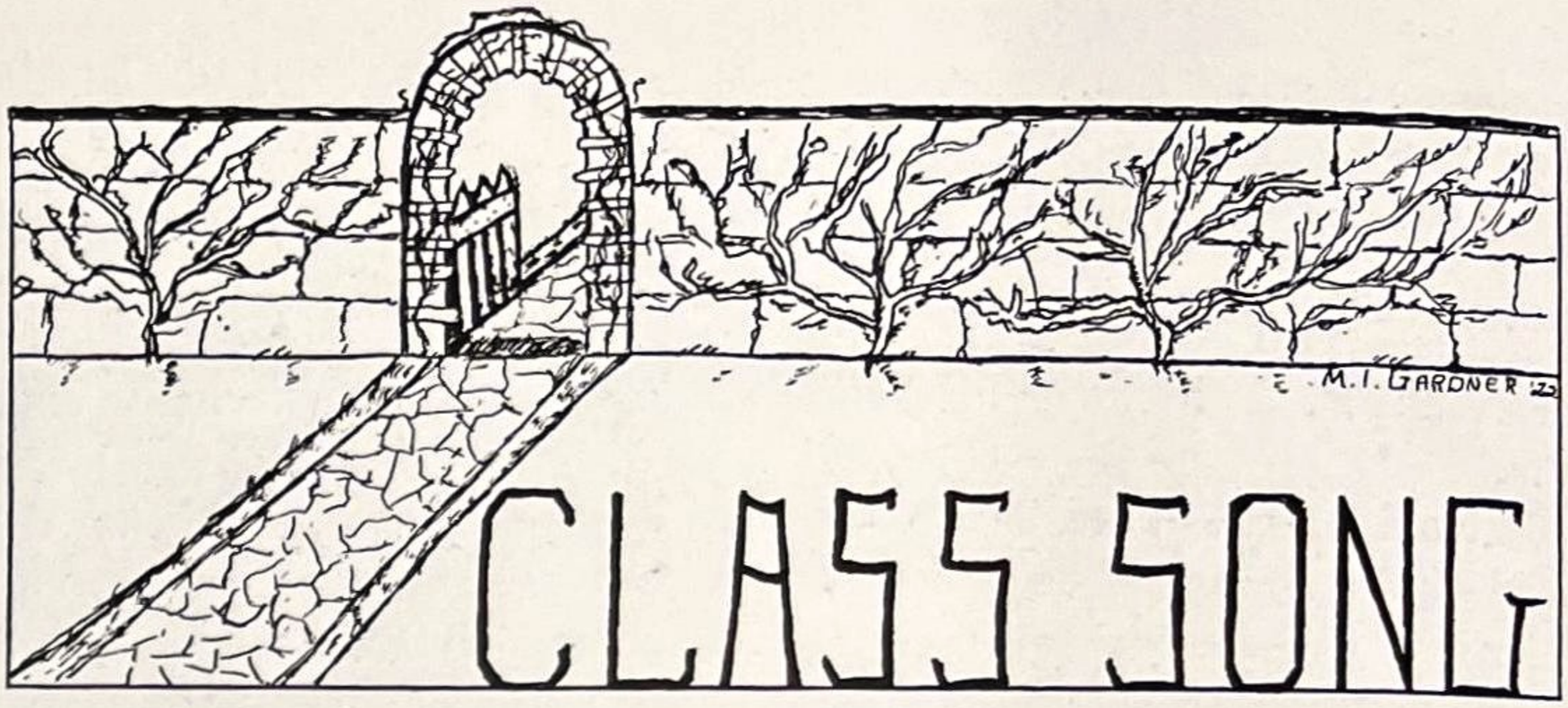
My own parting bequest is a hearty Thank You to one and all for your steadfast loyalty to Student Government. It has indeed been a rare privilege to serve you. In saying good-bye, I leave to all, my heartfelt good wishes for happiness, both during and after your stay in the Old Red-Roofed Gray Building.

To my successor I give the commission to carry on the work of Student Government high-heartedly and devotedly, so that assisted by the good will of all she may joyfully reach a successful goal.

To our Friends the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, we leave the assurance of many happy days yet to come and the fond hope that we may always find an effectionate place in their hearts and in their memory.

Last of all, to our Alma Mater we give the best and noblest we have; our most cherished hopes and ideals, and as we take our place in the ever-increasing rank of Trinity graduates, we pledge to her our fealty and pray that as we keep true to our class colors, so may Trinity ever find loyalty in the hearts of '22.

RUTH LEYENDECKER.



To thee, O Alma Mater, dear,
Our thoughts like tendrils cling,
Whose soft, green stems have twined thy walls
Four years, sweet years, from Fall till Spring,
Four years, from Fall till Spring.
As every flower that blooms so fair,
Soon fades, soon fades away and dies,
To yield, in turn, the budding fruit
That in its bosom lies:
To-day, our youth, its sun and dew,
The smile, the tear, the hopes that bless,
Are but a promise of the fruit
Of future usefulness,
Of future usefulness.

We leave the fragrance of our love
To stay with thee, for aye,
When, culled and pressed, the blossoms fair
Have long, have long been laid away,
Have long been laid away.
Oh, pray that every flower that blows
Upon, upon our youthful tree,
May yield the blessed fruit of zeal
And deathless loyalty;
And, though this passing breeze of June
Will bear, will bear the flowers' adieu,
The fruit, dear Trinity, is thine,
From Nineteen Twenty-two,
From Nineteen Twenty-two.

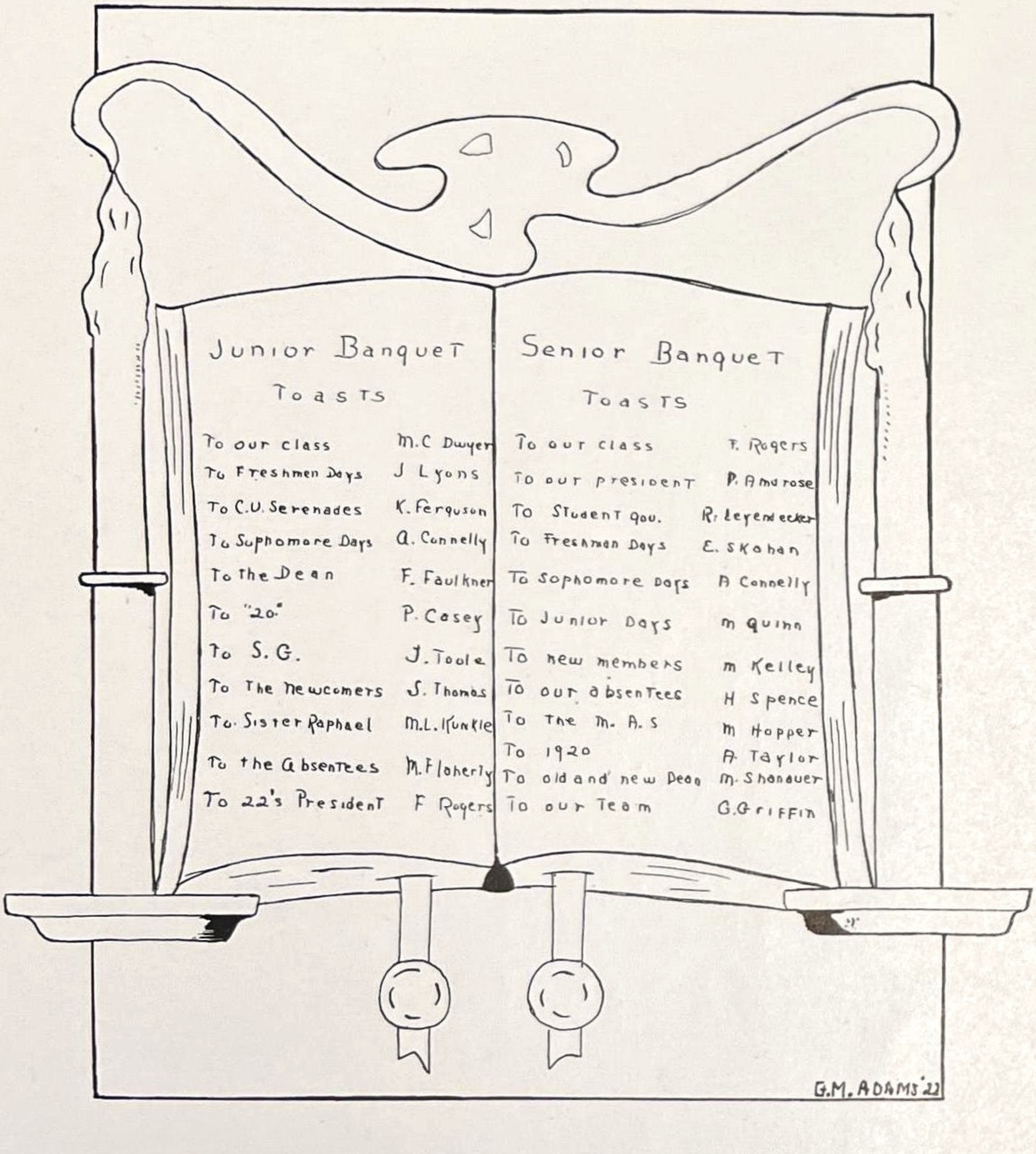
MARION CROWTHER RIECKELMAN.



SOCIAL EVENTS

Social Events

Student Government Reception	September 23
Cap and Gown Sunday	September 25
Senior Tea for National Council of Catholic Women	October 13
Dramatic Club Party	October 14
Lecture by Monsignor Pace	October 24
Glee Club Party	October 28
Hallowe'en Parties	October 31
Concert by Hilger Sisters	November 22
Thanksgiving Recess	November 24
Reception of Sodality	December 8
Senior Presentation of "Green Stockings"	December 9
Christmas Tree and Carols	December 15
Reception for the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, D. D.	January 7
Readings by Mr. Frank McGlynn	January 19
Trinity Dance of Washington Chapter	February 17
Jazz Dance	February 28
Senior Class Day	March 17
Senior Class Presents "Tillie's Wild Oat"	March 17
Sophomore Class Presented "She Stoops to Conquer"	March 24
Wekanduit Circus	March 28
Junior Class Presented "A Bachelor's Romance"	May 12
Senior Serenade	May 24


Junior Banquet
Toasts
To our class M.C Dwyer
To Freshmen Days J Lyons
To C.U. Serenades K. Ferguson
To Sophomore Days A. Connelly
To the Dean F. Faulkner
To "20" P. Casey
To S. G. J. Toole
To the newcomers S. Thomas
To Sister Raphael M.L. Munkle
To the Absentees M. Flaherty
To 22's President F Rogers
Senior Banquet
Toasts
To our class F. Rogers
To our president P. Amurose
To Student Gov. R. Leyendecker
To Freshman Days E. Skehan
To Sophomore Days A Connelly
To Junior Days M Quinn
To new members M Kelley
To our absentees H Spence
To the M. A. S M Hopper
To 1920 A. Taylor
To old and new Dean M. Shonauer
To our Team G. Griffin
G.M. ADAMS '22


SERENADE
SERENADE
M. C. Dwyer

Our Music Box Revue

Songs of Freshman Year

MARCHING SONG

Air: "The Wearing of the Green."

Oh, dear Trinity, now did you hear
The news that's going 'round?
The Freshman Class that's marching here
Is the best that's e'er been found.
Our colors grand are flying high,
The dear old Green and White,
The Green that's always on the top
Each morning, noon, and night.
And we're mighty glad we're just the class
That's privileged to wear
The colors of St. Patrick
On this morning bright and fair,
And we'll show you girls this very day
That we can make a fuss.
St. Patrick cleaned up Ireland,
But he left the rest to us.
To remove all doubts from every mind
And to prove that we are right,
We'll ever hold our colors high,
The dear old Green and White.

TO OUR JUNIORS

Air: "Indian Blues."

Dear 1920, we this day salute you,
To you, our sister class, we will be true,
Through the long years we will remember you,
For you are the gems that cast
The guiding light from Trinity's mast,
You with your regal colors proudly streaming,
You with your noble deeds like bright stars gleaming.
Let every tongue awake and praise with song
This wondrous Junior Class.

TO OURSELVES

Air: "Tickletoe."

Everybody ought to know
We're the Class that has the go,
With our baby ways inviting,
All the boys for us are fighting,
Lots of pep and lots of snap,
Never catch us in a nap.
With us 'round you have to hasten, then some,
Now that Class Day's here,
All of you are going to see
Our originality.

TO '19

Air: I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

S designates you Seniors,
E example you give,
N Nineteen's versatility,
I initiative,
O for your optimistic nature,
R the record that you show,
I so indispensable to us,
T for the tears when you must go,
Y 'tis true,
Each letter has its message,
Brought together they will spell Seniority.

TO '21

Air: "Long Boy."

Sophomore Class, Sophomore Class,
He laughs best who laughs the last,
Even though you torment us,
We're not the kind that'll make a fuss.
So come along and do your worst,
And we your bubble of conceit will burst
As on and on with dance and song,
We Freshies gaily prance along.
Here's to '21 Girls, drink 'em down.

OUR SPREAD SONG

Freshies may be kept in for a campus,
For we have had our spread,
When Sophomores were in bed;
Freshmen sure are strong for '22,
For we have the pep; we've made a rep,
We put it over you,
Sophomores and Seniors, too,
You watched for us,
How you tried, how you spied,
You made an awful fuss, but——
You will have to hand it to the Freshmen,
For we put our spread across.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Sophomore Year

MARCHING SONG

Flaunt the colors Green and White,
  Let all give way;
We are the Evens,
  Dauntless, fearless, gay.
We come, we come, we come, we come,
The clarion notes are sounding
  On to victories new.
Here's to the Sophomores,
  To '22!

WINDING

Winding, winding,
  Strands of Red and Green,
Binding, binding,
  Friendships in between.
Twining, twining,
  Memories 'twixt the strands,
Binding, binding,
  Each class understands.

TO '22

There was a Sophomore in dress a sport,
She bought a new gown, but the sleeves were short,
To wear it to chapel she thought she'd try,
And she walked past the Dean, but she didn't get by.

REFRAIN

Ain't it so?
We all know.

There was a Sophomore who gave a spread
With twenty girls upon her bed,
Sister Mary by chance was thereabout,
And the lights weren't all that were put out.

REFRAIN

There were some Sophomores from Trinity,
Who went up to the Monast'ry,
From every window in Gibbons Hall
Came forth a head and that's not all.

REFRAIN

Now we have tuned the latest verse,
Some of it's bad and some is worse,
But if you like our nonsense rhyme,
We'll sing you more some other time.

Ain't it so?
We'd like to know.

TO '20

'Neath the dome of Trinity,
Days have passed so fleetingly,
Breezes bringing springtime near
Waft you from us, Seniors dear,
From our midst and far away,
Still we pledge to you to-day
That your comrades e'er will be
'Neath the dome of Trinity.

TOP O' THE MORNIN'

The top o' the mornin' to you,
'Tis the same as is how do you do?
Glad to see you and how be you,
Have you heard anything new?
Last night was a corker a roo,
But don't let us go and feel blue,
Then, oh, hello, hello, hello,
The top o' the mornin' to you.

Junior Year

TO OURSELVES

Oh, gee, say gee,
You ought to see the Juniors
From the Red Dome School,
Gosh gee, say gee,
You ought to know the Juniors
From that well-known school.
Dolled in nifty clothes,
Class from head to toes,
And we're here to tell you
That they're some good lookers,
The look is like the look that says,
"Look here, sirs."
They've got a line that we'd say
Is mighty fine.
Oh, you know what we mean.
They're seen on F Street,
The pike is where they all meet,
Or in Brookland town,
Any time, anywhere, with the goods they are there,
And their attitude's the kind
That reminds you they don't care.
Oh, gee, say gee,
You ought to see the Juniors
From that Red Dome School!

TO SISTER MARY

Wouldn't it, if Sister Mary,
Yes, Sister Mary left Trinity,
Would it be, could it be
The same old College
To all her darlings?
We simply can't imagine that.
How could we live without her?
We couldn't, we wouldn't.
Out in the hall ways
Where we roam always,
Would we have missed her shushing us,
If Sister Mary should have planned to stay
In New York when she was away?
Miss her! We'll say we would.

BANG, CLANG BELLS

Bang, clang, bells,
Those everlasting clanging bells,
And let us tell you that
We never knew what Harry Lauder said
Could be so true.
Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning,
When the sun begins to shine
At four or five or six o'clock,
In the good old summer time.
But when the bells begin to bang
Loud enough to wake the dead,
Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning,
But it's nicer to lie in your bed.

Senior Year

TO SISTER MARY

We'll keep on loving you,
No matter what we do.
Though we are far or near,
We'll keep your memory dear;
When college days are o'er
We'll love you as before.
We'll grieve without you,
Ne'er forget about you,
As Sister Mary, our Dean.

TO SOPHOMORES

If they're true as skies of blue,
That's our sister class;
If they smile all the while,
That's our sister class.
If with school spirit they're filled to the brim,
If they do everything with a vim,
Much personality, originality,
That's our sister class.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

TO SISTER MARY ISABELLE

We lost our heart to you
As Dean, we know we'll love you well,
The Seniors welcome you,
Sister Mary Isabelle;
For from the very first we knew
That we had found a friend in you,
We lost our hearts to you,
And hope that you'll love '22.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

Where are the days of long ago?
Those days are over, those days are over,
all over.
Where has the bashful Freshman strayed,
The Sophomore by naught dismayed,
Sweet Junior days so dear to you and me,
Sweet Senior ways will soon be memory.
Gee, but it makes us sad somehow,
Those days are flying, dying now.

WHICH ONE?

Which life job, which boy friend is causing
all the fuss?
The convent? The love nest? Is all that
worries us,
They taunt us, they haunt us. We're going
off our nut,
For we've got something we declare no
other girls have got.
Which Oswald? Which Percy? Will be
the final blow?
Which dub shall we choose for our
Rome-o?
They pop the question every night.
Think we're great, we think they're right.
We got the college dope on that. We think
we'll marry witchcraft.

Which chorus is for us? Which chorus
shall we choose?
Hush baby, or maybe The Broadway Lime-
light Blues;
Keith wants us, Frohman haunts us. We'd
go big in "reviews."
For we've had training, we declare, that we
can put to use.
Which offer they proffer will meet with
our O. K.,
Which one shall put us on the great White
Way?
Oh, Ziegfeld now wants college girls.
Brains are cash in midnight whirls,
With looks you lose and brains you win.
We can show you our sheepskin.

We went to him one fine day, when we
asked him what he'd pay,
We saw our fur coats slip away. You can-
not fool a B. A.

TO JUNIORS

From Future's Land of Dreams
There puts out to sea
The worthy ship of Seniority.
Its silken sails are pure white and gold,
And bright success is its true Captain bold.
'Tis bound for Cap and Gown Land,
So keep your rowboats near at hand.
Good-bye, Bon Voyage!
May happiness attend you always—'23!

TO SOPHOMORES

Oh, Sophomore Class with your winning
style,
You've stolen our hearts away,
Irresistible charm and your cheery smile,
Rivals of Sol's golden rays.
Hiding dark clouds with your light,
You shine for us both day and night.
Oh, '24, it is plain to see
Whom we love best at Trinity.

THE ROAD THAT LIES OUT THERE

Bequeathed to the "Evens" by the
Class of '20

There's a road out yonder not far from
here,
And our steps slowly wend their way,
Girded with hopes and mem'ries dear,
Sadness robs us of joy to-day.
Hand in hand, and hearts as one,
May the path lead to happiness rare.
To-day life's journey is just begun
On the Road that lies out there.

There are joys and sorrows on life's path-
way,
And each will be made more dear,
As we look back and dream some day
Of the wonderful years spent here.
Our colors bright we will carry on,
Alma Mater's dear hand with care
Will guide and help us when we are gone
On the Road that lies out there.

(Words and Music by Miss Isabel Horan,
of the Class of 1920.)

BOOK FOUR



FROLIC AND FUNSHINE

M. I. GARDNER
1922



Sight-Seeing Bus

THE Utopian Millenium has arrived! Michigan Avenue has been transformed into a boulevard. As far as the eye can see, Trinity's multitudinous masterpieces of architecture rise up before us. Pictures have become realities and even the gymnasium stands completed! The social feeling of good fellowship holds sway over our Faculty. The spirit of the age has induced the more fortunate members of the association of educational projectors to give up their individual means of motivation in favor of those who in former times were forced to make their way to Trinity classes by such lowly means as riding Brookland cars or via Shank's Mare. But all things are perfect in the millenium. Witness how an ingenious mind has solved the transportation problem resulting in the method pictured above! But the Mil-

lenium has wrought other changes. A patient pursuance of the weekly schedule will reveal the wonders of this enlightened age.

No more, does he ride to our door in his roadster so gay, for driving the bus is the work of his day. Or are students made late for the class next in line, or kept waiting for lessons which he must assign.

But now, O yes, Dr. McCormick teaches us still; we study his methods until we are ill. How to teach little children is the work of the class, in both lectures and jokes we're expected to pass.

No more does Dr. Aiken ride in his jitney of tin, or say, "Thus you see 'tis the danger of sin," or expound on the Trinity—three in One, or with gestures explain each and every one.

But now, elected the guide of the faculty bus, he has some new little stories for us. Well versed in the knowledge of God and the world, we are led to a vision of gates that are pearl'd.

No more in most earnest and eloquent fierce exposition does he cause us to wonder if our composition is of matter, or merely a thought in the mind, nor are there more questions on things of that kind.

But now, he does know and can tell us the facts of each case, for right to the end any subject he'll trace. And Dr. Dubray, in this great perfect age, is still known as a quietly humorous sage.

No more, with a smile fascinating, in Caruso's own voice, does he teach us of marriage or warn that our choice, once we've made it, must quickly be fixed on that day, nor fears he that we from our duty will stray.

But now, since the longed-for Millenium's come here at last, he's brought all his attributes straight from the past. Though to others Perfection brought changes galore, to our dear Dr. Pace it could add nothing more.

No more, on Saturday morning or late Monday night, does he tell us grim stories, then laugh with delight at our terrified gasps; nor "great guns!" does he cry as he answers our questions and yet leaves a "why?"

But now, the clinic's dispensed with, but we are amazed, his white coat is longer or the table's been raised. And perfection has made at least one thing worth while, it's established the permanence of Dr. Moore's smile.

No more can we say that we sit, knit, and wait to imbibe Irish History and gyp a good date at the late hour of five. Nor must we be hearin' in strange Gaelic terms of the history of Erin.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

But now, Fair Justice is reigning; our Ireland is free, and tales of the "old sod" attract you and me. Dr. Dunn on a throne of his own sits in glory, for from him we have learned auld Ireland's own story.

No more does our Chaplain arrive at the breaking of dawn, as to church students rush with a blink and a yawn, the thought in their minds that accounts for the fuss is—"If he gets there first, it's a campus for us."

But now that the age of perfection is reached, "M' dear students" are changed, "in proportion as" preached. The faults of yore gone, Dr. Kerby now sees in their place, the fruits of his sermons, for we're all full of grace.

No more do his mallet and voice make us quiver, or does he come late because of his flivver. Nor does our certificate mean aught to him, who thinks education with us is a whim.

But now, "What we want to get at is this"—"Some pumpkins we were," but now every miss has reached Doctor Jordan's high standard at last. Choice English is spoken, what a change from the past!

No more are historical tales of the Church and the State the cause of long arguments, but strange to relate, the students delight in a bibliographical paper, and to shout "not prepared" is no longer their caper.

But now, Millenium knowledge makes history quite clear, and Doctor Weber still spends his time scattering cheer. And he still has a habit we all must commend, he closes his lecture when he reaches the end.

No more does Dr. Ryan, with a far-off, hopeless stare, emit a Political "Sigh" as he gazes into air; nor does he vainly dream of us in hot argumentation upon the theme of limited vote and its justification:

But now, within the bus he rides, arear, and with reluctant eye, he watches our test-papers, as they out the window fly; amused, he cons the distant past, when we were dumb and dense, compares it to the present wealth of girls' Politic Sense; he now finds time to calculate the wholesale price of things; we think, in fact, we know, to him, much happiness this brings.

No more need has Dr. O'Grady to send a telegram, "Come get me, please, for sure, I don't know where I am"; astrand upon a country road in his Ford limousine was proof enough that, for a while, he's neither heard nor seen:

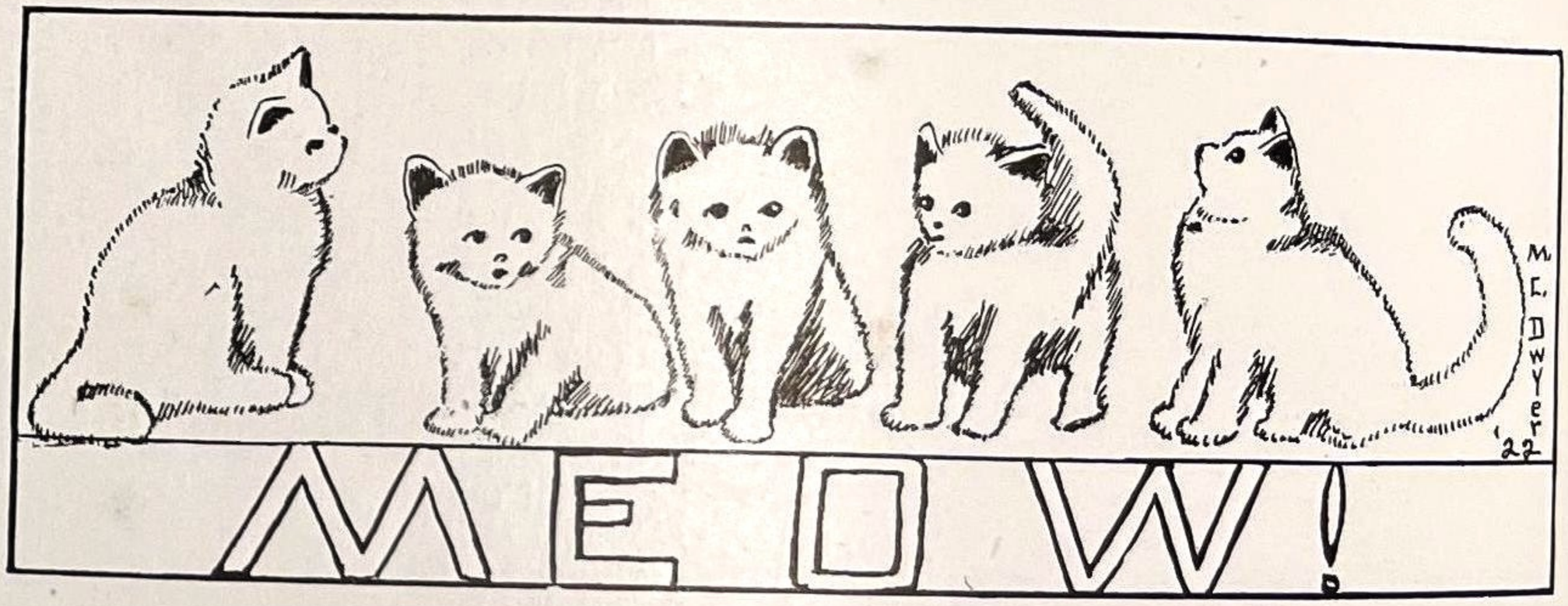
But now, he never has Ford trouble nor misses any date, and for "social diagnosis," one never sees him late; within the bus, content is he to dream of camps and cases; in class, he spurns the ceiling in favor of our faces. And since Millenium is here and everything is fine, he hears the class bell ringing, but never gives a sign.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

No more is there a possibility to hide the brilliancy of Monsignor Bernadini's versatility; nor his sunny visage, as cloudless as the sky of the lovely country to which he bade good-bye;

But now, we are smiling, too, and trying to reflect that sparkling mind and humor, which claim our deep respect; and that most rare diplomacy of a sterling worth, which makes each of his pupils the center of the earth.—Now, since the bus is running, he can travel all he wishes, and still get back in time to teach Italian.—How delicious!

We regret that space and custom prohibit us from mentioning many other members of the Faculty; although their pictures do not appear here, '22 would have them know that they have not been forgotten. We regret especially that those omitted are nearly all members of the "Fair Sex," but we trust readers will see in this shrinking from the public gaze an example of the characteristic feminine modesty.



OFFICE OF THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT

TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON D. C.

REGISTRATION	DESTINATION		REGISTRATION	DESTINATION	1922
Homer H. Rodgers	Confession	2-7	M. Josephine Rule	Filtration Plant	2-5
Agnes C. Harron	Movies	1-6	Josephine P. Leonard	Park View	8-10AM
Alice McLarney	St. Elizabeths	+- ?	Mary C. Boyle	Union Station	11-?
Helen L. Pierce	Home	7.30PM	Philomene Ambrose	Club	7:1:2
Helen Delaney	Wardman	4-6	Angela E. Connelly	Keith's	2-6
Carol O'Brien	Walk	5-6.	Rose DeBarber	social work	2-6
Gladys Adams	Lake	10-6	Marie J. O'Reilly	St Vincent de Paul Soc	2-6
Marion L. Schumauer	Sight-seeing	11-7	Julia A. Thomas	Mt. Vernon	9-6
Marjorie J. Quinn	Annapolis	week-end	Mary C. Scanlon	Brookland	4-6
Winifred Price	School Observing	9-12:30	M. Pauline Casey	Congressional	2-?
Evelyn Hutchinson	Richmond	week-end	Alice E. Padgett	Home for food	9-?
Margaret Agnes Flatley	Photographing	12-4pm	Catherine Mullen	Lotos Lantern	4-8
Marie M. Fischer	Hyde-Leach-Ridway	10-12	Emma T. Kinney	Week-End	6——
Loretta Pierre Peak	Fort Myer	2.30-8	Helen E. Wolohan	Arcade Inn	4-6
Ruth L. Baack	Shoreham	6.30-8	Martha T. Crowley	Home	7-?
Grace N. Griffin	Home	week-end	Helen M. Somers	Walk	3-6
B. Elizabeth Herbert	Clinic	8:30-11	Lillian Manganaro	Christchild Hosp	9.30-1230
Edna Dwyer	Soldiers Home	1.30-5	Denise M. Roach	Congressional	10.30-4
Marion Rieckelman	Woodwards 7th fl.	1-?	Marguerite T. Hoffer	Bicycling	10-6
Mary L. Gardner	Victoria Rink	3-6	Gertrude Carey	Geo. Source	11-5
Dorothy Barnes	Senate Café	1-5	Kathryn Fox	riding	9-12
Eleanor Strahan	Senate Café	1-5	Dorothy M. Hartman	Jazz Palace	2-3
Jessie M. O'Connell	City	week-end	Eleanor M. Madison	week-end	Wed.
Fidelia Scanlan	Philadelphia	week-end	Frances Faulkner	City — Zoo!	1-6
Martha Louise Kunkel	Rauschers		Dorothy M. Flynn	Coasting	3-6
Mary E. Donovan	Riding	9-12	Frances J. Sweeney	Scout Troop	3-6
Romaine A. Feley	Week-end	City	Helen E. Fitzgerald	Home	12.30-?
Genevieve J. Shaw	Zoo	late pass	Mary G. O'Donnell	Senate	1-7
Margaret Mary Cross	City	1-7	Monica M. Murphy	White House	4-7
Josephine F. Lyon	Laurel	9-late pass	Florence B. Harvey	Tea	4.38-8
Chester V. Healey	Pinkies	9-9	Mary G. Kelley	National (Trinity Boy)	2-6.10
Mabel A. McNamara	☺ X	4-7	Cornelia A. Driggs	Court House	8:30-4
Grace M. M. Turnbull	Columbia Rd	4-6	Mary Teresa Hegenbergh	Willard	3-8
Mary C. Dwyer	Art School	9-12:30	Ruth H. Leyendecker	Investigation	4-6
Mary K. Coughlan	canoeing	3 8 per	Catherine L. Sullivan	Laurel Race Track	2-8
Mason Bélard	French Embassy	4-6.	Marie L. Cardinal	Washington	2:30-8
Catherine D. Hamilton	Social Work	1-6	Ena Samson	Ten Cent Store	3:30

The Evolution of Miss Trinity, or Intimate Views of How it all Happened

PROLOGUE

SCENE—A room in Trinity.
CHARACTERS—Mother and Daughter.
TIME—Just before parting.

Now, dear, are you sure you have enough blankets?
I don't want you to sleep on a cot.
I do hope your roommate is a nice girl.
Don't eat between meals and go to bed early.

DAUGHTER—Yes, Mother. Do you suppose I look all right? (Business of pushing in side combs.)
MOTHER—You look lovely, darling, and now I must leave.
(Curtain is drawn on this sad scene.)

ACT I

SCENE I

TIME—Progressive.
CHARACTER—Freshman (in various moods).

FRESHMAN—Oh, why did I come here. I think I'll go home. I hate it.
We got away with the spread all right, didn't we?
Do you suppose I could wear my hair that way?
I like Venida's best, don't you?
Just see how fat I'm getting.
Wasn't vacation thrilling? I went to the loveliest dance!
My family thought I'd changed a lot.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

I really don't mind Mid-years.
Do you suppose I could get fixed up for the Trinity dance?
I met the loveliest man from C. U.!
What does this blue slip mean?
Don't you love May Day?
Serenade is so sad.—But Home, Sweet Home.

Scene 2

Time—Still making progress.
Character—Enthusiastic Sophomore.

Sophomore—My dear! (many squeals) I'm so glad to see you.
Didn't you hate to leave home? It isn't so bad now we're here, though, is it?
Have you seen the Freshmen? Aren't they funny?!
Of course they'll say they got away with it, but we really caught them.
This Hallowe'en is our last with the Seniors.
Am I or am I not? I do not know, I cannot tell.
Which tea dance did you like better, Georgetown's or C. U.'s?
I love Commencement, but (weeping) I love my Senior more.
Why does June come?

Scene 3

More Time Flies.
Character—Careworn Junior.

Junior—Aren't the Freshmen darling? They've got so much pep!
Couldn't you love them for putting the spread over?
Have you taken your Seven this week?
I thought Sciences were terrible but this English 15!
I'll be dead by the end of this week. There's a Georgetown prom and then two nights later C. U. is giving one.
(Cat—Are you going?)

JUNIOR—(Ignoring the dig)—They are my last permissions.
Seniors surely are lucky. Never mind, we'll be there next year.
Sure is thrilling to be measured for a Cap and Gown.
I don't think I'm going to stay for Commencement this year.
Next year I'll have to and besides I'm going to a Fraternity house-party and I need some new clothes.
Yes, Mother thinks I've changed loads.
Oh, it's done! How does it look? My family will be furious.
Never mind, they'll get used to it and it's so cool for the summer.
I think it looks—er—cute (in a weak but cheerful voice).
Good-bye until Cap and Gown.

SCENE 4

TIME—Halts, jumps, and then evaporates.
CHARACTER—Rushed and yet dignified Senior.

SENIOR—At last—First Ladies of the College. (Aside) I'm in love!
Got your choker fixed? I know I'll trip going into Chapel.
Don't you feel dignified? I feel as though I'm masquerading.
Surely I'll have my picture taken with you (smiling sweetly over a hot house of flowers).
The banquet was loads of fun, wasn't it? Don't you think Hallowe'en was sad?
I love Christmas carols.
Our last exams—we hope!
Wasn't Easter one wonderful time? Don't tell, I'm going to get my ring Commencement week. I'm so thrilled.
What new clothes did you get?
It's just one practice after another, isn't it?
This week has gone like a dream. Wasn't it wonderful?
Don't forget me. I'll surely write. You'll come soon, won't you?
Good-bye, Red-roofed-grey-building.

19 TRINILOGUE 22

EPILOGLUE

SCENE—Home Town.

CHARACTERS—The Family.

TIME—A week after Commencement.

LITTLE SISTER—My big Thither'th awful bwight. Shee got a degwee fwum college. Ooh, yeth, tshee's awful old—moth 50, I gueth.

PREP SCHOOL BROTHER—(To the sweet girl graduate): Gee, if that's what college did for you, I wish you'd stayed at home. You're a wreck!

(To his boy friends): Yah, my sister graduated from Trinity last week. She's some good looker, too. Come on and meet her.

PROUD FATHER—Well, who, beside you, was the best looking girl at Commencement? Guess she looked pretty fine, didn't she?

MOTHER (glowing with pride)—The dear child did so well. But don't you think she's changed so? Do you suppose it was wise to send her to college?

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE—I know that I used to like him, but he's such an infant. College men are so much more interesting.

Mother, there are really too many calories in this meal.

Father, do you think that this present administration has really helped the country?

Little sister, just wait until you get to college. I'll send you boxes every week.

Listen, Brud, I'll invite a wonderful looking girl to visit me, and you can get some cute man. I'll fix it up with the family.

MOTHER AND FATHER—The children certainly are growing up. Good night, dears, and come home early.

CHILDREN (in chorus)—Good night, people. Come on, let's go.

The Graduates of 1912




Marian Crowley
"Peaches" Gauthier
"Snookums" Ensley
Helen Sonders
"Babe" O'Donnell
"Sis" Hopper
"Jerry" Ferguson
Mollie-Wesa Rieckelman
Fay Graham
Jo Lyon
Baby Seanlon
Tokie-Griffin
"Betsy" Gerster
"Winnie" Price
Merle-Heath
"Honey" Fisher
"Flop" Rodgers
"Gen" Slaw
"Buddie" Bullard
"Polly" Ann Young
Jimmie Dodd
as they were in 1902

19 TRINILOGUE 22

Couldn't You Die——

When you find a library slip in your mail box?
When your neighbor blows out the fuse?
When you get a pike date on Saturday afternoon?
When you find a mouse under your bed?
When they insist that it isn't a real case?
When you have to pass up a lift to town?
When the klep pays you a visit?
When you are out with Georgetown and you meet C. U.?
When you see "gent, no message" in the phone book?
When it rains on your marcel?
When an underclassman vamps your man?
When you see your fix-up?
When a Brookland car turns the corner?
When you cut class and meet the prof. coming in the door?
When an S. G. officer sees you in a machine?
When the dean asks you for your week-end nickel?
When you have to pay ten dollars extra because you're from Trinity?
When someone asks: "How late is late permission"?
When you read about "the fashionable institution for young ladies"?
When you get caught going swimming without signing up?
When you get a Saturday campus because you have noisy friends?
Couldn't You Die! ! ! !

Our Idea of Zero Minus

Quiet in the library.
What we haven't heard about Boston.
A pike date.
Chances of sleeping on Saturday morning after eight.
The Trinity golf course.
Chances of evading a library fine.
Your feeling of self-importance when you have to sell your books.
Hair on some professors' heads.
Freshman respect for Seniors.
Chances of getting a seat in a Brookland car.



The O Brien Girl



After four years of it-



Out of the Bandbox





Our Table



Our President



Freshies -



Dependable Dot



"Flop"



"Our Jo"



"Hostie"



Phil-



"Fifi"



Just Enjoying life--



Grace-

Statistics

Most popular course—Golf course.

Average weight of class—Decision unavailable. Too many diets in progress.

Most popular girl—The one who prefers to walk the Pike on a date instead of going to the Willard for dinner.

Favorite rising hour—When the store opens.

Most unpopular girl—The one who reminds the prof. that he forgot to give an assignment.

Favorite expression—"Look in the book."

Meanest girl—The one who blows out the fuse.

Pet aversion—Cake eaters.

Most prized Christmas acquisition—Frat pins.

Most despised—The sweet insistent vamp who giggles over the phone for an hour.

Favorite fruit—Dates.

Most embarrassing situation—A fire drill when your hair is up in curlers.

Most optimistic—The girl who signs her name on the dance list hoping for a last-minute bid.

Most bashful—The girl who announces that she's her best friend when she answers the telephone.

Favorite week-end hangout—The phone booth.

Most envied—The girl who gets a "special" every Sunday.

Favorite indoor sport—Paying library fines.

Favorite Saturday pastime—Keeping campuses.

19 TRINILOGUE 22



Here and There

To the Even Clap

Clap, clap, clap, in the good old Even way,
And long may our clapping echo for many and many a day.
Oh well, for those that stay here and drink each other down,
Oh well, for the joy and thrills of receiving a cap and gown,
But the dear old clap still vibrates under the dome of red
When we of the Evens have finished and '22 has fled.

Clap, clap, clap, with a vim and a spirit gay,
For the even years will pass and we cannot always stay.
Oh, yes, there is freedom in future and an end to semester exams.
Oh, yes, there is laughter in life, and allure in its many shams;
But in after years we perhaps will say, "It's all very fine and grand,
But, oh, for the sound of an Even clap with the pep of an Even hand!"

The Sun Dial

"What a funny little thingmagig," some one was heard to say,
What does this little instrument? It tells the time of day.
How does it tell the time of day? Well, first there must be sun
And a dial midst the numbers to cast a shade on one.

Oh, what a funny thing 'twould be if the sun would really shine
And there wasn't any dial to cast a shadow line—
Well, to tell the truth and not to lie, that is indeed its fate—
But as a scene for snapshots, my! we'll say it's simply great.

The Fire Drill

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's charm has bound us,
A fire drill brings the din of many bells around us.
The joys, the dreads of College spreads,
The dreams so rudely broken,
The peace that reigned, now fiercely strained
By words best left unspoken——
Oft in the stilly night when slumbers charm has bound us,
A fire drill brings the din of many bells around us.

When we have stumbled all down creaking steps together,
We see around the hall, like thorns amidst the heather,
The bristly heads of College-breds,
With curlers at all angles,
Whose hairy horns the demon scorns
Each time the fire-bell jangles——
Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound us,
A fire drill brings to light some startling things around us.

The "Sh" Proctors

Gone are the days
When merrily we'd call
From near the Well to Julia,
Or Ann, down in North Hall.
Gone are the days
When "Telephone, Marie!"
We shouted, called, insisted,
For "Sh!" is the decree.

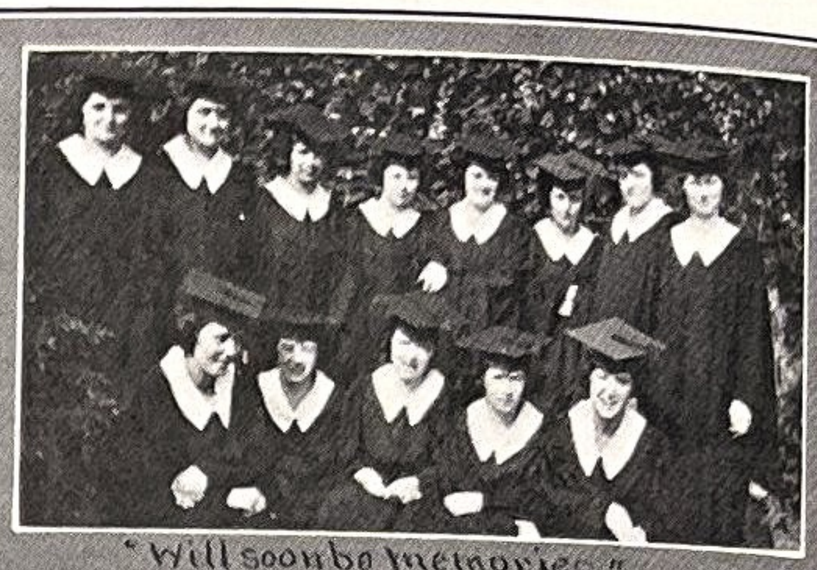
They "Sh!" us, those proctors,
A hundred times a day——
If we dare whisper, "Got a pan?"
"Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh!" they say.

Gone are the days
When in the corridor
Some thirty maidens gathered
For all the "buzz"—and more.
Gone are the days
When 'neath the hallway light,
We did our French or English,
For they "Sh!" with all their might.

They "Sh!" us, those proctors,
A hundred times a day——
Should we exchange a soft "Hello,"
"Sh! Sh! Sh! Sh!" they say.



Where has the bashful Freshman strayed?...



"Will soomba memories."



Sense



Des Camarades



Nonsense



Hall Birds



The Long & the Short of it?



Piling



The Model

The Lifters



Helen



The Hungry Wind



"Sprig is Cute"

To the Aventine

Not unlike the hill of Rome, from which I got my name,
I live by preference in the past, when I was held in fame.
The students then, from north and south, O'Connor Hall as well,
Came flocking to the Aventine and I am here to tell
The world and Trinity at large, that there were tennis courts
Fit for a Roman Emperor, or other outdoor sports;
The swings were in their prime those days and could ascend so high
That one would think to see them that an aeroplane was nigh.

For, I was strong and sturdy then, my life was elemental,
Whereas, I fear, in my old age, I'm growing sentimental;
The students use me, to be sure, on evenings in the spring,
But just to sit on benches where they laugh and talk and sing.
I listen to the songs, of course, and I am thrilled to tears
To hear the cooings of a case, but then I have my fears
That I am in my dotage, and would simply go to seed,
If the annual game of baseball answered not my sporting need.

Theodore and Chester

Our South Hall mouse one night
    Did with great politeness
The O'Connor mouse invite
    To taste of royal sumptuousness.

Among boxes and papers
    They found their table spread,
And on choice crumbs and crackers,
    And perchance on some sweets they fed.

The stolen banquet was
    A truly dangerous one,
For some sudden cause
    Disturbed it, just begun.

It was, as we were told,
    A shoe hurled across the room
At the trespassers bold
    Which made them scamper home.

In return the O'Connor mouse
    Did invite his host of yester-night
To be guest at his house,
    And waited forthwith in delight.

For he had taken care
    To gather his repast
Midway on the tower stairs,
    Where shoes and such missiles were not wont to pass.

PLAYTHINGS OF TO-DAY



For old Times' sake



Phil-abustering



See the Purple Book



The Ace of Hearts



Saturday Saddleites



'22's Boast

Angela **C** onnelly
Josephine **L** yon
Philomene **A** mbrose
Eleanor **S** kahan
Catherine **S** ullivan

Emily R **O** e
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Julia **T** homas
Florence **W** hitton Rodgers
Mary Cath **E** rine Dwyer
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19 TRINILOGUE 22

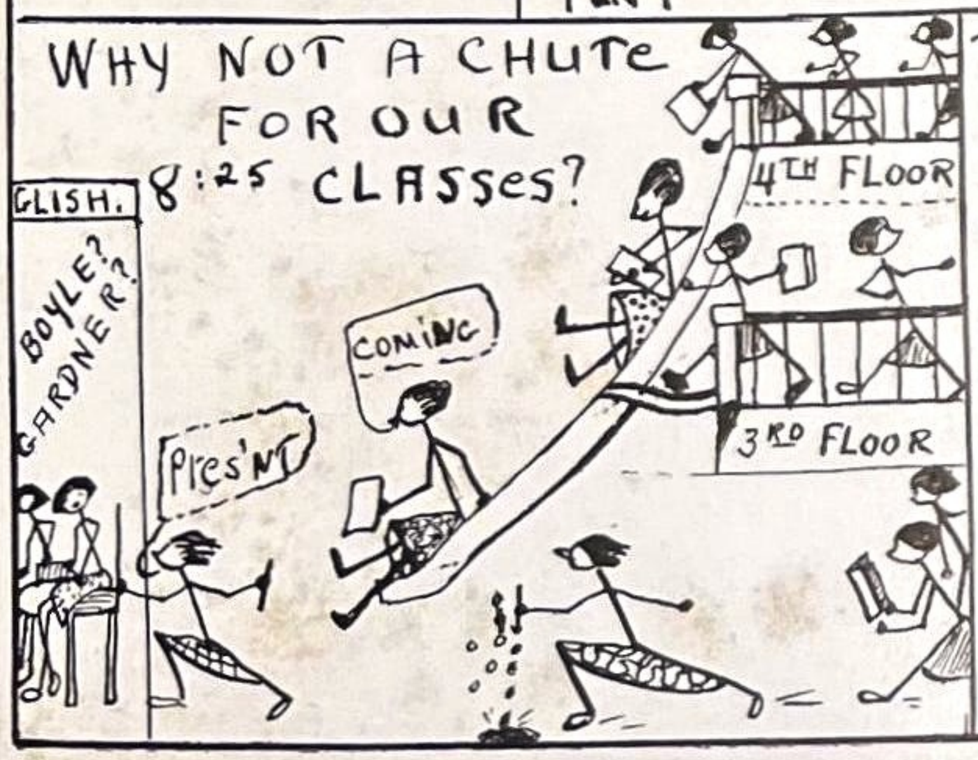


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Dignity



Nine Girls and a Grin-



C. D. G.



Business is picking up-



Giggles-



Ange-



Busy with The Book.



Mary Katherine-



When Locks were Long-



Wind and Chuckles-

To the Cement Walk

For many years (it was, indeed,
Since Trinity was founded),
That we, and those who went before,
Had griefs that were well "grounded."

The path that led to Brookland
And to Parker's Pharmacy
Was just a barren piece of ground
As muddy as could be.

When rainy weather came along
In puddles we would float,
O'er which the famed Sir Walter
Might have spread his gallant coat.

But Sir Walters nowadays are scarce,
And it is sad to say,
That if the hard truth must be to' l,
We walked the muddy way.

Behold, this year to our surprise,
When we returned to College,
We found the finest concrete walk
To our scholastic knowledge.

The Trinity Box

Of Saturday afternoons
The Trinity elite do pleasure seek.
Drama and light comedy
Fill their longing for entertainment.
There you will always find them
Serene and jolly,
Gazing on all
From the lofty vantage of the Trinity Box!

Cases

Stealthy steps creeping in darkened halls,
Little smiles of delight,
Quiet whispers passing back and forth,
Sudden blushes and quickening breath,
Frequent signs of pleasant thought,
Floral gifts and sweet—
All have a tender meaning,
'Tis absurd, I know; always denied, 'tis so,
Yet the truth remains,
It's a real case this time!



"The Top o' the Morning"



Big & Little Sisters



Ma'm'selle



Oh Frenchie!



Bang, Clang Bells!



The Silly Six—



Stepping with Juniors



"Twinses"



"Jolly Juniors"



Chapel Belles



"Frontining"


When Hector was a pup ~
A Sporty Missionary
Who is it!
Gen--
"Us Girls"
The Three
Co-ed-itors-
Glad ~
Mary ~
Hoppie ~
"Kats Dogs"
Just Landed "Literarily"
Roommies
Even Sisters ~
Like the evens Going over the top

"TILLIE'S WILD OAT"



Dancing Dolls-



Meow! Meow!



Lady Lamps Hollow-

Enter



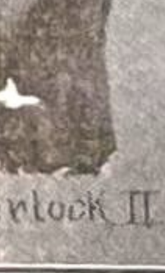
Hero & Heroine



Snappy Girls are We!--A



"Tweeds"



"Jimmy Valls"



All Star Cast-



Duchess Bella Donna-



"A Big Hit!"

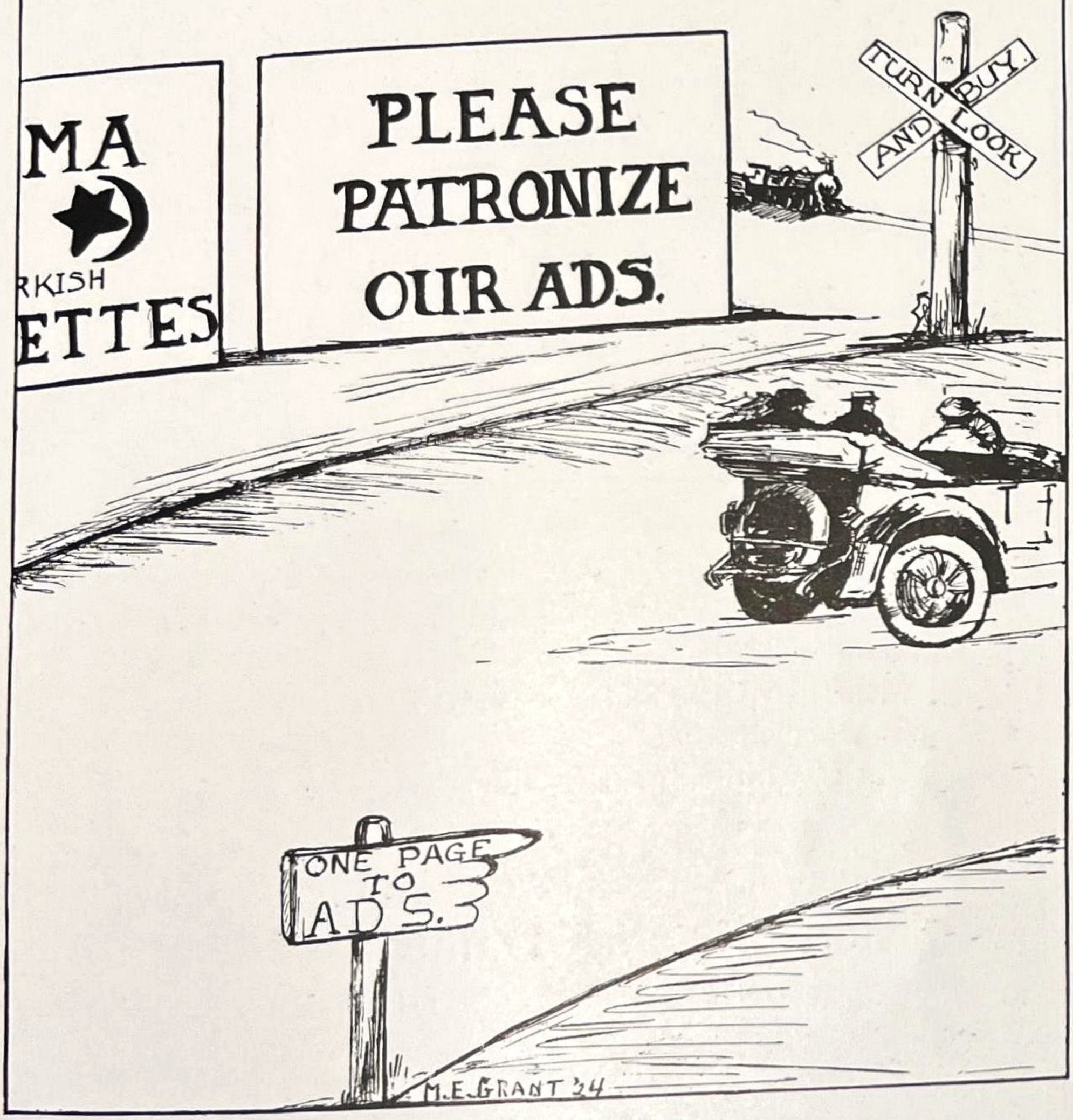
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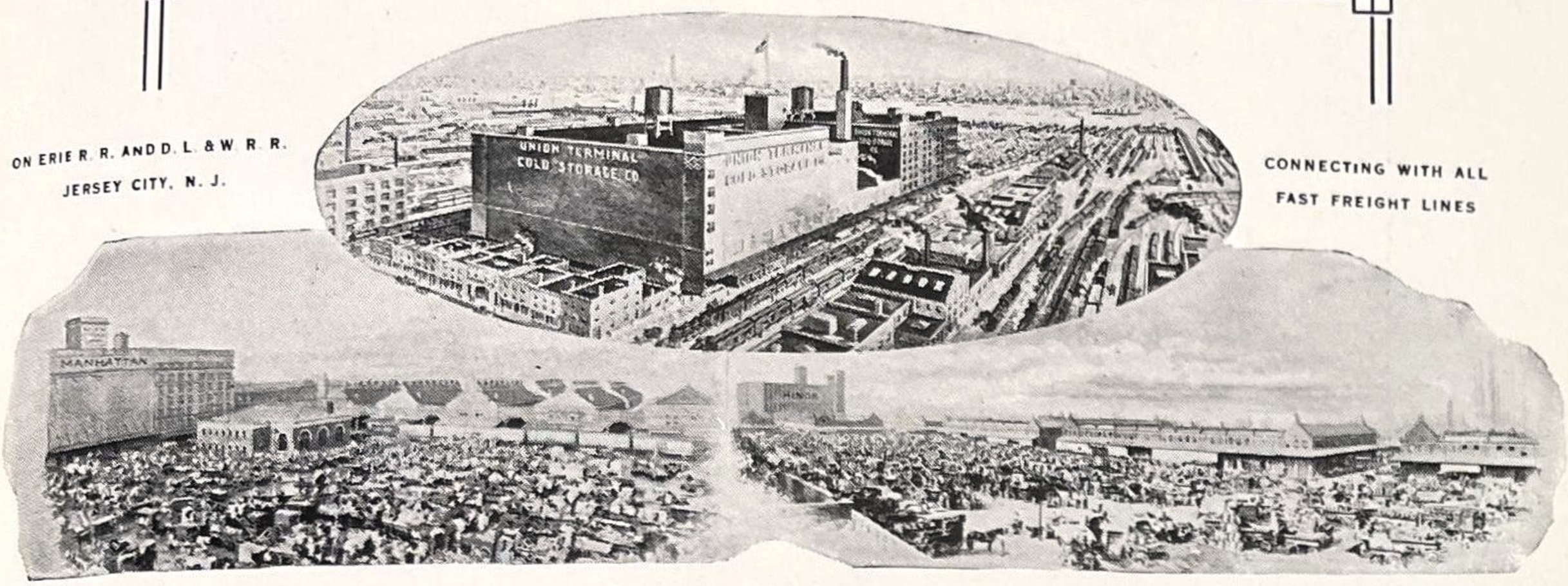
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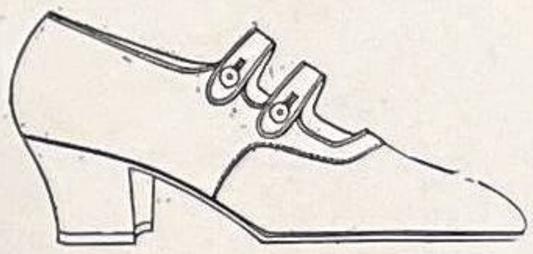
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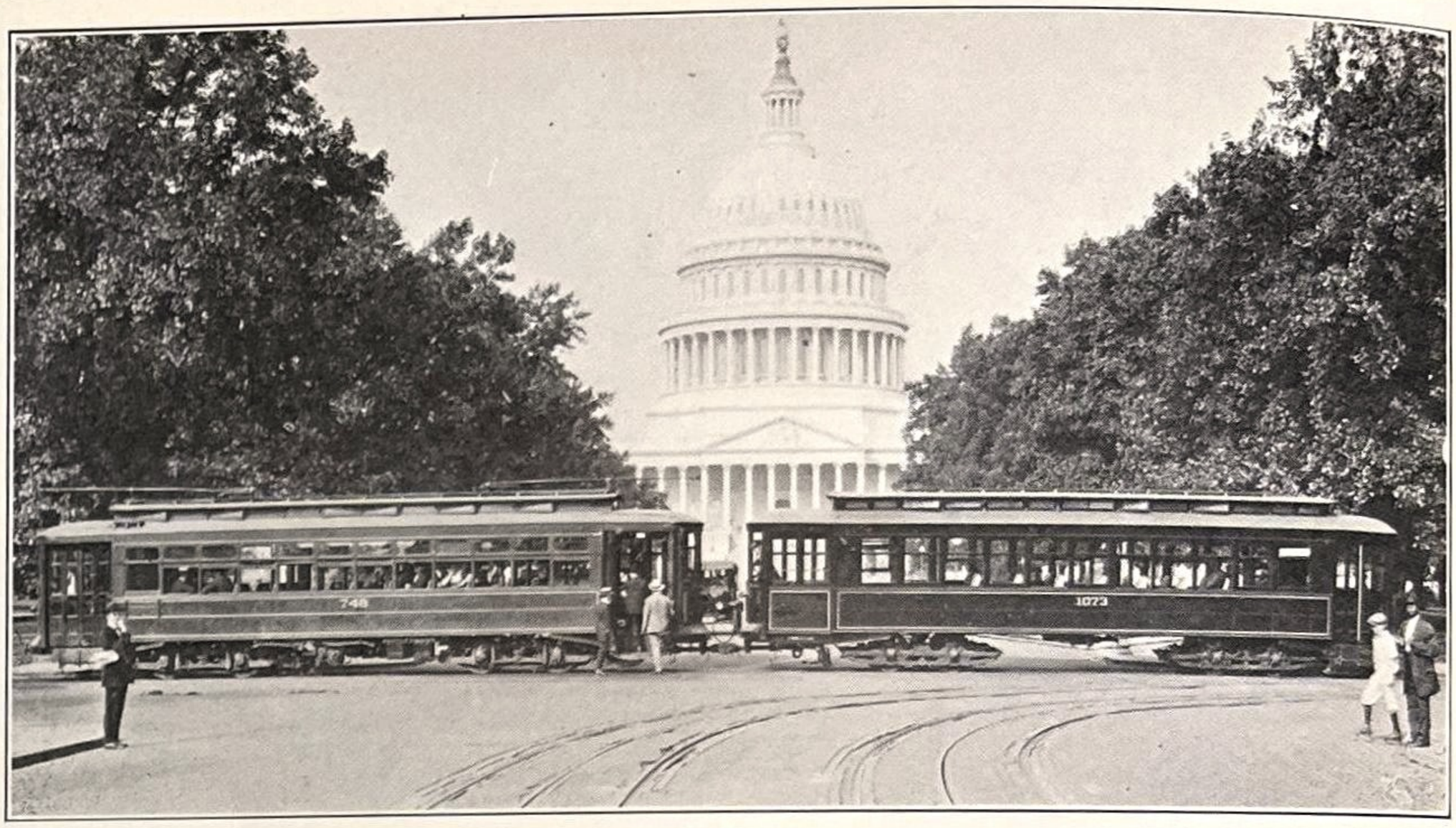
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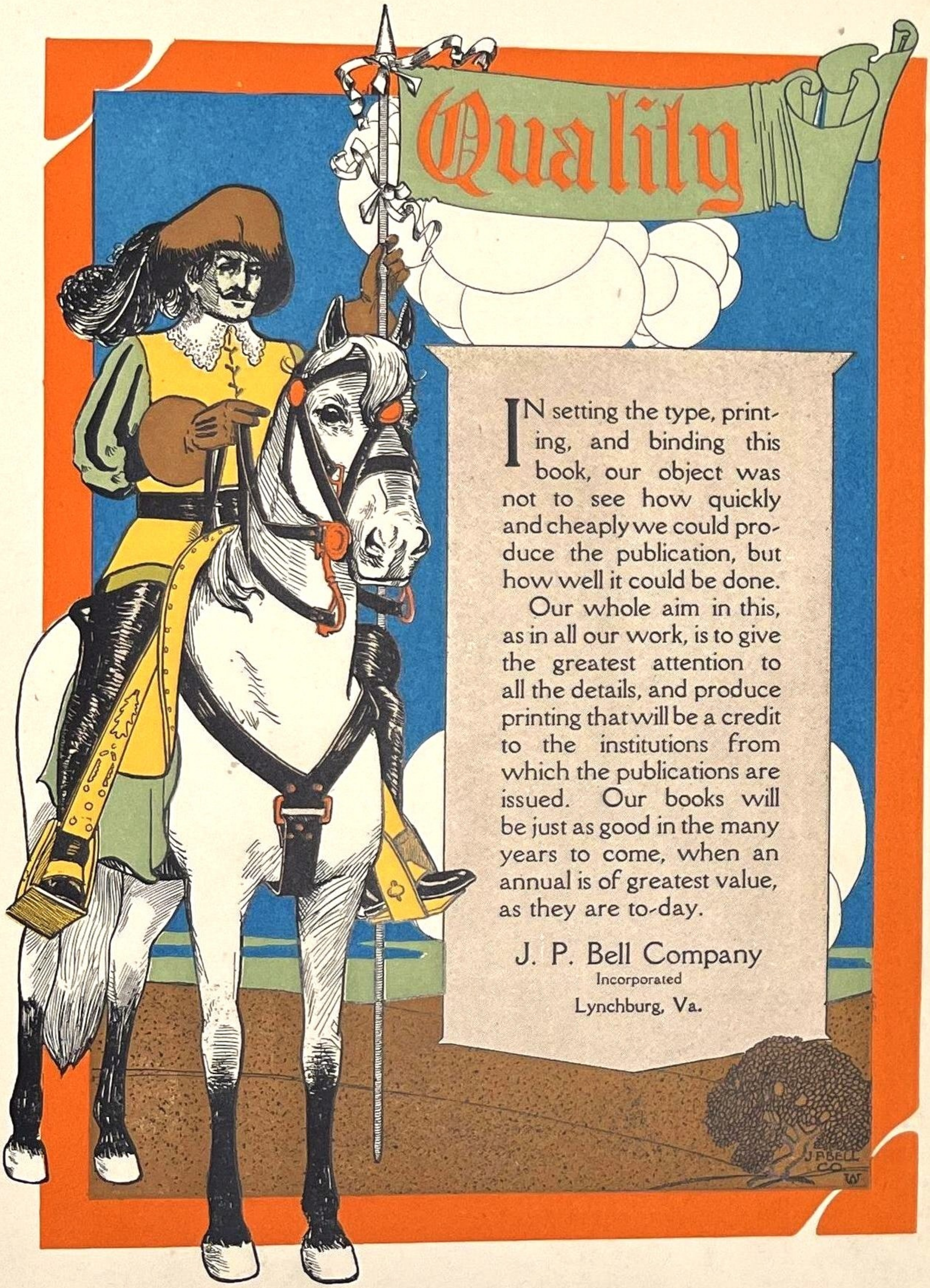
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